Anna Otendo School

SHORT STORIES OF TODAY

EDITED BY

CHARLES LANE HANSON

HEAD OF THE DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH, MECHANIC ARTS HIGH SCHOOL, BOSTON, MASS.

AND

WILLIAM J. GROSS

JUNIOR MASTER, MECHANIC ARTS HIGH SCHOOL, BOSTON, MASS.

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PREFACE

The editors of *Short Stories of Today* believe that their collection embodies distinctive and valuable features which justify the appearance of another collection of short stories.

As the title implies, these stories are modern not only in authorship and date of writing, but in subject matter and treatment of theme. Pains have been taken to present teacher and pupil with material that is fresh; with stories that, while they possess a high literary quality, will not have been met again and again in other collections.

Moreover, the pupil's viewpoint has been conscientiously considered. To benefit a pupil through short-story reading and writing it is essential first to offer him stories that hold his interest. It is believed that the present selection will meet this test, as the final choice of the content of the volume has survived much frank and discriminating criticism from high-school pupils.

Then, the stories should present life as it is under circumstances that the pupil recognizes as possible, and the problems involved in the stories should be solved in a normal, healthy way.

In the hope that pupils will turn to this book for recreation as well as for study and will read story after story with keen enjoyment, the material for study has been grouped by itself. A teacher usually prefers to teach the short story in his own way. Accordingly this material is inspirational rather than analytic, and much of it may be used either by itself or in connection with a close study of the stories.

Since the study of the short story should arouse an interest in other forms of reading, it has been considered advisable to recommend novels, poems, and other literary types, as well as short stories, in the material for study.

Whenever a book has appeared to be peculiarly apt as collateral reading for more than one story, there has been no hesitancy in repeating the recommendation of such a book.

The individual acknowledgments of the courtesy of authors and publishers do not express adequately the editors' appreciation of the spirit of coöperation, which has been ready and cordial.

For some of the suggestions to the pupil, the editors are indebted to interesting and valuable articles in *The English Leaflet*, published by the New England Association of Teachers of English.

C. L. H.
W. J. G.

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INTRODUCTION

I. HISTORY

The short story, in the wider sense of the term, may safely be said to be as old as literature itself. Man has always taken an interest in the exploits of his comrades or his forefathers. He has gloried in handing down the tales of these exploits to his sons. First, this was accomplished by word of mouth. Later, with the advent of writing, the written word afforded a more exact and permanent means of recording real or fancied experiences for posterity. Sometimes we are told the complete story of a man's life. Achilles we know from his immersion in the magic waters to the thrust in the heel that cheated him of immortality. Again, we are offered the record of a considerable portion of a man's life; for example, the account of the wanderings of Odysseus. These longer tales might be said roughly to correspond to the novel. But sometimes we are granted only the tale of a single, unified episode, beginning, rising to a climax, and ending in itself. The story of Ruth begins with her loyalty to her mother-in-law, develops into the idyllic courtship with Boaz, and ends with her marriage. This story is complete; it is short; it has one central character; it is direct; it covers a brief span of time. This we may call a short story. And from the dawn of history such short stories have existed. Ancient Egypt, six thousand years ago, knew the adventures of gods, of men, and of beasts as inscribed on the papyrus sheets of the *Tales of the Magicians*. The bards of Greece sang the glories of

the Homeric heroes; its pedagogues drew moral lessons from the fables of Æsop much after the manner of our modern teachers. In the East, India had its fables; with the spread of Roman sway in the West were broadcast the tales of Lucius Apullius and Ovid. The Old Testament is replete with the subject matter of short stories, whether it be the pathos of the sacrifice of Isaac, the romance of Esther, or the heroism of Samson. The New Testament goes farther in that it introduces for a didactic purpose purely fictional narratives—parables such as *The Prodigal Son* and *The Unjust Steward.*

But our interest lies chiefly in the short story in English. We know that the Venerable Bede made use of short, pious tales to exhort and inspire his audience. Later the use of similar tales—crude, disjointed accounts of the miracles of the saints—became widespread. These *contes dévots* were really the only species of short story known in England up to the fourteenth century. Then Gower, and especially Chaucer in the *Canterbury Tales,* began to utilize everyday subjects in their short tales. This form of narrative, which remained popular down to Elizabethan times, bears many resemblances to the modern short story, but is strikingly different in that it is usually a rather loose anecdote without complicating incidents or character development, or else a condensation of a long story, similar perhaps to a motion-picture scenario. The *Arabian Nights,* introduced to European readers in the sixteenth century, is nearer to the modern conception of the short story. *Ali Baba* and some of the *Caliph* incidents, in particular, are decidedly modern in their treatment. In the eighteenth century Addison, Steele, Defoe, Johnson, and a host of other writers developed the essay-short-story, which bore resemblance to earlier tales in the

lack of complicating incidents, but marked a distinct advance in character development. These essay-short-stories led to the early-nineteenth-century tales of Irving, the moral tales of Maria Edgeworth, the impressionistic stories of Hawthorne, the Gothic tales of many lesser writers, and the short stories interpolated in Scott's novels. About this time Balzac and Mérimée in France, and Pushkin in Russia, made notable experiments with the short-story form, while in Germany Hoffmann and Tieck wrote the impressionistic-type story, which, according to Poe, strongly influenced Hawthorne.

But it remained for Edgar Allan Poe, in 1845, to determine definitely the place and scope of the short story in literature. In his notable critical work he laid down the premise that the true short story must comply with five principles, which he designated as (1) brevity, (2) single effect, (3) verisimilitude, (4) omission of nonessentials, (5) finality. By means of his critical studies and his short stories he succeeded in imposing his principles upon the literary world, and so for the first time, after six thousand years of experimentation with the short-story form, was established a working rule to direct and guide short-story writers. For this reason Poe is sometimes called the father of the modern short story.

Since Poe's time the artistic development of the short story has kept pace with its tremendous increase in popularity. Yet the present-day writers, while seeking novelty of expression, have adhered in essentials to the form as defined by him. Bret Harte, De Maupassant, Bunner, Davis, O. Henry, Kipling,—each has his distinctive traits and characteristics, yet all recognize the fundamentals of Poe.

II. DEFINITION

Up to a century ago it was difficult to differentiate between a long short story and a short novel. Today, however, not only in subject but in manner of presentation the short story is quite different from any other form of writing. The short story is more than a story that just happens to be short. The principles established by Poe are altogether impossible to apply to a short novel.

Modern scholars have attempted to define the short story more exactly than did Poe. Henry Seidel Canby defines the *substance* of a short story as a lesser unity; that is, an episode which, though a part of a greater unity, is yet complete in itself. For example, *A Day's Pleasure,* by Garland, depicts the events of a single, happy day in the weary years of struggle in the life of a farmer's wife, and *The Heart of Little Shikara* presents one stirring adventure in the childhood of a little hero.

The *form* of a short story Canby defines as "a brief narrative, all of whose constituent parts unite to make a single impression in the mind of the reader."

Dr. Esenwein calls the short story "a brief imaginative narrative unfolding a single predominating incident and a single chief character; it contains a plot, the details of which are so compressed and the whole treatment so organized as to produce a single impression." Although the definitions are almost as numerous as the commentators, they seem to differ in terminology rather than in substance, and essentially they correspond with the basic precepts of Poe.

III. KINDS OF SHORT STORIES

Robert Louis Stevenson says: "There are, so far as I know, three ways and three only of writing a story. You may take a plot and fit characters to it, or you may take a character and choose incidents and situations to develop it, or, lastly, you may take a certain atmosphere and get actions and persons to express and realize it." Briefly, the author may make plot or character or atmosphere of prime importance in his story. However, no writer can succeed in writing a story that is purely one of action or of character or of atmosphere. One of these three may be predominant, but the others must be present, however subordinate.

The story of *plot* is essentially an action story. We remember the actions, but for the particular characters might be substituted other characters, and the atmosphere may be quite neutral. In *A Romany of the Snows* we are interested not so much in the hero as in the predicament in which he finds himself. This story may be retold in any setting with almost any characters.

In a *character* story, plot and setting are subordinate and serve chiefly to focus attention on the leading character. The plot of *Old Man Warner* is negligible; its setting, while happily presented in the Vermont hills, might be transferred elsewhere. It is Warner in whom we are interested.

Stories of *atmosphere* emphasize setting, or local color. Plot and character serve to picture more vividly the peculiar local, racial, or psychological characteristics of the setting. Thus, *Human* shows the kindly human sentiment of the inhabitants of Friendship Village. In *The Red Mark* the pathos, the drudgery, and the ambition of the inhabitants of London's Ghetto constitute the theme rather than the adventures of the heroine.

But none of these stories belong wholly to any of these three classes. *The Winning of the Cane* interests us in the action of the cane spree; it arouses our sympathy for its burly hero; it pictures undergraduate life at Princeton. Detective stories depend much on plot, but who will not remember Father Brown and Quinney long after he has forgotten the plot of *The Blue Cross* or *A Counterfeit Presentment*? Stevenson's distinctions were meant to be inclusive, not exclusive. Although a well-written short story may emphasize plot or character or atmosphere, it cannot develop any one essential to the exclusion of the other two.

IV. SUBJECT MATTER

The subject matter of the short story is as varied as are the actions, reactions, and emotions of man. A heroic rescue, an unexpected meeting of lifelong rivals, an old farmer toiling, a sun-drenched plain, a figure gaunt against the sky, a boisterous joke,—these constitute the material of the short story. So *Robina's Doll* incites a love of children and an appreciation of sympathy and sacrifice; in Hutchinson's *The Rough Little Girl and the Smooth Little Girl*, the vulgarity of Pook and the snobbishness of the "rough little girl" are overlooked in our admiration of the nobility and generosity of these characters. *The Love-Letters of Smith* provokes our smiles, but smiles that are akin to tears; *The Day of the Scholars* is a bit of nonsense, yet back of our laughter is the realization of the foibles of our kind.

Of course, the short story must comply with the laws that bind all literature. It must have truth and beauty. The reader must be made to see at once its plausibility. Moreover, it must arouse a noble emotion, either positively by

kindling an appreciation of what is beautiful and good or negatively by causing resentment against what is unworthy and evil. It must be remembered that true humor is a noble emotion,—Chesterton says it is a trait that distinguishes man from beast,—and humorous stories that exhibit human qualities in an attractive way are legitimately the subject matter of short stories.

But the short-story writer is bound by laws more stringent than those of truth and beauty. To him "fact is stranger than fiction." We know that coincidence is active in real life, but it must be sedulously avoided in the short story, which is restricted to actions and emotions of characters under circumstances that ordinary people will recognize as true to life. Or should these circumstances be extraordinary, they must be presented in a way to make them appear natural. In brief, the short story must not only be possible or plausible, it must be inevitable.

V. ESSENTIALS

1. **One predominant incident.** One might say that essentially the short story consists of a single predominant incident affecting a single predominant character in such a manner as to produce a single predominant impression. The story is so short that there is time for but one predominant incident. Contributory incidents there may be, but these serve only to heighten the impression produced by the main incident. In *November the Nineteenth* the various incidents emphasize Riley Tyler's sudden realization that Lincoln was too great to be humiliated by ridicule.

2. **One predominant character.** A short story should have but one predominant character. *Don* has but one important

character, a dog; Bloomah is the only character we shall remember in *The Red Mark*. Occasionally, however, there may be two equally important characters, each the complement of the other, who together produce a single impression; as, for example, the hero and the heroine in *The Love-Letters of Smith*. There may also be a number of minor characters, but these must never be permitted to eclipse the chief character. The danger in numerous characters consists in the fact that a detailed description of each impedes the action while a "group description" makes of them mere puppets.

Accordingly a short story can be most effectively built around one fully developed character. This character must be human; that is, acting in harmony with his traits and characteristics and in accordance with or in rebellion against his environment. So Father Brown, Shikara, Abe, and Pierre, widely differing characters, are equally human from the short-story point of view.

Again, a character must not change radically in the course of a short story. Such a change is an involved process, a suitable theme for a novel. A short story may, however, present the occasion when the change of character actually takes place. Thus, *The Winning of the Cane* is concerned with the events of one night, which aroused college spirit in the heart of the hero.

A character may be described by various means. There is first the *direct* method. This consists simply of the author's describing the character, perhaps the most common method. Another method much used is the *indirect*, by which one character in a story is made to describe another. In the *gradual* method the character is revealed little by little as the story progresses. The *suggestive* method is more subtle. It selects one salient characteristic and makes it typical of

the character. A character may also be pictured by *dialogue* and by *action*; that is, by what he says and does. Rarely, however, is only one of these methods resorted to in describing a character. Few men in actual life may safely be judged solely by what they say or do or by what others think of them. An account of the reasons that impel their actions and words and that sway the opinions of their fellows is necessary for a complete characterization. To effect this, the author finds it necessary usually to resort to a combination of these methods of character description.

3. **One predominant impression.** Novels are usually most profitably read in installments. Justin McCarthy's *If I were King!* which treats of the adventures of François Villon, may be read over an extended period and still be thoroughly interesting. But Stevenson's *A Lodging for the Night*, a short story about this same vagabond-poet, must be read at one sitting, else the reader receives almost no impression. The novel can offer the reader a variety of impressions about the characters, since they are presented under such varying circumstances. The short story, on the other hand, deals with but one important incident and usually with but one chief character. Consequently there is time for but one predominant impression.

Since the time of the short story is short and its pages are relatively few, the introduction should by its tone create the mood or atmosphere; and setting, characters, and action must all contribute to making one predominant impression. The story will stand or fall according to the strength or weakness of this impression.

As impression is the final result of a short story, so it is very often the power that suggested to the author the writing of the story. Some scenes, for example, of themselves suggest dramatic situations. A light moving weirdly in the

dark of the night, a child laughing by the shore, an old woman pensively sewing,—these at once suggest atmospheres of gloom, or happiness, or sentiment. Nearly every story, it would seem, is the result of an impression made by a single event on the mind of the author. *Treasure Island* grew from the map of an imaginary tropical isle. A road over the shoulder of a Vermont hill—might not that have suggested *Old Man Warner*? From a Chestertonian paradox that the simplest are the wisest, Father Brown might have been created.

4. **Plot.** "Plot," says Bliss Perry, "is that which happens to the characters." Another critic defines it rather happily as "the deliberate complication of character and situation by which the interest of the reader is aroused and his curiosity excited." It is "the skeleton of the story."

Every short story must have a plot. Even in short stories where action is subordinated to character or setting, as in *Old Man Warner* or *The Fall of the House of Usher*, there is still a distinct plot.

Plots are variously classified by critics. One simple and rather comprehensive list recognizes the following types:

Adventure or *action plots* deal primarily with the actions of the characters and usually excite the reader by the dangers and trials of the hero. *A Romany of the Snows* is an example of this kind of plot.

In the *surprise plot* something unexpected (but not illogical or improbable) happens. The author by concealing the actual climax and by suggesting a false climax leads the reader to expect a quite different ending. But if the reader traces the plot backward, the true climax becomes apparent and the outcome inevitable. O. Henry in nearly all his stories makes use of the surprise plot.

The *problem plot* presents the reader with a difficult situation and places him in the position of judge to determine the justice or injustice of the author's solution. *A Day's Pleasure* is in part a problem plot.

The *mystery plot* attempts to deceive the reader by purposely throwing him on the wrong scent. It differs from the surprise plot in that the mystery plot deals usually with the explanation of something that has happened before the story began or something that happens early in the story, whereas the surprise plot merely deceives the reader as to what is actually happening. Detective stories usually contain mystery plots.

Plots of *sentiment*, *mood*, or *emotion* analyze the hearts and minds of the characters and thereby explain the emotions and actions of these characters. *A Patron of Art*, *Robina's Doll*, *Human*, and all live stories employ this type of plot.

The *symbolic plot* employs its characters to represent abstract truths. Stories of Yeats, many fairy tales, to some extent *The Day of the Scholars*, utilize symbolic plots.

In all kinds of plots, it may be noted, the writer will make use of the element of suspense to hold the reader's interest. The outcome of the story must of course be inevitable, but the reader need not of necessity foresee this outcome. On his recapitulation of events in the story, however, he must appreciate the necessity of the outcome.

The Greeks held that a plot must have a beginning, a middle, and an end. We have complicated and perhaps improved their terminology by insisting on a *preliminary situation*, a *complication*, and a *resolution*.

The *preliminary situation* establishes the relations of the characters to one another and to their surroundings. It is

usually stated very briefly, occasionally by dialogue, much oftener by the direct method of description and characterization.

The preliminary situation stated, the *complication* begins; or, in other words, the plot is set in motion. The plot does not move along a horizontal line, nor yet up an inclined plane, but rather up a flight of stairs, each step representing a complicating incident. These steps lead to a climax; it might be compared to a landing at the highest point, whence another flight of stairs turns downward.

These steps, leading down from the climax, constitute the *resolution* and terminate at the ending (not to be confused with the climax). It must not be assumed that these steps are symmetrical and of uniform height. The complication may consist of numerous low steps and the resolution of a few high steps, or vice versa. The preliminary situation, the landing at the base of the ascending stairs, may be very brief or relatively long. The ending, the landing at the foot of the descending stairs, may be very short if the story ends at its highest point of emotion, or rather long if calm appraisal is made or a moral drawn.

5. **Setting.** Whole chapters of Scott's novels are devoted to the setting—to a description or history of the time, the place, the occupation, and the condition of the characters and their actions. Although the short-story writer must necessarily exercise much greater economy of space, the matter of setting is no less important to him than to the novelist. The setting is to a short story what background is to a painting. It determines the impression made upon the reader; it establishes the tone of the story.

Setting consists of an exposition of the time when and the place where the actions occur and of the occupations in

which and the conditions under which the characters act. An understanding and appreciation of the importance of setting is necessary to the short-story writer. He must be acquainted with life in the time or period of which he writes. He must understand its mannerisms of speech and the habits of its people. Van Dyke's *First Christmas Tree* is an excellent example of a story in which the author has caught the spirit of the times. *The Day of the Scholars* is an amusing but faithful picture of one side of court life in early Ireland.

Having avoided anachronism, the author must present a faithful picture of the place of his story. It is perhaps possible for a painter to construct a picture from the description given by another; but in order to catch on his canvas that intangible but essential something which gives life to the painting, it will be necessary for him to view the scene himself. So, too, the short-story writer must be familiar with the place he is describing, else his description will lack realism. Zangwill writes convincingly of the London Ghetto he knew so well, Zane Grey of the purple distances of the Arizona desert.

Furthermore, it is necessary for a writer to be familiar with the details of the occupations of his characters. It is significant that Mrs. Canfield lives among the Vermont farmers and that Edison Marshall, who can write a story of a thrilling tiger hunt, is himself a sportsman.

Finally, a writer should know the conditions, the environment,—the physical, intellectual, emotional, and spiritual atmosphere in which his characters live. How well Eden Phillpotts knows the life of the Devonshire farmer! And how real is Davis's New York of struggling artist and sentimental plutocrat!

The background may be drab or warm, it may harmonize or contrast with the characters, but it must be distinct and

individual. It must be as truly a part of the whole as are the characters and their actions.

6. **Length.** What should be the length of a short story? This is a question to which a definite answer cannot safely be made. The essential quality of a short story is not fewness of words; it is compression, freedom from lesser incidents, subplots, and digressions. It may be reasonably safe to say that a short story contains usually from three thousand to seven thousand words, and quite safe to state that regardless of its length it must give the reader the impression that it would be ineffective if lengthened.

7. **Title.** The matter of title might appear to belong to the commercial rather than to the literary aspect of the short story. But inasmuch as the title is often an element in the establishing of a mood or in giving a hint regarding character or action, it may be truly a part of the short-story writer's art. As a rule the title should be short, definite, and attractive—through its sound, through its turn of expression, or through its power of suggestion.

Don is a short title, peculiarly suited to the noble dog who has given a name to the story. *The House in Two Parishes*, although longer, states the essential situation which makes the story possible. *Robina's Doll* suggests something feminine and sympathetic and childlike. *Old Man Warner*, on the other hand, promises something crude and rugged. *Human* may seem too general, but a warm human quality is the pervading atmosphere in Friendship Village. In *The Heart of Little Shikara* "heart" suggests nobility, bravery, goodness. "Little" intimates a child, or at any rate something weak; it is a contrast but not a contradiction to "heart." "Shikara" is foreign, bizarre, suggestive of strange scenes and events. And that is the story,—the heroism of a little hero-worshiping savage.

A study of the titles of most well-written stories will show that they contain the germ of the stories.

Bibliography. In addition to the epochal work of Poe and the well-known later contributions by Stevenson the editors feel particularly indebted for valuable aid and information to the following books and authors: *The Short Story in English*, by Henry Seidel Canby; *The Book of the Short Story*, by Jessup and Canby; *The Short Story*, by Ethan Allen Cross; *Writing the Short Story*, by J. Berg Esenwein; *The Philosophy of the Short Story*, by Brander Matthews; *A Study of Prose Fiction*, by Bliss Perry.

VI. WRITING YOUR OWN SHORT STORIES

In addition to the pleasure of reading short stories, and of reading them aloud to one's friends for discussion, there is the possibility that acquaintance with such stories may stimulate one to write a short story or two of his own.

One can readily gather material to weave into short stories if one is constantly on the lookout for interesting subject matter from his own experiences. It is easy to write the beginnings of short stories in the form of "incidents," or themes. The next step is to turn actual experience into a strange or unusual adventure by the addition of an imaginative touch. Then one is on the road to the mastery of short-story writing.

If, for example, one writes today an incident on *Christmas* based on experience, and tomorrow an incident on *A Modern Santa Claus* based on imagination, one will in the latter combine his actual experience with his imaginative powers, and the result may closely resemble a short story.

The next step will be to observe the more exacting requirements of short-story writing. As an aid in the understanding of these requirements the following suggestions are offered

Take Care to Choose Good Materials

1. Use material that is fresh—not hackneyed. It need not be highly original or melodramatic. Experience plus imagination is what you want. A news item, a title, a character, an unusual name, a scene,—any one of these may help.

2. Avoid worn-out themes.

a. The mysterious thing which in the end turns out to have been a cat or a baby.

b. The story which involves the hero in most intricate complications that are abruptly solved by the author's dictum, "It was a dream."

c. The story of the substitute who takes the "star's" place and wins the "big" game for his school.

d. The story of the amateur detective (usually either a journalist or a scientist) who solves the mystery after the regular police have failed.

e. The story that features a strange invention.

f. The story that contains improbable coincidences.

g. The conventional "crook," Western, and treasure-hunt story.

Know Your Characters

1. Draw your characters from life, as Dickens did. Or if you must use characters not based on actual acquaintance, let them be true to life.

2. Gain ease in character drawing by writing descriptions of classmates or of nationally known men and women without naming them. Then see if others recognize the originals.

As a Rule Use Familiar Settings

In these you feel at ease and may let your imagination wander without fear.

1. Make a list of places with which you are well acquainted.
2. Add a character or two that fit in one of these places.
3. Write an incident based on imagination, and see how easily you can write a true-to-life short story.

Use Crisp Dialogue

1. Take a page from Stevenson and act the parts, using the conversation of the characters. Note how dramatic yet how natural their words are.
2. Observe how many synonyms of the verb "say" Stevenson has used. How many of these do you ordinarily use?
3. Write an imaginary conversation (1) between a teacher and a pupil; (2) between boys of different schools; (3) between a conductor and an irate passenger.

In general give the exact words used by your characters, not merely the substance of their conversation.

Write a Synopsis of Your Story

If this synopsis is incoherent, your story will be even more incoherent. If it fails to hold one's interest, the completed story will be still less interesting. If it shows any weakness, that weakness will be emphasized in the story.

Apply These Test Questions to Your Story

1. Was your climax planned first?
2. Does every incident lead logically toward the climax?
3. Who is the leading character?

4. What does he look like?
5. Where is he?
6. What is he trying to do?
7. What is his dominant virtue or fault?
8. What obstacles must be overcome?
9. What point of view will you take?
10. Who are the subordinate characters?
11. What bearing on the climax has each of these characters?
12. At what point will you begin your story?
13. Are your introduction and descriptions too long?
14. Does your climax require further explanation?
15. How did you choose your title?

SHORT STORIES OF TODAY

ENOS B. COMSTOCK

THE STORY OF ABE[1]

By Alice Brown

"There is something that all dogs know and a few men. It is what gives the dog that look in the eyes, of unconquerable love, of hope even against the fact of abuse."

This was what the lean gray-headed man with the army button said to the rest of us smoking with him on the hotel veranda. Then he took out his big worn wallet and selected from it a yellowed paper, put on his eye-glasses, and scanned it frowningly. "Yes," said he, "I've got that right. I wrote it down some years ago. I've tried to get a little further with it, but I never did."

One of the men had just given a dog—his own dog—a cuff, as he thought righteously. Mac was a sober collie, a one-man dog, with no eye for any but his master, and he had, apparently without provocation, assaulted a nervous fox-terrier and sent him away yapping, with a salutary memory of rough-shod teeth. And then his master had roared out and cuffed him, and he had taken his dose with a faultless bearing and lain down in a pretence at the *dégagé* "flump" of a dog with nothing to do of a shiny afternoon but snap at flies and dream of battles won. He seemed not to recognize in the least that his dignity had

[1] From *Vanishing Points*. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, New York, publishers, and Constable and Company, Limited, London.

been assailed; but he did give his master, in the one moment of accepting the cuff, a look, half remonstrance and half a divine reproach. Even then there was no resentment in it. We who had seen the foregoing provocation—his master had been back to it—rushed in to say that Mac hadn't been the offender. Foxy had nagged him and taken unwarrantable liberties such as no high-bred person could suffer. Therefore Mac had done justly in his brief reproof. The master upon that bent down and gave MacGregor's forehead an apologetic smooth, and Mac looked up with that same clear faith in the mirror of his eyes—forgetfulness, too: yet he had more brain, we knew, than half of us, with cells in it for memory. Then it was that the lean old man who always looked an-hungered and not able to tell of it, as if all his heart's dearest had gone to Kingdom Come and he was too busy deferring the desire of them to have any present wants, made that remark I have remembered.

"What is it?" asked Mac's master, quickly. "What is it dogs know and we don't?"

He was an artist with slim brown hands and a sensitive face. I think he was nettled at having shown himself impulsive and not having kept the code with Mac, and he wanted to find out as much as possible about dogs, as soon as possible.

"Did I ever tell you," said the old gentleman, "about Colonel Annerly's dog?"

He never had. We lit up again, those of us who had let our pipes cool, and thought commiseratingly of the expectation the ladies cherished, flitting white-skirted down to the summer-house, of seeing us presently at afternoon

tea. There was a decided anticipation of something to come: for the nice old gentleman with the patient face hadn't talked much up to now, and we shared the feeling that he wouldn't take the trouble to embark if it wasn't worth while. He looked like the sort of person who would ticket his recollections and keep only the ones that had some assured value. His mind was, I am convinced, so constantly on the certainty of active life's being over that he wouldn't be apt to clutter up his pigeonholes with extraneous truck. His will, perhaps, and a few, a very few, inevitable and sacred memories, were all he would be likely to concern himself with now.

"Colonel Annerly," said he, in the grave manner of one bringing out something exceedingly precious, and letting us note that it would have to be seriously regarded, "went all through the war."

He said it as they do who made a part of the Rebellion, as if there were but one war known to history.

"We saw a good deal of each other. I was a private when he was a lieutenant. But we had friends in common. He was a Virginian: good blood, very good blood. By the way, Annerly wasn't his name. I shouldn't take the liberty —Annerly's my name."

"After the war was over," he went on, "I didn't see him again for maybe twenty years; and then one summer I went up with my—people"—he made a little pause here, a reverent pause, and it was evident that his people were dead—"to a little town in Vermont—near Mansfield. Nice little town it was, a good hotel. Burned since. And Mansfield is a very beautiful mountain. The sunrises there —ah, well!"

He lost himself a moment, patently in memory, and then Mac got up, snapped at a fly, and flumped down again. That recalled him.

"Ah!" he brightened. "What was I saying? That summer in Vermont. Well, Colonel Annerly was there. The first sight I had of him was one morning when I was setting out for a little walk. It was market day; country folks brought in calves and pigs, and there was a prodigious roaring and squalling and cackling all the forenoon long, and about three they set off home again without the calves and pigs, with plugs of tobacco, and tea and sugar, and flat bottles, and the misses had their ribbons, I suppose. Well, this day nobody seemed to be buying anything for a minute, but they all stood knotted in a crowd and everybody was laughing. And I looked up where they were looking, up in a balcony of a little tavern there—not my hotel; that was bigger—but a very little tavern indeed—and there was Colonel Annerly making a speech, and he was drunk, gentlemen, drunk as a lord. I stopped. I couldn't believe my eyes. 'Who's that?' I says to a man—he looked like an ostler—with a rope in his hand. He was going from stable to pump, and stopped to listen and grin. 'That's Colonel Annerly,' says he. 'What's he doing here?' says I. 'He lives here,' says he. 'No, he doesn't,' says I. I was pretty stupid over it all, but I never imagined the Colonel outside his state. 'He's a Virginian.' I guess I'd thought of him in 'marble halls' and all that sort of thing. I'm only a plain New-Englander myself. 'Oh,' says the man, 'his mother was a Vermont girl, and after the war the Colonel and Miss Sally—that's his sister—they come up here. I guess they were burnt out o' house and home,

and 'twas all they *could* do.' He went along to the pump, and I stared at the Colonel and listened to him, and while I listened I got pretty hot."

He looked it then. His blue eyes were sharp as the flash on steel. His nervous hand, with the little gnarls at the joints, began beating on the veranda rail.

"He was making a speech about the war. It was a good speech. It would have been if he'd been sober; but he was drunk, and every tomfool among 'em laughed: not because he said anything to laugh at, but because he was drunk. And while I looked at him I realized he'd changed, the Colonel had. 'Twas more than middle age. He was a handsome man, a very personable man. But his face had got a little bloated, and his hair had whitened and he'd let it grow—well, it made me sick. You see, I'd seen him on a horse."

His mouth flickered into a spasm of the pain it had all given him, but he went quickly on like a man who has undertaken a dolorous task that must, he being methodical and stout-willed, be finished.

"Then he stopped. The Colonel stopped. He'd looked up the street, and there walking along, from the post-office, I knew—I went there myself every day—was an old lady, about as old as he was, and thin and white-haired and dressed in black silk, and I guessed who it was—Miss Sally. The Colonel took off his hat—he wore a big gray felt—and just at that minute out tumbles a dog, a kind of a nice, good-sized yellowish mongrel, part collie, too—the kind you respect—from the window behind him and began to bark like all possessed. The Colonel yelled at him and the tomfools began to clap—it seemed to be a

terrible funny joke that the dog was making a speech, too —and when the Colonel couldn't stop the creature by yelling, he struck at him with his hat, and then, I believe, he kicked him"—this he offered delicately, as if it were ticklish business to remember with an unjustly disgraced person like Mac at hand—"and finally the Colonel sat down in a chair on the balcony and fanned himself with his hat, and the dog lay down beside him at once, gentlemen, and dropped his head for a snooze, as if there hadn't the least thing in the world happened. And the old lady kept her head up in the air and walked by as if it was nothing in the world to her. But I knew it was Miss Sally. Well, I didn't let many hours slip before I went round to see the Colonel. Not that day. I gave him time—" Here he paused, rather at a loss, and a younger man of the company, too young to remember other years and manners when there were simpler if cruder names for things, supplied a flippant modernism for getting over a jag—and the old gentleman instantly frowned at him. We frowned too, all of us, partly in sympathy and partly because we were afraid, if the serene current of his intent were broken, he might not go on with the story at all. But it was still a task undertaken and, like everything in his dutiful life, to be completed.

"He was glad to see me. We had a good deal to talk about. All through that call we lived over old times. It wasn't for several other visits that we got round to the present and the tavern and the dog. For my story's about the dog, gentlemen, really about the dog."

"What was his name?" the young man pelted in.

Annerly answered him with perhaps a wilfully contrasting dignity.

"Abe. He'd named him for the President. It may have been disrespectful; if he'd done it in his sober minutes maybe he'd have felt it so, but the Colonel wasn't very often sober, and he called the dog by that name. You know, gentlemen, as soon as you begin to think about a person or a particular thing, everything else seems to bring you news of 'em. It's just as if your mind was out inquiring about 'em all day long. Well, I didn't ask any questions about the Colonel—of course I didn't—but it wasn't a week before I had a lot of data about him. He was an interesting figure, and folks talked. It seemed, though he'd fought for our side, Miss Sally was red-hot Secesh. But that hadn't made any material difference between 'em. They'd put their little money together—and they had little less than nothing when all's said and done—and come up North, as the ostler had told me, to live in the old house. But I suppose they lived pretty nigh the wind—I'm country-bred, gentlemen; the old sayings cling to me—and the Colonel felt he had to take a little nip now and then—I told you he'd been pretty seriously wounded, didn't I? Well, besides that he had a troublesome heart; and there was no proper society in the place for a man of his calibre. So you see he took to drinking very naturally, very naturally indeed, and that just about broke Miss Sally's heart and her pride. Nobody ever told me these reasons for their tiff. They just told me the Colonel went to the tavern and got noisy drunk and then blind drunk. But I was very much attached to him, very much indeed,

and I gave a good deal of time to thinking about it. And it didn't take me long to see it was very natural, could hardly have been helped, you might say, with things as they were. Miss Sally wasn't a gentle person, as some women are. She didn't suffer and say nothing. She was high as ninety, I've understood; and one day the Colonel just packed up his trunk and came over to the tavern and took a room, and they hadn't spoken since. He brought the dog with him. The dog had come to them. He'd walked into town one day with a drunken tramp, and the tramp had got full, if he wasn't before, and that night broke through the railing down at the horse-pond, and the dog had run back to town for help as rationally as a man would have done, and when the tramp was fished out dead the dog sat down on his haunches and looked round, they said—the Colonel said; he was there—as if he was asking: 'Well, what next? What's my next incarnation going to be?' the Colonel said he seemed to be asking—the Colonel had quite a clever habit of words—and when the crowd dispersed and the body was carried off, the dog just got up and trotted after the Colonel. He'd picked him out, and he trotted home with him. That tickled the Colonel, flattered him maybe. It would flatter any of us—but it seemed to him a kind of human thing to do. So he told Miss Sally that the dog was going to live with them and he wouldn't take a hundred dollars for him. And when he and Miss Sally had their flare-up and he left, there was no question but the dog must go with him. Well, sirs, that dog was a queer dog. Everybody saw it. I believe the other dogs saw it, too, for they never seemed to cock an ear at him even, when he went by. I don't believe they

were afraid of him. He was as good-natured a creature as ever lived; but he always seemed to be on business of his own—trot, trot, head up, nose alive, eyes bright and a little anxious. Yes, he had business, and it wasn't long before I found out what it was. I'm particularly fond of dogs, but I never've had one of late years, never been stationary enough, and I should be sorry to leave a dog—" the other look came into his eyes, the one that must have meant long journeyings to those he called his folks, at the end. He recalled himself, but not until he had bent and given Mac a little touch on the ear. The dog knew what it was—not a fly, but a friend, though it was so soft, and he lifted his head a moment to see who knew him so well, and then dropped it with a bump.

"Yes," said Annerly, "he'd built up a business, and he had to give his whole time to it and his whole mind. It was taking care of the Colonel."

"When he was slewed?" the young man of no diffidences inquired.

Annerly did not hear him. He had sent his mind back to scrutinize that map of the long past, perhaps not altogether refreshing his memory, but because he himself may not have understood it as well as he could wish.

"The amount of it was," said he, "the dog was on the watch. When the Colonel was himself, the dog took his naps, kept himself to himself, and actually seemed to be saving up for the next bout. And the Colonel wasn't a finger-deep in whiskey before the dog was on to it, ears up, nose quivering, tail going whenever the Colonel looked at him, as if he was beseeching him to remember they were up against it again, and for the Lord's sake to see if they

couldn't look sharp and come out of it this time with a whole skin."

He was talking more easily as he got warmed up to it. Evidently the matter meant a good deal to him, the more, perhaps, as time gave him perspective.

"You see," he continued, rather feeling his way now, as if this chapter of it hardly concerned us, and could only be opened with the utmost delicacy of manipulation, "when the Colonel had had a drop too much, he was possessed to talk. And there's no doubt talking to the kind of people he did—ready to laugh and slap their legs—he made himself ridiculous. That was the thing that had been wormwood to Miss Sally—stump oratory, you know, kind of old-fashioned American-eagle business. I'm told there's something of the sort in Biglow Papers. I never read them myself. I like my English spelled right, and pronounced right, when it comes to that. Well, the dog seemed to hate it as much as Miss Sally did, and the queer part of it was, he knew what was coming. The Colonel would get up, sometimes in the balcony off his room, and sometimes on the old tree stump in the square, sometimes on the band stand—anywhere he happened to be—and strike out and rain down the long words and saw the air, and the dog wouldn't let him get in more than two sentences deep before he'd break up the meeting. It's curious to me now to remember the ways he took to do it. Sometimes he'd run at the Colonel's legs and snap—and a better-behaved dog there never was, common days. Sometimes he'd pitch on another dog, hammer and tongs, and they'd roll over and yell, and you couldn't see 'em for the dust. I got to think the other dog understood the scheme

himself; for when they'd distracted the Colonel and he'd fallen on 'em with whatever came handy, the two dogs would leap apart, and the second one would go about his business and leave the Colonel's to the thrashing he was sure to get. Yes, he got it every time. 'That dog of mine,' the Colonel would say, 'he's getting quarrelsome; he's getting unmanageable. I'll break him of it, or I'll break every bone in his body.' And you'd have thought the dog's bones might have been pretty well broken, he was so cut and kicked. But he took it all like—well, as I've understood the English schoolboy takes his lickings. I won't say our schoolboys, because I understand they're not allowed to be licked. Great mistake! I was mellowed well in my time, and I was the better for it. But the dog never ki-yi-ed. He never yelped a syllable. He'd stand there and be hammered like a moth-eaten old yellow rock carved out like a dog, and he'd look absent-minded a little, as if he really didn't exactly know what was going on and certainly didn't want anybody else to. And when it was over, he'd give himself a kind of a shake and a frisk as if he meant to say: 'Splendid, Colonel. That was just splendid. Think you could do it again?'"

"Well, what's your theory of it?" the prompt young man inserted here. "Why was he so mighty fond of being biffed?"

"I don't say that he was fond of it," the old gentleman resumed, with dignity. "I say he intentionally appeared to be fond of it."

"Oh, come now," said the other. "You mean he was putting up a bluff. Why, man alive, you're talkin' about a four-footed beast! You're talking about a dog. You might

as well say this dog here—" with his half-smoked cigarette he indicated Mac, twitching in a dream of sheep-herding.

"Yes," said the old gentleman, solemnly and stiffly, "you might say this dog here. Only it didn't happen to be this dog. It was another one."

"But you don't mean to say you imagine dogs are trotting round treeing psychologic moments—" he was rather a clever young man with his tongue and his trick of remembered phrases. We'd all thought so until now he interrupted the story. "Well," he persisted, "how do you account for it?"

"How do you account for it?" inquired the old gentleman, and his "it" seemed to embrace a large conception of the uncharted world dogs live in, from which they emerge mysteriously for their adventures and their benevolences in the equally obscure domain of man.

"Read us that paragraph you had," said the young man. He was frowning over an effort to capture an illusory possibility.

Annerly did it.

"Where'd you get it?" asked the ruthless one. "Did you say you wrote it?"

"I did," said Annerly. "It was the beginning of the account I meant to write of this dog and what he had to do and what he taught me."

"Ever write it?"

"No. I couldn't make it clear enough. I never've spoken of it to any one until to-day. I suppose I shouldn't now, but he"—here, by a gesture, he seemed to include Mac in the circle— "he brought it up, and—well, I felt rather more like it."

"But we haven't had all the story," said a timid-spoken man whose flamboyant wife, from a green beyond, was waving him to tea.

"It's very short," said Annerly, as if he'd rather get it over. "It's soon told. One day in the beginning of September I took a walk up the mountain road, and when I was coming back into town I met a lot of children, a whole Pied Piper crowd of 'em, and though I'm not specially given to noticing children I did notice these, they looked so pretty. Their hats were over their eyes or falling down their backs, and their hair was anyhow, and their faces red, as if they'd run a race, and you could see well enough why. It was what they carried. They were weighted down, every one of 'em, with corn, sweet corn, big armfuls of it, and two little girls between 'em tugged a kettle, three-quarters full of water that slopped every step. When I saw the kettle, I called a halt and asked 'em to let me carry it. But they wouldn't stop more than a minute. They distrusted me, off on some child's spree as they were, like a dog's sheep-killing, and they were afraid I'd cut in and spoil it somehow. So 'twas, 'No, sir,' and, 'Thank you, sir,' and on they went. In a minute or two I overtook the Colonel and the dog, and knew he'd met 'em; but he was too far along to take much account of them, or any other pretty, innocent sight. I knew where he'd been. There was a one-armed man along the road, and he kept a choice brand of whiskey for the fellows that didn't like to drink as much as they wanted at the hotel. The Colonel was in one of his grand moods. First thing he said was to inform me he was on his way to deliver a short account of the battle of Gettysburg, deliver it in the square. Then I knew

what was coming. I knew the dog would try to quash it, and the Colonel would cut into the dog, and if I'd had a cask or something, I'd have turned it over the dog and kept him in it, breathing through the bung-hole, and saved his hide that time.

"When we got into the square I was a little easier. There was nobody there but a tin-peddler, and he'd opened a bag of hay for his horses and sat up in his cart and leaned back, having a pipe. But for all the Colonel knew, he was as good as twenty, and the Colonel got up on the band stand and opened fire on him. I guess the tin-peddler thought he was crazed. He took his pipe out of his mouth, and left his mouth open and stared a spell, and then he seemed to think it wouldn't strike that time, and leaned himself back again and went to sleep, mouth still open. I can see that picture to this day. Well, the Colonel kept on spouting, and the dog sat still, grave as a judge; seemed to think it didn't make any particular difference, long as there wasn't anybody there but a tin-peddler and me. It was a pretty hot day, and I sat down on the steps of the stand and took off my hat and hoped the Colonel thought I was listening. Far as I was concerned he might as well work off his load that way as any other, long as there was nobody to be mortified but me, and Miss Sally was indoors. It was a day full of haze, over the mountain everywhere, and I smelt smoke and liked it. Seemed as if every man was burning up the rubbish in his own door-yard, and as if the world was going to be the cleaner for it. In another minute I might have been as fast asleep as the tin-peddler, but the dog lifted his head and gave a howl, an awful howl. If you'd heard it at night on a lonesome

road you'd have put for cover. It was so awful somehow it even stopped the Colonel. And then the dog started to run, and stopped and howled again, and looked back at the Colonel, and gave that howl over and over and over, and at last we judged, both at the same time, that something had hurt him and he was in pain. The Colonel got down over the steps as quick as his legs would let him, and made for the dog, and I followed on. Not very fast. I'm lame, gentlemen, maybe you've observed. 'Something stung him?' the Colonel called back to me. 'It's more than a sting,' I said, and I knew he knew so, too. Of course the one stupid commonplace about a dog beside himself with a trouble you can't understand is that he's mad. I did think that, too, but only from a kind of reflex, caught from our dull habits of reason. Every time I saw the dog's face when he'd look round to find out if the Colonel was following, I knew it was just earnestness there. He'd got something to do and he was taking the Colonel on to help do it. And suddenly, in a second, both of us together, we knew. We smelled smoke, more and more we smelt it, and when we rounded the curve of the road we could see French's old barn, chiefly beams and rafters and a roof with shingles curled up like lichens, they were so old—just a storage-place for a good many years—and 'twas afire. I don't know what there was in it: anything the wet would hurt and French couldn't bring himself to throw away—old sleighs, paint-pots, rolls of matting. I went over it once when I felt lazy, for it was all open to the light. I used to like to understand folks then. 'Twas in the days before I learned you can't understand 'em. I knew French had the reputation of being close, and I

wanted to see what road it took. As a young man I'd had a good deal of ambition to become a writer. Well, well!" He dropped into blank musing for a moment here and then caught himself up.

"There was one upper window left in the place, and what do you think was framed in it, the smoke behind her? A little girl, gentlemen, and she was stretching out her hands to us and screaming, piercing, needle screams. I never heard anything like those screams. The Colonel started to run. He'd forgotten the dog, as well he might, for the minute the dog saw he'd got us far enough so we knew what we'd come for, he stopped howling and loped on ahead. The Colonel was a good second. You wouldn't know he'd a glass of liquor to carry. He ran like a boy. And we got nearer, and the heat of the fire struck us in the face, and the smoke came to meet us and choke our running. 'There's an old stairway,' I called to the Colonel. He was getting there first. I knew he'd have to. 'I've seen it'; and he didn't answer me, but he pelted on, and when I got to the runway and saw nothing but smoke and fire inside, he'd disappeared. I thought the dog had too, but, by George! he hadn't. He flew back at me out of the smoke and bit at my trousers and worried 'em a second; and you may call me crazy if you like, but I knew why. He saw there was a big deed doing in there, and he meant the Colonel to be the one to do it."

"Oh, come now—" the young man pushed in, but we couldn't stop to hear him. The quiet man brought a hand down on his shoulder, and he stopped.

"Then," said Annerly, "the dog left me as quick as he had come, as if he hoped he'd given me a good broad hint

but hadn't time to stop to see, other things were so pressing, and he, too, scurried into the smoke where the Colonel had gone. I was just setting my foot on the runway to go in, when I heard a voice above. It was the Colonel's. There'd been noise enough before, with the crackling of the fire and the crying of children, but the children seemed to have stopped. The Colonel had done that. He'd got up there among 'em, and they were sobbing a little, I suppose, somehow, as you do when help comes and you know, tough as things look, they can't be quite so bad now. But he was yelling at me, ordering me to look up, and I never hesitated any more than I should if I'd been in the ranks. I ran round to the side, and there he was at the one window, and the fire was behind him and beside him, and the smoke was thick and gray, bright-colored, too, here and there from the paint. But it blew away from him, so I could see everything for ten feet or so back. I don't know how to tell it, gentlemen. I haven't the words. I used to try to think how I'd write it if I was on a paper and had got to, but I couldn't think, and I can't think now. You see, the side of the barn was mostly gone. There was just the flooring of the mow, and up there was the old stove the children had tried to light. And besides the window there were a dozen vertical gaps to right and left of it, where boards were gone, and through them I could see what went on.

"'Here,' said the Colonel. 'Here!' He lifted up a little girl by her shoulders and swung her out of the window. 'Catch!' said he, and I screamed out as the children were screaming, as a woman might. 'I can't,' I said. 'My God, I can't.' But in a second I knew he wasn't drunk any

longer, and it was sober sense working in him, and that was the only way. And as I said I couldn't, I held up my arms, and he gave her another swing and let her go, and she dropped, screaming. But I got her, and got her safe and right side up, and the minute I had my hands on her tight little body I smelt my courage and I knew I could do it again. And I set her on the ground, and I had time to see, before I looked up for another, that she wasn't crying any more, and, if you will believe me, she'd put up her hands and was braiding her little yellow pigtail. Yes, I looked up, but the Colonel wasn't ready for me. He was in trouble up there. The children had got into a panic when they saw one thrown out; they were more afraid of being thrown than they were of the fire, and same time they'd got a sudden idea of the safety outside, and they were crowding forward to the cracks, and I knew they meant to jump. The Colonel was roaring at 'em as if they were a company in the thick of battle; but they couldn't mind, they couldn't even hear. That's where the dog came in. Suddenly, as sudden as the thought must have sprung up in his mind, he leaped at 'em and began to herd 'em as if they were sheep. The Colonel saw what he was at, and yelled at him and told him to go ahead and blessed him and swore like a pirate, and the children got more scared of the dog than they'd been of the leap, and he ran back and forth before 'em, and if one made a dash he was too quick for her and sprung at her clothes and tore at 'em, and she was mighty glad to slink away. So there they were corralled, the dog in front and the fire behind—and the fire wasn't idle, mind you—and the Colonel snatched another and I caught her, and another; and I'm blest if he

didn't get the whole thirteen down safe, all but little Annie Dill, and she only broke her ankle, and she's a spry, sound woman to-day, and walks as well as any of you. And when the last one was crying in mother's apron—for by now the whole village was turning out—there was the Colonel, straight and tall like a Bible prophet, and the fire was behind him, and he'd no place to go unless he jumped the same way. I saw two men running with a long ladder, and an old woman that was grandmother to one of the children kept screaming: 'Why don't you get a feather bed? Why don't you get a feather bed, so's that dear man can jump?' And there was a little puff toward us, and the wind had changed, and the ladder hadn't come, and the Colonel was in the midst of the fire and smoke. And so he leaped—for there was no other way—and the dog leaped after him. He fell straight forward on his face, the Colonel did, but we had him up in a second, and there he stood, pretty dazed, pretty well scorched; and the first thing he said was, 'All there?' He meant the children. 'All there, sir,' said I, but I don't know as he heard me, for Miss Sally came walking through the crowd—I suppose she was too dignified for anything but a walk, but she came so fast she might as well have run—and she put her two hands on the Colonel's shoulders, and she said as well as she could for crying, 'Brother, I'm proud of you.' The Colonel was a very courtly man. He took one of her hands down from his shoulder and kissed it and said to her, 'Why, Sally, old girl, that's nothing.' But as he said it he clapped his hand and hers in it to his side, and we caught him and laid him down, and every one of us knew he never'd get up again. And he never did. He never even opened his eyes. And

we carried him to Miss Sally's house, and the mothers and fathers and children followed after. But the dog trotted along by Miss Sally, head down, tail dropped, and if we could have known what he was thinking we should be wiser men to-day."

"Now I gather," said the omnivorous young man, "that you not only believe the dog scented out the danger the children were in, but you think he led the Colonel to save 'em—" Then he hesitated a moment, as if he knew the pregnant fact was farther yet behind.

"Yes, sir," Annerly said, with almost a snap of his decisive jaws, as if he'd have no questioning of such matters, "I do."

"I understand, too, I gather," said the young man, frowning over the travail of his own cleverness, "you think the dog wanted the Colonel to—to retrieve his shortcomings, as it were, by that kind of a deed."

"I think so, sir," said Annerly, as if defying him to challenge it. "I think I may say, after all the years I have given to reasoning it out, that I know so. That's why, as I told you, the dog didn't propose I should have part nor lot in it. He meant it to be the Colonel's stunt, as it was. That dog had as clear an idea as I had of old Virginia and her pride. He meant to set her flags waving, and he did."

"What became of the dog?" hesitated the quiet man, rising. His wife had gone to the length of sending him a pencilled line by a boy.

"He lived with Miss Sally. They grew old together. And when Miss Sally died, he lived with me, and I buried him with my own hands."

Annerly rose now, and the rest of us, as if by an instinctive deference, got up with him. The young man did not find his intellectual curiosity sated.

"But what do you mean," he prosed, going back to the beginning, "by saying there's something dogs know and men don't? What is it they know?"

Annerly stood for a moment looking down, and, it was apparent, thinking. It was not easy to see whether he considered this an incommunicable secret, or whether he was wondering if it could even be approached in words. His face grew more and more gentle. Suddenly it flushed over in a lovely smile and he looked up.

"It's this, gentlemen," said he, "I think it's this. In some unexplained way dogs know that cruelty rendered unto them will be paid by suffering rendered unto man. When you hurt them they rush upon you with their divine forgiveness—at once, pellmell, because they don't want the God of all—the One that holds punishment in His hand—they don't want Him to know they're hurt. They want to save us who have hurt them. That's the way I reason it."

THE WINNING OF THE CANE[1]

By Jesse Lynch Williams

The modern Cane Spree is held in broad daylight on University Field. It is a vastly different affair from the Spree we used to watch with chattering teeth at midnight kneeling on the wet grass in front of Witherspoon, with a full moon watching over West College and Mat. Goldie and two assistants waiting by the lamp-post to join in the fierce rush which followed each bout.

Nowadays it is one of the regular events of the Annual Fall Handicap Games, and is advertised in large special feature letters on the posters hanging in the shop windows and on the bulletin elm. It is a perfectly proper and legitimate proceeding, and is watched like any other field event from the bleachers and grand stand, with girls there to catch their breath and say "Oh!" The class that wins is glad. They cheer awhile and then watch the final heat of the 2.20.

In our day you could seldom see much of anything, and there was nothing proper about it. But it was one of the things a fellow lived for, like Thanksgiving games and Spring Term. To win a cane for one's class was an honor of a lifetime, like playing on the 'Varsity, or winning the

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Lynde debate. Men are still pointed out when back at Commencement as the light or middle weight spreers of their class, and a member of the faculty is famous for having "described a parabola with his opponent." This trick and a book called "Basal Concepts in Philosophy" bear his name, though it is maintained by some that he is more proud of the book.

This is to be a story of "How we used to do when we were in college." It would not do to revive the ancient cane spree. Things have changed since then. We are a university now. We mustn't behave like a college any longer. Besides, it was bad for the football men and training hours. But all the same, those old times were fun while they lasted. Weren't they?

. . . . . .

High up over Clio Hall hung a moon, which a night or two before had been full. Over there, on the balconies of Witherspoon, blue and red and green lights were flaring. On the grass plot in front was a huge black circle. This was made up of the College of New Jersey.

Their hats were off, and the red and the green and the blue mingled with the moonlight and glared upon the bare heads and the white of the faces with an effect as ghastly as it sounds.

The elms over toward Reunion and West cast long ugly-looking shadows. Beyond these everything seemed far away and dark and silent. Yet only a few hours before this same spot had served the innocent purpose of batting up flies and kicking footballs for points, with fellows shouting in loud, careless voices, "Aw! Come off! That was over the line!"

The circle was not yet perfectly formed. The crowd shivered and fidgeted, and borrowed lights of one another. Those behind called "Down in front!" And everyone wished it would begin. Some fellows kept edging in and were shoved back again by those appointed for that purpose. A few were moving about inside the circle displaying rolls of bills with which they made bets, and a great impression on underclassmen of a certain sort. The night was to be clear and frosty, and the strain on the nerves tremendous. So all those who believed in artificial warmth had it in their pockets, and some who did not.

For a month it had been, next to football, the most discussed topic at dinner-tables. Almost as soon as the rush was over—the annual cannon rush of the second night of the term without which the freshmen would not have considered themselves a class, while the underclassmen were still occupied in hazing and being hazed, and putting up and pulling down each other's proclamations throughout the state, and painting and repainting water-towers, and losing sleep in other good causes; in short, early in the term the candidates for the spreeing positions went into training, and they had been spreeing vigorously every night since—the freshmen back of the chapel and the sophs on the South Campus, about where Brown Hall now stands.

All sorts of rumors and counter-rumors had floated about the campus. The sophomores were frightened about a hinted-at dark horse of the freshmen, only they did not show it; and the freshmen were scared to death at the confident air of the well-known champion of the sophomores, and tried not to show it. And each was awed at the mysterious air of the other, and both had betted more than

they had any business to on the result, and were now lined up in front of Witherspoon. All were as excited as they cared to be, and they had been cheering for themselves since nine o'clock. The cheers echoed in the frosty air from dark West and bright Witherspoon, and from far away first Church.

The sophomores were closely massed in the segment of the circle on the higher ground toward Reunion. Their cheering sounded blatant, and to the freshmen sickeningly confident. And the freshmen—they were opposite, with their sweet scared faces still more closely huddled together. Each freshman had his little cap safely tucked away in his innermost pocket, and none of them was saying a word, except when he opened his mouth to cheer with all his heart for his dear class. It was all new to them. They only waited and waited with the same aching suspense that you had on Thanksgiving Day, when you saw the referee toss the coin and one team take the ball while the other crouched, and then waited and waited, and you felt certain that something awful was the matter, but you did not know what.

Presently, though no official sign was given, everyone felt that the important moment was at hand. The cheering sounded as if reinforcements had arrived. A compact circle was now formed by composite consent. Those in the front row sat down on the grass and caught cold. The next row kneeled. Those behind leaned on them, and so on back to those who stood on tiptoe and craned their necks for an occasional glimpse. Outside the circle, over by the Witherspoon lamp-post, leaned Proctor Matthew Goldie, Esquire, in a careless attitude.

Everyone's heart jumped up a little when a voice cried, "Here they come!" as though it were he who had to spree.

Led by their coachers, the two lightweights scudded out mysteriously from different wings of Witherspoon with overcoats wrapped about them. As they crossed the light, the crowd, which had hushed for a moment, broke out in wild prolonged cheering; the two upper classes, who were not immediately interested, joined in. So did the sporting gentlemen of the town, and even the little muckers cheered shrilly for their favorite class.

A path was forced through the crowd, and the two nimble lightweights began peeling their sweaters. The sophomore was dressed in black, the freshman in pure white. They resined their hands. Everyone felt things.

The referee held out the stout piece of hickory called cane by courtesy. He put the freshman's hands outside. The cheering ceased. Mat. Goldie stretched and changed his position.

There was a hurting stillness as they stood there with their feet braced, frozen in the ghastly glare, the one in white and the one in black, while the referee said, in earnest tones, "Are you ready, freshman?"

You could see his chest filling up from the bottom as he answered, "Um."

"Are you ready, sophomore?"

"Yes."

"Spree!"

One of them dropped as if shot, the other followed him down, both turned over, each began struggling and straining; the coachers began coaching, the referee dropped down on his knees to see fair play, and then someone in

the rear said, "Down in front!" in healthy, human tones, and you came to yourself and remembered that this was only a struggle for class honor, after all, and that whichever way it came out it was not going to kill you. Then you breathed.

Meanwhile, locked up in a room in East Middle Witherspoon, wrapped in sweaters and blankets, were five other freshmen, and to them the strain was worst of all. These were the other freshmen spreers, the heavyweight, the middleweight, and the three substitutes. They could only wait and listen and try to guess from the sound of the cheers which side had the advantage. It was too far off to distinguish anything but a ring with something undefined inside. The juniors said they must not go out on the balcony or get excited. This was easy to say.

While the crowd was in the room and fellows were clattering up and down the stairs and everyone was talking and the crowd outside was making a noise, it was not so bad. But now it was so silent they could almost hear the two contestants straining and wrenching below. Now and then the shrill, earnest voice of a coacher would cut through the silence. "Now! Now!" with an echo from the Presbyterian Church. "Right over with him. Remember what I told you." Once the middleweight arose from the divan; then he sat down again. A little later one of the subs whistled two bars of a tune and stopped as if he had forgotten something. Once in a while someone glanced at one of the others and then looked away again. They did not say much.

The only one who did not seem to mind it was Hill, the substitute heavyweight, and that was only because he had

not sense enough. He was a big, thick-headed, sleepy-looking farmer, and the only reason he was up here with these nimble athletes was that he was such a tremendous buck and so stupid that when once he put his big hands on the stick he would not let go. But he would be used only in case the regular heavyweight died or had a fit or something before time was called, and that was improbable.

But Hill was enjoying everything. He thought the colored lights were "pretty," and he considered it good fun, loafing in this large, luxurious room. He glanced approvingly at the water colors and examined the photographs and knocked down a few of them, and looked over the mugs and the foils and the antlers and the usual dust collectors of a well-furnished room. Then, because he approved of what he saw, he grinned.

He had grinned at the staring crowd when, half an hour before, it had stood to one side for him and the other spreers to pass by on the way back from weighing at the gymnasium. He thought lots of things were funny. He grinned broadly when, before the spree began, an excitable junior approached him in the corner where he was sitting alone and said, in jerky, tremulous tones, "Say, which do you think will win?" This was before the crowd was put out. That was the funniest thing of all—the way Cunningham put the crowd out. "Dash it! I wish to dash you fellows would dash quickly get to dash out of here. This is my room and, dash it all, I loaned it to the dash freshmen spreers and not to the whole dash college, dash it!" That was so funny that Hill let loose his huge laugh and filled up the room with it. This caused the other freshmen to look at one another and smile pityingly. But Hill did not notice it.

The other freshmen had little in common with Hill. It was not so much because he was uncouth as that he had no class spirit. He had entered college two days late, and those two days are like two years in some respects. He had missed the class meeting, where freshmen get a first sight of one another which lasts always, and he had missed the class rush about the cannon, where freshmen are so closely pressed together that they never after get quite apart. But the farmer should have wakened up by this time. Lack of class spirit is never pardonable. This is the way Hill happened to be here this evening.

One day early in the term, as he was pushing his big chest across the campus to recitation, he heard someone call: "Hold up, there, you big freshman!" So he smiled and took off his ugly derby hat.

"No, I'm not a sophomore; I'm a junior," said the stranger, who then explained that he wanted to talk to him. "You come to my room at one o'clock, and don't forget about it," said the junior. "Run along, now; the bell is stopping."

Hill came, and found several other freshmen there. "Take hold of this stick," said the junior.

He put his big fists about it and found himself flying across the room. He landed against the door and beside him lay a table, which never arose.

"Now, that is cane-spreeing," said the junior casually, as one would say, "Down there is the new Art building," "and I want all you fellows to meet me at eight o'clock back of chapel."

That night they gave Hill a cane and said, "Take hold of this and don't let go." He held it for an hour against

everyone except the junior that was sophomore heavyweight the previous year. But he had never yet been quick enough to take it away from anyone, even the lightweights. And that was the reason he was a substitute waiting in Montie Cunningham's room wrapped in two sweaters and a blanket. His eyes were closed and he was thinking about what a bully time his younger brother Ike must be having among the chestnuts this month.

The big leather chair was soft and he might have fallen asleep had not at that moment a tremendous yell burst into existence down below—a loud, shrill, fiendish yell which lasted nearly a minute before it was shaken down to an organized cheer. Hill stretched.

The others were out on the balcony. "Tell us which has it! For heaven's sake, tell us!" they cried to everyone below; and no one below answered. So all they could do was to bite their lips and wait until the yelling became cheering, and then they knew from the exultant tones of the sophomores what they did not want to know.

Just then they caught a glimpse of the victor waving the cane in his hand as he was borne high on the shoulders of his classmates to West Witherspoon.

Then they had a confused view of the rush. The upper classes fell to one side and the other two fell upon one another. This was the fiercest sort of rushing known to the proctors. The two sides were not, as in the cannon rush, evenly lined up four abreast. Not a bit of it. There were two thickly massed bodies of men, one running up a grade, the other charging down, and the roll of their footsteps was as the sound of much cattle, running. For a moment each tried to keep in solid form. But only long

enough for someone to be knocked down and run over by the rest. After the first crash it was mixed fighting. In the moonlight one could not invariably distinguish friend from foe. So each man doubled up both fists and let drive at everyone he saw. It was glorious.

As soon as they became hopelessly mixed and each class had cheered itself hoarse and the proctors had carried off an armful of sophomores to appear before the Discipline Committee the next day, and to be cheered off at the depot by lamenting classmates later on, everyone turned up his coat-collar and helped form the ring again.

Those on the balcony, who had been panting and chafing like tied deerhounds, now heard the feet of them bearing bad tidings and the defeated freshman up the entry stairs. The door was kicked open and three winded juniors laid their burden gently on the bed, which had been dragged in from the other room for this purpose. With them many others pushed in who did not belong there, and the room was full of people once more. Many voices were explaining how it all happened.

Ramsay, the little freshman, was completely done. He had fainted as they brought him upstairs. His face was set and white, and he lay there with his tough little resiny hands hanging limp at his side while his classmates poured brandy down his throat and told each other what to do. Through the window came a sharp freshman cheer with "Runt Ramsay" on the end.

Meanwhile the middleweight had stripped to the waist. He was bending forward with his forearms upon the mantelpiece and his forehead resting on them, as one

bows during prayers in chapel. Two men were vigorously rubbing his long strong back with whiskey. The coach was standing beside him, giving final admonitions in a quick, tense manner. "Now, if he does this, you do this. See? He can't get you on that shoulder-throw of his. And if he tries this trick you know how to meet it. Why, you can do him dead easy. I won from him last year, and you can take it away from me," and so on. As they started from the room, he added, "Now remember your whole class is watching you and—" But the door closed and they hurried down the stairs, and in a moment the wild cheering announced their entrance in the ring. Hill was sorry, because he thought it right funny.

He went out on the balcony and looked down on the crowd. The noise and the moonlight and the specks of cigarlight had a grotesque effect. He had never seen anything like it before.

"Oh, cork up that laugh, Farmer Hill," said Bushforth, the heavyweight, who was also center of the freshman team, and had a right to patronize. "It's bad enough as it is, without that bark of yours."

Hill stopped laughing. He grinned instead. His feelings were not hurt. He had none.

Again the cheering was hushed. It was so still that those on the balcony might have heard the hard breathing or the whimpering of the freshman on the bed. The farmer heard it and went inside.

The liquor and exercise had made Ramsay warm. He had thrown off the blankets and lay half naked with his hands clasped across his eyes. Drops of sweat were running off his palpitating chest. Hill looked at his prettily

developed arms and at the slender, well-turned wrist and at the tough little hands, which, Hill decided, had never done much farm work. Then, because he liked what he saw, he laughed.

The lightweight uncovered one eye and then covered it again.

"There, there," said the farmer, patting the black curly hair, which looked "pretty" against the white pillow. "I wouldn't take on so, little one, we'll get some of those canes yet."

Brandy and defeat had made Ramsay cross. He said: "Oh, go to the devil, won't you please?"

"All right," replied the big fellow. "Only you'll catch cold that way. Let me fix them." He carefully tucked the blankets around his classmate, who said, "That's so. Much obliged." Hill smiled at his uncomfortable tone.

When, after seven hard-fought rounds, Murray, the middleweight, was brought up breathless and caneless, there was great discouragement in the freshman camp. The middleweight was the one above all others upon whom they had relied to defend the honor of the class. Murray, the long-winded, himself had felt confident of winning; and probably he would have by sheer endurance had not the sophomore taken him unawares by a very easy finger trick as they lay together on the ground resting.

But it was all over now, and the middleweight was stretched out on the bed beside Ramsay. He had not, however, fainted, and he was sullenly chewing a piece of gum he had had in his mouth during the struggle. He looked unconcerned. He made no excuses to those who told what a nervy fight he had made.

All the week previous the betting on the heavyweight had been two to one on the sophomore. But now three seniors from the enemy's camp swaggered into the room shouting, "Here's four to one on Parker. Who wants it? Why don't you back your man?" They smiled at the junior coachers. "Drake don't want any of it," said another, in a dry tone; "he knows Parker too well."

Drake was the man who met Parker, unsuccessfully, the year before. "Wait a moment," he said. His sporting blood was stirred. "I'll take all you have, at four to one. Charlie, will you hold it, please?"

All of this must have been soothing to the nerves of the freshman heavyweight who was taking off his clothes for a final rub and trying not to hear the class cheers outside.

"Now, then," said Montie Cunningham, slamming the door as the seniors hurried down the stairs, "this thing's got to stop right *here*." He brought a baseball bat down on the table so hard that everyone stopped talking and looked up. "You've simply got to win that cane. If those dash sophomores win all three they'll crow over you for the rest of their course. They are arrogant enough already, dash them. And you fellows will be disgraced forever, and your class will be handed down in history as no good. People will refer to you as a class who lost all three canes. This is a crisis in your history. You made a good showing in the rush, but you were badly defeated in the baseball series. This is the third test. This decides it. Win this cane and you are all right. One out of three is a defeat, but not a disgrace, because you are only freshmen. But *none* out of three *is. You've got to win this cane!*"

No one uttered a sound for a moment. Farmer Hill did not laugh.

"Come here, Bushforth," said Drake, in a low, solemn voice; "I'll rub you myself."

The heavyweight was beautifully built and exceedingly quick for his size. He came to college with a good prep-school record of centre rush. But there was something disappointing about him, and you felt it every time you saw him move. You know the kind. One of those fellows who are splendid to look at in a football suit, and who will always put up a fair game on the scrub, but who are never going to make the 'Varsity.

Just now he was biting his lip and looking down at his own good legs. When he raised his glance he found Hill standing with arms akimbo, gazing at him with an earnest expression.

Bushforth smiled good-humoredly to show how cool he was.

"Think you can take that cane?" Hill asked with a grin.

"I really don't know, Hill," answered the beautifully built man.

"Do you think you can take it?" repeated the other.

"Well, Hill, Parker will have to work for it," said the heavyweight, indulgently. "Why? Would you like to take my place? I'd be glad to resign in your favor."

"All right," said Hill, simply. He began pulling up his sweater.

"Go on and sit down and stop your nonsense." It was hard to stand horse-play at such a moment, when your whole class was cheering for you outside.

"I ain't fooling," said the big farmer, with his arms still in the sweater, his head and body out.

"Hurry, Bush," said one of the juniors at the window. "The sophs have yelled across at me that they are ready."

"All right," said Bushforth, lacing his jersey as he started for the door. He forgot to answer the other freshman.

"Wait a minute," said the big cheerful voice of the farmer, "I think I'll go down this time."

"Oh, cork up, you big cow!" said Drake.

Hill corked up and then pushed Bushforth out of the way and started for the door.

"Will you please go back where you belong and sit down?" said Drake, impressively.

It failed to impress Hill. "Well, you see, it's this way," he began pleasantly, "he can't take that cane, I'm afraid. I can, though. I've got my blood up." He began contracting his biceps playfully. "Isn't it time to—"

"Freshman," interrupted Drake, with irony, "we have chosen the heavyweight representative of your class, and we are of the opinion that we know about as much of this business as you do. I never heard of such foolishness. Go sit down, and shut your big face. Your services will not be required unless Billy is laid off before he reaches the foot of the entry stairs. Come on, Billy."

"Then," Hill answered smilingly, "I'll have to lay him off." He suddenly grabbed his big classmate by the shoulders, jerked him back into his arms, grasped him like a bag of flour, and hoisted him on his shoulders as if he had been one. "Now, you lie down there, and be a good boy." He dropped Bushforth, but not roughly, in the corner behind the door, and then looked beamingly about

at the others as though he had performed quite a feat. And so he had. Bushforth weighed one hundred and eighty-nine, stripped.

Outside the crowd was yelling concertedly in quick, jerky notes, "Shake it up! Shake it up! Shake it up!" and the sophomores were singing "Where, oh, where are the verdant freshmen?" etc., "Lost now in the green, green soup." But upstairs everyone was so tense and so excited that nothing was heard but the angry words of the coachers addressed to Hill, who was grinning.

Bushforth arose from the floor slowly.

"Shake it up, Billy," cried Drake, exasperated; "do you want to lose your cane by default?"

"Say," replied Bushforth, soberly, "do you suppose there's anything the matter with this hand?—Ugh! Great Scott! don't squeeze it."

Hill had not thrown him violently, but Bushforth, in throwing out his arms to stop himself, had struck his left hand against the wooden door-guard a few inches above the floor behind the door, and all his weight was upon it. The junior coach shut his eyes, dropped into Hill's big chair, and let his arms fall down to his sides. Everyone looked at him. "That settles it," he gasped. "Billy's hand is sprained. Let's give up the cane by default and—"

"Is it sprained?" interrupted Hill, removing his smile suddenly. "I'm sorry I hurt his hand. I did not intend that—Mr. Bushforth, I beg your pardon. I just wanted to show these fellows how strong I was. I didn't think I had a fair trial at spreeing. And now, Drake, don't you think we had better go down? They are clamoring down there. Are you coming?"

His tones were very deliberate and his manner so calm in contrast to the boiling condition of the others, that everyone seemed stunned for a moment. They only looked at one another.

"Shake it up! Shake it up! Shake it up!" came from the crowd below, and just then two representatives from the sophomores came running up the stairs, shouting: "Say, if you fellows don't wish to lose this by default come right now. Everyone's tired of waiting."

"Don't get excited," Drake shouted back. "Bushforth met with an accident and the sub is going to take his place. Come on, Hill." It was the only thing to do.

Hill saw the eyes of the two seniors brighten at the news, and heard his own classmates in the room cursing him. He said to himself, "Now, then, I guess I've got to do something this evening," and followed Drake down the stairs.

"You're stronger than he is. He's all bluff. You'll do him dead easily," the two coachers were saying as heartily as they could. Hill did not reply. They crossed the light from the entry door. A strong cheer went up for Bushforth. Hill laughed. The coachers shivered.

Before they had pushed their way through the crowd to the ring, word went around that at the last moment Bushforth was laid off, and that a big sub named Hill had taken his place. Few had ever heard the name. The freshmen groaned; Hill heard it.

As they emerged into the ring, he heard a strange voice saying, "Why, he's that great big awkward chap the sophs guy so much, don't you remember?" Again Hill laughed.

"That's all right," whispered one of the juniors as he

helped him off with his sweater. "You go in and win this cane, and your class will give you anything you want. Keep cool now, and remember what you have learned."

The farmer's big deformity-like shoulders looked more huge than ever in the thin, white jersey as he now straightened up in the moonlight.

"'Ray! 'Ray! 'Ray! Tiger, Siss, Boom, Ah! Hill." It rang out sharply on the frosty air. Then came a long cheer and then more short ones, with "Hill" on the end of them.

There is a peculiar thrill at the sound of one's own name shouted by a hundred voices on the end of a cheer. Hill felt it. He liked the feeling. "Now that means me," he said to himself, and he recalled what Drake had said to the middleweight: "Now remember, your whole class is watching you." It was in that moment that Hill caught class spirit.

The heavyweight spree was usually the shortest and most exciting contest of the evening. Everyone eagerly pressed forward on the wet grass.

The sophomores were barking and guying and quacking exultingly. The freshmen were cheering hard.

"Get ready, boys," said Jim, the athletic trainer, acting as referee. He held out the stick.

The sophomore ran out briskly. Hill spat on his hands and took his time about it. They grasped the cane. "Down in front, *please*!" a voice pleaded. The cheering had ceased as suddenly as you turn off the gas.

Hill was cool. He looked about at the theatre of faces on all sides. Just over the sophomore's shoulder, down on the ground with moonlight on his face, he spied an important-looking senior, with glasses, who on the campus

had always seemed oblivious to the existence of freshmen. He was rocking back and forth and chewing a cold cigar to bits.

"Are you ready, Hill?"

The freshman spread his legs apart and said, "Yep."

"Ready, Parker?"

"Yes."

A ghastly silent second. "Spree!"

As the referee spoke the word, Hill felt the sophomore drop. He knew what was coming. Over his opponent's head he went sprawling on the grass, as he expected. But just then, in some manner, quick as a flash, Parker doubled and threw both legs in between Hill's body and the cane and began, with all his strength, to strain, and push, and wrench.

Hill had expected something, and thought he was guarding against it. But this was a new trick—a variation on the old one—which the sophomore had invented himself.

Now, if it had been an ordinary man, with ordinary Christian shoulders, the strain would have been too great, and the sophomore would have won the cane in ten seconds, as he counted on doing.

But you see Hill was somewhat deformed as to his shoulders. He grunted and clung on, and the sophomore's coachers were yelling fiendishly: "You've got him, Park! you've got him!"

The next instant, while the sophomore was trying to better his advantage, Hill quietly turned, slipped out of the perilous position, and drew himself up close to the sophomore's body. He lay there panting, while his coachers cried joyfully: "Good one, Hill! good one!" and his

classmates left off feeling sick at their stomachs, and began to cheer him by name. This he did not hear.

He had been taken by surprise at the fall, but now he was entirely alive to what he was about. Every nerve was at tension, each muscle set at hair-trigger. There was just one thing in all the world to him now, and that was the cane. And when, a moment later, Parker began a quick series of furious jerks, back and forth and sidewise, Hill said, half aloud: "No, you don't, old man," and smiled confidently to himself as he felt how firm the cane was in his hand.

The sophomore, on top, now tried working Hill's hands off with his fingers. But the freshman had lived on a farm all his life. Then he tried something with his legs. But Hill's big supports were as hard as the columns of Whig Hall, though not as symmetrical. Then, waiting awhile, he tried to surprise Hill with more quick, sharp wrenches. It was unsuccessful. He waited, and tried it again. Then time was called. The two class-cheers burst forth simultaneously.

The contestants were dragged to their respective corners, wrapped with blankets, and sponged with water.

During the interval, a buzz of voices began suddenly, as in a racing grand stand after the winner has been announced. The college had expected an easy thing for Parker, the champion, and when they heard of Bushforth's absence, they were sure of it. Everyone was saying: "Who is this Hill? Hasn't he shoulders! Wasn't that a narrow hole he crawled out of?"

The coachers were whispering, "You're doing well, Hill. Stick to him, and you'll get him yet. You'll tire him out."

Two or three freshmen came into the ring and shook Hill's hand, saying nervously, "Good boy, Hill, good one." He was already a distinguished man, having held the cane for a round against Parker. But Hill only grinned and had his own opinion. The honor of the class depended upon him. He thought he was going to win the cane.

When the referee called them up, one of the sophomore's coachers called out, in an easy tone, "Remember, now," and Parker replied, in a cool way, "Very well." The silence was worse than ever. People felt that this would be the last round.

The two spreers were the coolest on the campus. But they also felt that this would settle it, and as they grasped the cane each looked the other over and then gazed straight into his enemy's eye. Very much, no doubt, as knights of old used to size each other up before they fell to cutting each other to bits, of a quiet afternoon by the seaside.

Hill did not like Parker, nor would he have fancied him even if the sophomore had not been a brutal and unreasonable hazer. However, he appreciated his athletic abilities, and even in the tense moment of waiting for the referee's word, he could not help admiring the way his opponent's neck fitted his body, and the clean cut of his limbs, which Hill himself so lacked.

The sophomore looked him back in the eyes, and said sneeringly, "You damned freshman!" which was entirely uncalled for.

When the word was given both kept their feet for a few minutes. They held their arms down stiff, keeping the cane close to their bodies in order to prevent the other

from jumping in between. Neither seemed inclined to begin the attack, and they danced cautiously about the circle with their faces close together. There was something impressive in the sight of these two, pounding about in the moonlight. They were so ponderous, and it all seemed to mean so much. Parker tried the right hip throw.

He was partially successful. They were both on the ground now, and the timer snapped his stop watch. Time is not counted when the men are erect.

The sophomore was on top again. Again he tried his jerking manœuvres, and again Hill smiled to himself and thought, "I guess not."

He lay perfectly still on the wet grass, as if comfortable and quite content to remain there. He heard a voice from the crowd say, "Spread out, you coachers. Give us a show." He could feel the sophomore's breath on his neck and the beating of the heart against his back. He felt the cool wet grass on his cheek flattened against it, and he became aware that his nose was bleeding, and then said to himself, "Oh, yes; I must have bumped that on Parker's elbow when we came down."

Now, up to this point, the freshman had been on the defensive entirely, and he had been so successful that one of the coachers began giving the signals to begin a little offensive work. "No, no, Hammie," cried Drake. "Let good enough alone."

Hill had regained his wind by this time. "Please don't bother me," he said, in a muffled tone. "I'm doing this thing. I'll get this cane in a minute." This was loud enough for some of those in the crowd to hear. Somehow it sounded horrible.

And it seemed to enrage Parker. He began a furious onslaught, as if he were tired of playing with a freshman so long and meant to end the thing right there.

He wrenched and jerked this way, he tugged and pulled that way, he turned over and then back, he tried all the manœuvres he knew, and took desperate chances, which

the freshman was too slow to take advantage of. Twice the sophomore seemed to have the cane, and the freshman still held on. It was a battle of giants, and those that were there will never forget it.

And while they struggled, now one on top and now the other, they rolled over to the extreme lower part of the circle toward the path leading to the railway station. That part of the audience fell back. The ring broke. Some closed in around them.

Then, while the referee was shouting, "Get back! Get back!" the freshman was suddenly seen to rise on his knees yelling shrilly, like a wild beast in pain. "You would bite me, would you, you ——." He sprang to his feet. The blood from his nose was smeared all over his face. A furious wrench jerked Parker from the ground. With what was extraordinary power Hill whirled him; part of the way the feet dragged, though some like to tell that the whole of Parker was clean in the air all the way round; he whirled him about, as you would whirl a pillow with both arms; then, suddenly reversing all his big weight and simultaneously twisting the hickory, he snapped the sophomore off in the air and lifted the cane high and dry above his head. "The freshman has it," shrieked a shrill voice.

He felt himself grabbed, he heard many noises, he went up, up in the air, and then he forgot.

The big leather chair was the first thing he saw, and he knew he was in the Witherspoon room again. Then he heard many voices talking at once. He remembered now that he had been hearing them for ages. They echoed inside his head some place.

"Are you all right now?"

He raised his lids a little higher and there was Drake bending over him as tenderly as a mother.

"I think you ought to know, you great big awkward old farmer, that you saved the day for us." Drake looked as delighted as if he had done it himself.

"I've seen a good many sprees," said another voice near his head, which Hill had never heard before, "but that

was the finest thing I ever saw; and I'm blame glad you did him, though I *am* a senior and lost twenty-five bats on it." Hill moved his head and saw the important-looking senior with glasses.

The farmer now laughed his hideous laugh. That showed he was all right.

One of the sophomore coachers approached the bed, and after looking up and down Hill's bulk a moment, said: "The trouble with you, you big freshman, is that you don't know when you're beaten. My man had that cane twice, but you wouldn't let go."

"Well, that's Princeton spirit, isn't it?" remarked the 'Varsity Captain, who had something to say to Hill later on.

Ramsay, the lightweight, came running up the entry three steps at a time. He had been leading cheers for Hill outdoors and now he began hugging him. "Oh, farmer, you're a dandy. Give me your hand."

But when the farmer raised his hand he found the cane was still in it. "Here, little one, you can have this. I've had my fun out of it." This showed how green he was.

"No," said Ramsay; "you're to keep that forever. What did you win it for, anyway?"

As a matter of fact winning the spree meant much more to the big placid farmer than a hickory cane to hang with ribbons over his mantelpiece, and more than a bit of fame in another kind of athletics, too. Much more. As we all know now.

OLD MAN WARNER[1]

By Dorothy Canfield

I must warn you at the outset that unless you or some of your folks came from Vermont, it is hardly worth your while to read about Old Man Warner. You will not be able to see anything in his story except, as we say in Vermont, a "gape and swallow" about nothing. Well, I don't claim much dramatic action for the story of Old Man Warner, but I am setting it down on the chance that it may fall into the hands of some one brought up on Vermont stories as I was. I know that for him there will be something in Old Man Warner's life, something of Vermont, something we feel and cannot express, as we feel the incommunicable aura of a personality.

The old man has been a weight on the collective mind of our town ever since I was a little girl, and that is a long time ago. He was an old man even then. Year after year, as our Board of Selectmen planned the year's town budget they had this worry about Old Man Warner, and what to do with him. It was not that old Mr. Warner was a dangerous character, or anything but strictly honest and law-abiding. But he had his own way of bothering his fellow citizens.

[1] From *Raw Material*. By permission of Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York, and Jonathan Cape, Limited, London.

In his young days he had inherited a farm from his father, back up in Arnold Hollow, where at that time, about 1850, there was a cozy little settlement of five or six farms with big families. He settled there, cultivated the farm, married, and brought up a family of three sons. When the Civil War came, he volunteered together with his oldest boy, and went off to fight in the second year of the war. He came back alone in 1864, the son having fallen in the Battle of the Wilderness. And he went back up to Arnold Hollow to live and there he stayed, although the rest of his world broke up and rearranged itself in a different pattern, mostly centering about the new railroad track in the main valley.

Only the older men returned to the Arnold Hollow settlement to go on cultivating their steep, rocky farms. The younger ones set off for the West, the two remaining Warner boys with the others. Their father and mother stayed, the man hardly ever leaving the farm now even to go to town. His wife said once he seemed to feel as though he never could get caught up on the years he had missed during the war. She said he always had thought the world of his own home.

The boys did pretty well out in Iowa, had the usual ups and downs of pioneer farmers, and by 1898, when their mother died, leaving their father alone at seventy-one, they were men of forty-eight and forty-six, who had comfortable homes to which to invite him to pass his old age.

Everybody in our town began to lay plans about what they would buy at the auction, when Old Man Warner would sell off his things, as the other Arnold Hollow families had. By this time, for one reason or another, the

Warners were the only people left up there. The Selectmen planned to cut out the road up into Arnold Hollow, and put the tidy little sum saved from its upkeep into improvements on the main valley thoroughfare. But old Mr. Warner wrote his sons and told the Selectmen that he saw no reason for leaving his home to go and live in a strange place and be a burden to his children, with whom, having seen them at the rarest intervals during the last thirty years, he did not feel very well acquainted. And he always had liked his own home. Why should he leave it? It was pretty late in the day for him to get used to Western ways. He'd just be a bother to his boys. He didn't want to be a bother to anybody, and he didn't propose to be!

There were a good many protests all round, but of course the Selectmen had not the faintest authority over him, and as quite probably his sons were at heart relieved, nothing was done. The town very grudgingly voted the money to keep up the Arnold Hollow road, but consoled itself by saying freely that the old cuss never had been so very bright and was worse now, evidently had no idea what he was trying to do, and would soon get tired of living alone and "doing for himself."

That was twenty-two years ago. Selectmen, who were then vigorous and middle-aged, grew old, decrepit, died, and were buried. Boys who were learning their letters then, grew up, married, had children, and became Selectmen in their turn. Old Man Warner's sons grew old and died, and the names of most of his grandchildren, scattered all over the West, were unknown to us. And still the old man lived alone in his home and "did for himself."

Every spring, when road work began, the Selectmen groaned over having to keep up the Arnold Hollow road, and every autumn they tried their best to persuade the old man to come down to a settlement where he could be taken care of. Our town is very poor, and taxes are a heavy item in our calculations. It is just all we can do to keep our schools and roads going, and we grudge every penny we are forced to spend on tramps, paupers, or the indigent sick. Selectmen in whose régime town expenses were high, are not only never reëlected to town office, but their name is a by-word and a reproach for years afterwards. We elect them, among other things, to see to it that town expenses are not high, and to lay their plans accordingly.

Decades of Selectmen, heavy with this responsibility, tried to lay their plans accordingly in regard to Old Man Warner, and ran their heads into a stone wall. One Board of Selectmen after another knew exactly what would happen; the old dumb-head would get a stroke of paralysis, or palsy, or softening of the brain, or something, and the town treasury would bleed at every pore for expensive medical service, maybe an operation at a hospital, and after that, somebody paid to take care of him. If they could only ship him off to his family! One of the granddaughters, now a middle-aged woman, kept up a tenuous connection with the old man, and answered, after long intervals, anxious communications from the Selectmen. Or if not that, if only they could get him down out of there in the winter, so they would not be saddled with the perpetual worry about what was happening to him, with the perpetual need to break out the snow in the road and go up there to see that he was all right.

But Old Man Warner was still not bright enough to see any reason why he should lie down on his own folks, or why he should not live in his own home. When gentle expostulations were tried, he always answered mildly that he guessed he'd rather go on living the way he was for a while longer; and when blustering was tried, he straightened up, looked the blusterer in the eye, and said he guessed there wasn't no law in Vermont to turn a man off his own farm, s'long's he paid his debts, and he didn't owe any that he knew of.

That was the fact, too. He paid spot cash for what he bought in his semi-yearly trips to the village to "do trading," as our phrase goes. He bought very little, a couple of pairs of overalls a year, a bag apiece of sugar, and coffee, and rice, and salt, and flour, some raisins, and pepper. And once or twice during the long period of his hermit life, an overcoat and a new pair of trousers. What he brought down from his farm was more than enough to pay for such purchases, for he continued to cultivate his land, less and less of it, of course, each year, but still enough to feed his horse and cow and pig and hens, and to provide him with corn and potatoes and onions. He salted down and smoked a hog every fall and ate his hens when they got too old to lay.

And, of course, as long as he was actually economically independent, the town, groaning with apprehension over the danger to its treasury though it was, could not lay a finger on the cranky old codger. And yet, of course, his economic independence couldn't last! From one day to the next, something was bound to happen to him, something that would cost the town money.

Each year the Selectmen, planning the town expenditures with the concentrated prudence born of hard necessity, cast an uneasy mental glance up Arnold Hollow way, and scringed at the thought that perhaps this was the year when money would have to be taken away from the road or the school fund to pay for Old Man Warner's doctoring and nursing; and finally for his burial, because as the years went by, even the tenuous Western granddaughter vanished: died, or moved, or something. Old Man Warner was now entirely alone in the world.

All during my childhood and youth he was a legendary figure of "sot" obstinacy and queerness. We children used to be sent up once in a while, to take our turn in seeing that the old man was all right. It was an expedition like no other. You turned off the main road and went up the steep, stony, winding mountain road, dense with the shade of sugar-maples and oaks. At the top, when your blown horse stopped to rest, you saw before you the grassy lane leading across the little upland plateau where the Arnold Hollow settlement had been. The older people said they could almost hear faint echoes of whetting scythes, and barking dogs, and cheerful homely noises, as there had been in the old days. But for us children there was nothing but a breathlessly hushed, sunny glade of lush meadows, oppressively silent and spooky, with a few eyeless old wrecks of abandoned farm houses, drooping and gray. You went past the creepy place as fast as your horse could gallop, and clattered into the thicket of shivering white birches which grew close to the road like a screen; and then—there was no sensation in my childhood quite like the coming out into the ordered, inhabited, human-

ENOS B. COMSTOCK

ized little clearing, in front of Old Man Warner's home. There were portly hens crooning around on the close-cropped grass, and a pig grunting sociably from his pen at you, and shining milk-pans lying in the sun tilted against the white birch sticks of the wood-pile, and Old Man Warner, himself, infinitely aged and stooped, in his faded, clean overalls, emerging from the barn-door, to peer at you out of his bright old eyes and to give you a hearty, "Well, you're quite a long ways from home, don't you know it? Git off your horse, can't ye? I've got a new calf in here." Or perhaps if it were a Sunday, he sat in the sun on the front porch, with a clean shirt on, reading the weekly edition of the *New York Tribune*. He drove two miles every Saturday afternoon, down to his R. F. D. mail-box on the main road, to get this.

You heard so much talk about him down in the valley, so much fussing and stewing about his being so "sot," and so queer, that it always surprised you when you saw him, to find he was just like anybody else. You saw his calf, and had a drink of milk in his clean, well-scrubbed kitchen, and played with the latest kitten, and then you said good-by for that time, and got on your horse and went back through the birch thicket into the ghostly decay of the abandoned farms, back down the long, stony road to the valley where everybody was so cross with the unreasonable old man for causing them so much worry.

"How *could* he expect to go along like that, when other old folks, so much younger than he, gave up and acted like other people, and settled down where you could take care of them! The house might burn down over his head, and he with it; or he might fall and break his hip and be

there for days, yelling and fainting away till somebody happened to go by; or a cow might get ugly and hook him, and nobody to send for help." All these frightening possibilities and many others had been repeatedly presented to the old man himself with the elaborations and detail which came from heart-felt alarm about him. But he continued to say mildly that he guessed he'd go on living the way he was for a while yet.

"A *while*!" He was ninety years old.

And then he was ninety-one, and then ninety-two; and we were surer and surer he would "come on the town," before each fiscal year was over. At the beginning of last winter our Selectmen went up in a body to try to bully or coax the shrunken, wizened old man, now only half his former size, to go down to the valley. He remarked that he "guessed there wasn't no law in Vermont" and so forth, just as he had to their fathers. He was so old that he could no longer straighten up as he said it, for his back was helplessly bent with rheumatism, and for lack of teeth he whistled and clucked and lisped a good deal as he pronounced his formula. But his meaning was as clear as it had been thirty years ago. They came sulkily away without him, knowing that they would both be laughed at and blamed, in the valley, because the cussed old crab had got the best of them again.

Last February, a couple of men, crossing over to a lumber-job on Hemlock Mountain, by way of the Arnold Hollow road, saw no smoke coming out of the chimney, knocked at the door, and, getting no answer, opened it and stepped in. There lay Old Man Warner, dead on his kitchen floor in front of his well-blacked cook-stove. The

tiny, crooked old body was fully dressed, even to a fur cap and mittens, and in one hand was his sharp, well-ground ax. One stove-lid was off, and a charred stick of wood lay half in and half out of the fire box. Evidently the old man had stepped to the fire to put in a stick of wood before he went out to split some more, and had been stricken instantly, before he could move a step. His cold, white old face was composed and quiet, just as it had always been in life.

The two lumbermen fed the half-starved pig and hens and turned back to the valley with the news, driving the old man's cow and horse in front of them; and in a couple of hours we all knew that Old Man Warner had died, all alone, in his own kitchen.

Well, what do you think! We were as stirred up about it—! We turned out and gave him one of the best funerals the town ever saw. And we put up a good marble tombstone that told all about how he had lived. We found we were proud of him, as proud as could be, the darned old bull-dog, who had stuck it out all alone, in spite of us. We brag now about his single-handed victory over old age and loneliness, and we keep talking about him to the children, just as we brag about our grandfather's victories in the Civil War, and talk to the children about the doings of the Green Mountain Boys. Old Man Warner has become history. We take as much satisfaction in the old fellow's spunk as though he had been our own grandfather, and we spare our listeners no detail of his story: "... And there he stuck year after year, with the whole town plaguing at him to quit. And he earned his own living, and

chopped his own wood, and kept himself and the house just as decent, and never got queer and frowzy and half-cracked, but stayed just like anybody, as nice an old man as ever you saw—all alone, all stark alone—beholden to nobody—asking no odds of anybody—yes, sir, and died with his boots on, at ninety-three, on a kitchen floor you could have et off of, 'twas so clean."

ROBINA'S DOLL[1]

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

Massive, sprawling, uncertain writing, two sentences to the page; a violent slant in the second line, down right, balanced by a drastic lessening of the letters, up right, in the line underneath; spelling not as advised in the Century Dictionary—a letter from Robina, aged eight. Robina's Aunt Evelyn, sitting in her dress and cap of a Red Cross nurse in the big base hospital in Paris, read the wandering, painstaking, very unsuccessful literary effort, laughing, half-crying, and kissed it enthusiastically.

"The darling baby! She shall have her doll if it takes—" Aunt Evelyn stopped thoughtfully.

It would take something serious to buy and equip the doll that Robina, with eight-year-old definiteness, had specified. The girl in the Red Cross dress read the letter over.

"Dear Aunt Evelyn," began Robina and struck no snags so far. "I liked your postcard so much." (The *facilis descensus* to an Avernus of literature began with a swoop down here.) "Mother is wel. Fother is wel. The baby is wel. The dog has sevven kittens." (Robina robbed Peter to pay Paul habitually in her spelling.) "Fother sais they

[1]From *Joy in the Morning*. Copyright, 1918, 1919, by Charles Scribner's Sons. By permission of the publishers.

lukk like choklit eclares. I miss you, dere Aunt Evelyn, because I lov you sew. I hope Santa Claus wil bring me a doll. I want a very bigg bride doll with a vale and flours an a trunk of close, and all her under-close to buton and unbuton and to have pink ribbons run into. I don't want anythig sode on. Come home, Aunt Evelyn, becaus I miss you. But if the poor wundead soljers ned you then don't come. But as soone as you can come to yure loving own girl—ROBINA."

The dear angel! Every affectionate, labored word was from the warm little heart; Evelyn Bruce knew that. She sat, smiling, holding the paper against her, seeing a vision of the far-away, beloved child who wrote it. She saw the dancing, happy brown eyes and the shining, cropped head of pale golden brown, and the straight, strong little figure; she heard the merry, ready giggle and the soft, slow tones that were always full of love to her. Robina, her sister's child, her own god-daughter, had been her close friend from babyhood, and between them there was a bond of understanding which made nothing of the difference in years. Darling little Robina! Such a good, unspoiled little girl, for all of the luxury and devotion that surrounded her!

But—there was a difficulty just there. Robina was unspoiled indeed, yet, as the children of the very rich, she was, even at eight, sophisticated in a baby way. She had been given too many grand dolls not to know just the sort she wanted. She did not know that what she wanted cost money, but she knew the points desired—and they did cost money. Aunt Evelyn had not much money.

"This one extravagant thing I will do," said Evelyn Bruce, "and I'll give up my trip to England next week, and I'll do it in style. Robina won't want dolls much longer and this time she's got to have her heart's desire."

Which was doubtless foolish, yet when one is separated by an ocean and a war from one's own, it is perhaps easier to be foolish for a child's face and a child's voice, and love sent across the sea. So Evelyn Bruce wrote a letter to her cousin in England saying that she could not come to her till after Christmas. Then she went out into Paris and ordered the doll, and reveled in the ordering, for a very gorgeous person indeed it was, and worthy to journey from Paris to a little American. It was to be ready in just two weeks, and Miss Bruce was to come in and look over the fine lady and her equipment as often as desired, before she started on her ocean voyage.

"It would simply break my heart if she were torpedoed."

Evelyn confided that, childlike, to the black-browed, stout Frenchwoman who took a personal interest in every "buton," and then she opened her bag and brought out Robina's photograph, standing, in a ruffled bonnet, her solemn West Highland White terrier dog in her arms, on the garden path of "Graystones" between tall foxgloves. And the Frenchwoman tossed up enraptured hands at the beauty of the little girl who was to get the doll, and did not miss the great, splendid house in the background, or the fact that the dog was of a *chic* variety.

The two weeks fled, every day full of the breathless life—and death—of a hospital in war-torn France. Every day the girl saw sights and heard sounds which it seemed difficult to see and hear and go on living, but she moved

serene through such an environment, because she could help. Every day she gave all that was in her to the suffering boys who were carried, in a never-ending stream of stretchers, into the hospital. And the strength she gave flowed back to her endlessly from, she could not but believe it, the underlying source of all strength, which stretches beneath and about us all, and from which those who give greatly know how to draw.

Two or three times, during the two weeks, Evelyn had gone in to inspect the progress of Robina's doll, and spent a happy and light-hearted quarter of an hour with friendly Madame of the shop, deciding the color of the lady's party coat, and of the ribbons in her minute underclothes, and packing and repacking the trunk with enchanting fairy foolishnesses. Again and again she smiled to herself, in bed at night, going about her work in the long days, as she thought of the little girl's rapture over the many and carefully planned details. For, with all the presents showered on her, Robina's aunt knew that Robina had never had anything as perfect as this exquisite Paris doll and her trousseau.

The day came on which Evelyn was to make her final visit to "La Marquise," as Madame called the doll, and the nurse was needed in the hospital and could not go. But she telephoned Madame and made an appointment for tomorrow.

"'La Marquise' finds herself quite ready for the voyage," Madame spoke over the telephone. "She is all which there is of most lovely; Paris itself has never seen a so ravishing doll. I say it. We wait anxiously to greet Mademoiselle, I and 'La Marquise,'" Madame assured

her. Evelyn, laughing with sheer pleasure, made an engagement for the next day, without fail, and went back to her work.

There was a badly wounded *poilu* in her ward, whom the girl had come to know well. He was young, perhaps twenty-seven, and his warm brown eyes were full of a quality of gentleness which endeared him to everyone who came near him. He was very grateful, very uncomplaining, a simple-minded, honest, common, young peasant, with a charm uncommon. The unending bright courage with which he made light of cruel pain was almost more than Evelyn, used as she was to brave men's pain, could bear. He could not get well—the doctors said that—and it seemed that he could not die.

"If Corporal Duplessis might die," Evelyn spoke to the surgeon.

He answered, considering: "I don't see what keeps him alive."

"I believe," said Evelyn, "there's something on his mind. He sighs constantly. Broken-heartedly. I believe he can't die until his mind is relieved."

"It may be that," agreed Dr. Norton. "You could help him if you could get him to tell you." And moved on to the next shattered thing that had been, so lately, a strong, buoyant boy.

Evelyn went back to Duplessis and bent over him and spoke cheerful words; he smiled up at her with quick French responsiveness, and then sighed the heavy, anxious sigh which had come to be part of him. With that the girl took his one good hand and stroked it. "If you could tell the American Sister what it is," she spoke softly,

"that troubles your mind, perhaps I might help you. We Americans, you know," and she smiled at him, "we are wonderful people. We can do all sorts of magic—and I want to help you to rest, so much. I'd do anything to help you. Won't you tell me what it is that bothers?" Evelyn Bruce's voice was winning, and Duplessis' eyes rested on her affectionately.

"But how the Sister understands one!" he said. "It is true that there is a trouble. It hinders me to die"—and the heavy sigh swept out again. "It would be a luxury for me —dying. The pain is bad, at times. Yet the Sister knows I am glad to have it, for France. Ah, yes! But—if I might be released. Yet the thought of what I said to her keeps me from dying always."

"What you said 'to her,' Corporal?" repeated Evelyn. "Can't you tell me what it was? I would try so hard to help you. I might perhaps."

"Who knows?" smiled the Corporal. "It is true that Americans work magic. And the Sister is of a goodness! But yes. Yet the Sister may laugh at me, for it is a thing entirely childish, my trouble."

"I will not laugh at you, Corporal," said Evelyn, gravely, and felt something wring her heart.

"If—then—if the Sister will not think it foolish—I will tell." The Sister's answer was to stroke his fingers. "It is my child, my little girl," Duplessis began in his deep, weak tones. "It was to her I made the promise."

"What promise?" prompted Evelyn, softly, as he stopped.

"One sees," the deep voice began again, "that when I told them goodbye, the mother and Marie my wife, and

the *petite*, who has five years, then I started away, and would not look back, because I could not well bear it, Sister. And suddenly, as I strode to the street from our cottage, down the brick walk, where there are roses and also other flowers, on both sides—suddenly I heard a cry. And it was the voice of little Jeanne, the *petite*. I turned at that sound, for I could not help it, Sister, and between the flowers the little one came running, and as I bent she threw her arms about my neck and held me so tight, tight that I could not loosen the little hands, not without hurting her. 'I will not let you go—I will not let you go.' She cried that again and again. Till my heart was broken. But all the same, one had to go. One was due to join the comrades at the station, and the time was short. So that, immediately, I had a thought. 'My most dear,' I spoke to her. 'If thou wilt let me go, then I promise to send thee a great, beautiful doll, all in white, as a bride, like the cousin Annette at her wedding last week.' And then the clinging little hands loosened, and she said, wondering—for she is but a baby—'Wilt thou promise, my father?' And I said, 'Yes,' and kissed her quickly, and went away. So that now that I am wounded and am to die, that promise which I cannot keep to my *petite*, that promise hinders me to die."

The deep, sad voice stopped and the honest eyes of the peasant boy looked up at Evelyn, burning with the pain of his body and of his soul. And as Evelyn looked back, holding his hand and stroking it, it was as if the furnace of the soldier's pain melted together all the things she had ever cared to do. Yet it was a minute before she spoke.

"Corporal," she said, "your little girl shall have her

doll. I will take it to her and tell her that her father sent it. Will you lie very still while I go and get the doll?"

The brown eyes looked up at her astounded, radiant, and the man caught the hem of her white veil and kissed it. "But the Americans—they do magic. You shall see, Sister, if I shall be still. I will not die before the Sister returns. It is a joy unheard of."

The girl ran out of the hospital and away into Paris, and burst upon Madame. Somehow she told the story in a few words, and Madame was crying as she laid "La Marquise" in a box.

"It is Mademoiselle who is an angel of the good God," she whispered, and kissed Evelyn unexpectedly on both cheeks.

Corporal Duplessis lay, waxen, starry-eyed, as the American Sister came back into the ward. His look was on her as she entered the far-away door, and he saw the box in her arms. The girl knelt and drew out the gorgeous plaything and stood it by the side of the still, bandaged figure. An expression as of amazed radiance came into the fast-dimming eyes—into those large, brown, childlike eyes which had seen so little of the gorgeousness of earth. His hand stirred a very little—enough, for Evelyn quickly moved the gleaming satin train of the doll under the groping fingers. The eyes lifted to Evelyn's face, and the smile in them was that of a prisoner who suddenly sees the gate of his prison opened and the fields of home beyond. It mattered little, one may believe, to the welcoming hosts of heaven that the angel at the gate of release for the child-soul of Corporal Duplessis, the *poilu*, was only Robina's doll!

NOVEMBER THE NINETEENTH[1]

By Elsie Singmaster

I

Standing rapt in painful meditation at the corner of Market and Fourth Streets in Harrisburg on Friday, November the seventeenth, old Riley Tyler realized suddenly that it was ten minutes after seven and that the last train for home started in five minutes. At eleven in the morning it had seemed imperative that he leave Gettysburg immediately, and now it seemed equally imperative that he return. The thought of missing the train terrified him, and he began to walk toward the station at a furious pace, unbecoming to his age, which was seventy-six, and to his appearance, which almost merited the adjective "magnificent." Half-way down the block he began to run, clutching his broad-brimmed hat. His beautiful white beard and his still abundant white hair, worn somewhat long, waved in the breeze created by his rapid motion. He looked like Father Time hurrying on some far more important errand than the catching of a train.

His unhappy absorption was not that of speculation upon a problem, profound or otherwise; he was not a learned man, who pondered upon the fourth dimension or the Aristotelian predicate. He was the janitor of a church.

[1] Published in *Pictorial Review*, February, 1924. Reprinted with permission of the author.

He had no family troubles, since he had no family, nor did he have financial difficulties, since he earned good wages and had ten thousand dollars in the bank. His set eyes had been fixed, not upon abstraction, but upon a picture which he saw regularly each year as the nineteenth of November approached. It was this picture from

which he had fled; but he saw it all day and he saw it now, as clearly defined as though its background and figures were set out before him in the window of the nearest store.

The background was a stable dimly lighted by a large old lantern; the figures were a tall, thin boy and two tethered horses, the one black, high, and well bred, the mount for a large man; the other a short and ugly bay, a mount for a careless lad. There were sounds accom-

panying the picture: talk and laughter near by, the singing of young men in the distance, the trampling of horses in the street, and sometimes the soft, measured thudding of soldiers marching. There was also motion; old Riley saw the tall boy across the stable, in his hand a pair of tongs; heard him bid the tall horse "H'ist!" saw him draw out one nail, then another and another. He left the shoe dangling, the horse useless without the attention of a blacksmith. He looked then at the other beast, homely and undersized, on his face determination and most bitter hatred.

"You're good enough for him," he said with sharp triumph.

It was a strange picture to see in the department-store window against the manikins in the latest furs! But it was from this that old Riley went flying.

At the end of a square he dropped into a short subway and there met with an accident which threatened serious delay if not worse results. The stone steps were worn into hollows, and he was slightly confused by the unevenness of his footing; moreover the lighting was poor and his vision was no longer perfect. Over his head thundered a train, roaring into the Pennsylvania station on its way from Chicago to New York. Before him on the right approached a stout woman; before him on the left approached a white, woolly dog. Between the two, to the dim eyes of age, there was no connection. But a connection existed in the shape of a strong leash, and into this leash, as into a rope held taut for jumping, rushed Riley, and at once Riley and woman and dog were tangled into an apparently inseparable mass from which issued a

shriek, a protest, and a howl. The shriek said "Murder!" The protest was, "Madam, I humbly beg your pardon!" The howl cannot be reproduced in words.

"I am held up!" screamed the woman. "Police! Police!"

The last shout was not without its justification, for Riley had taken a wicked-looking knife from his pocket. As he severed the rope he heard the sound of an answering cry and rapid steps. Free, he dashed away, now Father Time in flight and not in pursuit, up the incline at the other end of the subway, across an open space, and into the station. A porter called, "Run, you can make it!" the onlookers cheered like those who watched John Gilpin; an official beckoned frantically from the iron gates; the conductor, Ed Thomas, who was Riley's old friend, waved a delaying signal to the engineer, and in a moment he was aboard and the train was in motion.

"Close shave," said Ed, stepping up after him.

Riley nodded, his breath gone; Ed spoke more truly than he knew.

He sat down in the rear car and closed his eyes. Most old hearts would have rebelled at such a chase, but Riley felt no ill effects except breathlessness, from which he soon recovered. Now that this terror was over, he reflected with both pity and amusement upon the astonishment of the poor woman and her dog; and by the time the train crossed the wide Susquehanna he could enjoy the myriad lights on the other bridges and along the city front. When he left Gettysburg in the morning he thought that he might not return until the next day, and he was sorry that he had not carried out his intention. The nervous-

ness which had taken him away and which was now taking him back seemed preposterous.

Since automobiles had become common the trains carried few visitors to the battle-field, and now that there was a bus line which went by a shorter route there were few through passengers of any sort. Seeing no one whom he knew, Riley regretted that he had not risked the crowd and the somewhat unpleasant familiarity of the bus. The train-ride consumed two hours, and without company the two seemed ten. He was suddenly afraid of the long, unoccupied period, and he rose and walked to the front of the car, hoping that some one who looked like a stranger might prove to be an acquaintance.

His scrutiny identified no one; no answering gaze met his pleasant glance. There were young people who had been at work or at school in Harrisburg, there were a few hunters going into the country so as to be on hand for early rabbits, there were three bearded Dunkers on their way to the Dunker school at Grantham, but there was no one whom he knew. The gaze of one pair of eyes followed him down the aisle, and presently their owner, whom Riley had overlooked, rose and approached his seat. He was a short, thin man of about fifty with very bright black eyes. In spite of his pointed brown beard, to which he held as if for support, he looked, standing by Riley, like a small boy addressing an aged and regal master.

"Sir," said he in a thin, little voice, "may I ask if you are a veteran of the Civil War?"

"No, sir," answered Riley. "I was too young."

"May I ask another question? Do you live in this neighborhood?"

"I live in Gettysburg."

The stranger seemed about to pull his brown beard out by the roots.

"Would it be asking too much to let me sit with you?"

Riley could do no less than move over, though he began to feel uneasy. But this little man did not look as if he were of the tribe of historians whom Riley feared as a slave feared a Georgia trader. There was a sort of historian in Gettysburg, a Miss Gant, a tall, thin woman with a large nose, who was writing a book and from whom Riley was constantly fleeing. She talked to old people and pried things out of them which had much better be forgotten, and sent little articles to the newspapers—she should not pry anything out of him!

At Riley's welcoming motion the stranger trembled with delight. He sat bolt upright and clasped his hands, still looking like a child.

"You saw it, sir? And heard it?"

As Riley regarded the little man a band of restraint within him snapped. He knew the battle like a book, from the first approach of the armies to the day when the last wounded soldier was carried away, but he never dared to talk about it in Gettysburg. He had come honestly by the fierce and bitter hatred of his youth; in '65, when Richmond fell, the celebrating villagers had taken pains to build bonfires before his mother's door.

Whatever the convictions of his manhood, the recollection of whispered epithets, "Traitors! Rebels!" would have kept him quiet even if it were not for private and

personal reasons for silence. But he could talk to this little stranger who gasped for information like a fish for water. He reversed the seat in front of him and propped up his feet and took a pencil and a newspaper from his pocket. The commuters and the rabbit-hunters had left and only the Dunkers remained, talking quietly among themselves at the other end of the car. The train ran heavily as though the engine were old or exhausted, and the little man still gasped in thrilled anticipation. Riley spread out the newspaper and began to draw a map; he, too, was thrilled.

"Here," he said. "This is Gettysburg. These are roads, like the spokes of a wheel. This is South Mountain. Now, Lee, he was way off down here when he made up his mind to attack Harrisburg."

"Which we have just left," interpolated the stranger, rapturously.

"Yes," said Riley, "now, Meade, he was down here, too, and he starts north after Lee." Riley proceeded with the familiar story. "And so, on June 29, Early, he comes riding into Gettysburg."

"You saw him?" whispered the stranger.

Riley felt that he was taking a risk, but he took it boldly.

"I saw everything from now on."

The stranger clasped his hands, he twisted them together, he wound his arms round each other. The Dunkers left the train; the engine started again, panting as though in agony; the temperature in the car rose to an almost unendurable point, but to passing events, to delay and discomfort, raconteur and listener were alike oblivi-

ous. Riley concluded the preliminary explanations; now Buford detected the advance of the enemy, Reynolds hastened to meet his death, Doubleday rode up and down the lines, the railroad-cut received its tumbling and bloody guests, the Union troops fled in rout through the town, and the first day was over. Meanwhile the train stopped between stations and wheezed for ten minutes before it toiled on. At the stations the crew answered irritably the badinage of the agents, who prophesied they would never get past Idaville. There was loud laughter as the engine struggled desperately to depart.

The battle raged now on Culp's Hill, now on East Cemetery Hill, now on the Round Tops. Slocum rallied his forces, Sickles disobeyed orders, the Valley of Death was paved with wounded and dying, about Devil's Den the dead lay heaped. By the time the engine had climbed with anguish to Idaville the moon came out and looked down upon the slain of the second day. They were now more than an hour late, but time and space were nothing to Riley and the stranger. Sometimes the stranger interrupted with a frantic exclamation. "They must have been distracted to shoot each other down!" The thunder of guns echoed to the hills, Pickett was preparing for his charge, Longstreet was weeping, and into Lee's heart crept a cold chill. The stranger moistened his dry lips; he still sat like a child, his little feet not quite reaching the floor. There was a long pause in the journey at Goodyear, another at Peach Glen, but there was no pause in the recital. It was ten instead of eight forty-five when they came to Biglerville.

"So it was over," said Riley with the sigh of one who wakes from a heroic dream. "All over."

The stranger clutched him by the arm.

"But afterward," he said, his hunger unappeased. "How did they take care of the sick and bury the dead? My God! Ten thousand dead men to bury!"

Riley looked a little frightened; awaking to the present, he remembered that November the nineteenth was close at hand, and he saw the dim stable and the sullen, angry boy and the two horses. The details had changed; it was morning now, and the confusion outside had thickened, and beside the boy stood his employer, looking distraught at the dangling shoe. Riley saw another picture, like the close-up in a motion-picture: a man's face, dark, rugged, down-bent, sorrowful.

"It's time we were in long ago," he said nervously, fumbling for his watch. "You ought to be paid for riding on this road. Look at the time! We'll be two hours late."

The stranger cared nothing for time, and his hand refused to be shaken off.

"Of course, you know why I'm going to Gettysburg at this time of year," he said. "I want to stand in that cemetery where Lincoln stood. Now, you didn't see or hear him, I suppose?" The stranger meant, "Of course, you heard and saw him! Now fill my soul with joy!" "Did you?" he said when Riley did not answer.

At last Riley got rid of the clutching hand.

"I'm going to the door to get some air. This car's like a furnace."

The stranger persisted. "But did you?"

"I did," said Riley. "But I was young." He rose and turned to step into the aisle, but the perverse stranger

stretched his short legs across the space between the two seats.

"I understand they gave him a small horse to ride, and he looked ridiculous," he said. His aspect was innocent, but to Riley he had the malice of a venomous snake. He believed that at last he was found out.

"I was young," said Riley. He lifted his long legs and stepped over the slight barrier into the aisle.

"I'll bet it was done for spite or hatred," continued the stranger in his shrill voice. "There were plenty that would have been glad to make a fool of him. They thought he was a fool." The stranger rose and followed Riley toward the door.

"They called him a fool and a clown. One of his own Cabinet said he was the original gorilla. The papers made fun of his speech—think of that!" The stranger began to recite shrilly, "Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers—"

Turning into a seat as though to let this persistent terrier run past, Riley staggered and sat down perforce. It was the last curve, thank Heaven! Already the lights of Gettysburg gleamed brightly. He rose when the engine whistled, headed straight, and went back to fetch his hat. The train was slowing down, and the stranger was mounting the seat for his satchel. Riley could have reached it with a single motion of his arm, but he hastened to the door.

Outside he strode down the platform toward sleepy taxi-drivers. They were bitterly disappointed when they saw that the tall arrival was only Riley Tyler, and they all fixed hopeful eyes upon the little stranger following a

long way behind, his body weighed down by luggage, hi heart by Riley's harsh rebuff.

It was past eleven when Riley unlocked the door of hi house. Usually he had a bite to eat and played severa records on his phonograph before going to bed. He like marches and heroic songs, and of all "The Two Gren adiers" was his favorite. He had several records of th air, two solos by famous barytones, and one band record He often played it twice, and sang the concluding words about which there was something vaguely inspiring an reassuring:

Alert and still in my grave arrayed,
Like a sentinel I'll be lying,
Until I hear the loud cannonade,
The neigh of the chargers replying.
Then over my grave will my Emperor ride,
The swords will be flashing and falling!
And hearing a voice, I'll arise from the dead;
My Emperor! My Emperor is calling!

But to-night he had no desire to hear music. He ate a lunch of bread and butter and thick slices of Lebanon Bologna and went to bed. He slept heavily, but he tossed and threw the covers off, and sometimes he groaned.

II

On Saturday Riley rose early and went to the outdoor market, which had been continued into November because of mild weather. In Center Square wagons and automobiles were parked close together against the curb. It was only a little after seven and the sun had been up less than an hour, but the square was crowded with buyers.

Riley stopped at the edge of the throng and stood blinking, his market basket in his hand. All that he needed he could have bought later in the day, but he did not wish to be on the street at an hour when he might encounter the stranger. Aware that he had been standing a long time, he was about to turn away when he felt a hand on his arm. Several seconds passed before he looked down—could it be that the little man, like the wolf in the nursery story, was up early too? The poor pig was no more terrified than Riley.

But he was unnecessarily alarmed; his eyes fell not upon the face of the stranger, but upon the shoulder of tall Miss Gant. Miss Gant smiled at him, and it seemed that her nose quivered like a rabbit's following up the scent of cabbage.

"You too are overwhelmed by thought of what has happened here," she said, in her queer, sentimental way. "I've stood still a long time looking at the roof which sheltered the Knight of Sorrow." She squinted across the square at the gray house where Lincoln slept. "You can see it, I know, in recollection as well as in imagination—the crowd, the regiments of soldiers, the heroes. You can hear the bands and the singing. Then comes the great figure, ill-mounted, almost ludicrous, scorned by many." Miss Gant sniffed feelingly. "I have often wondered who provided that poor Rosinante."

"That poor what?" asked Riley, puzzled.

"That poor Rosinante," explained Miss Gant, pleased to exhibit her knowledge. "I spoke figuratively. The horse of *Don Quixote*, you know. It is said a better mount had been provided, and that there was some accident at

the last and it was too late to get another, but I consider that a fable, Mr. Tyler." Miss Gant came a little closer, her long nose quivering the more. "I have wondered whether that horse was not vicious as well as small, whether there was not back of it a devilish"—Miss Gant used this word explosively and as one justified—"a devilish plot, Mr. Tyler."

Riley took a step away.

"Oh, I hope not!"

Miss Gant took a step forward.

"I think I'll make that incident the subject of research. It's about the only one left in mystery. Who provided that horse? Was he a loyal citizen? How did he explain, how did the committee explain to the loyal section of our country the furnishing of a pony for a man six feet four? How—"

"I don't think it was a pony," interrupted Riley in agony. Now he was lost! "It was a smallish horse."

But Miss Gant was pursuing another train of thought.

"In meditating upon him—I do a good deal of meditating, Mr. Tyler—I have often reflected upon his good fortune in leaving us when the blush of glory still mantled his cheek. We did not see him pine and fade away—there is some poetry which expresses this better than I can, but I cannot remember it. He did not live through the trying period of reconstruction. I have often felt that I ought to follow this line of thought, which is entirely original."

Riley's cheeks quivered with a hysterical spasm. He wanted to shout to her, "Chestnuts! It's not original—you read it somewhere." But he was afraid of Miss Gant.

He bade her good morning and moved away with his basket. Her nose was too long, her skirts were too short, and he hated her.

He spent Saturday afternoon at the College Church, where he was janitor. There was a promise of cold weather and he built a light fire. When he was not tormented by his vision he liked to work in the church because it had a famous history. In the evening he went to the barber-shop, where he was accustomed to put in a good many hours. He needed no barbering, but he did need sadly a little company after a lonely day. It was not likely that the stranger would penetrate thither, and certainly Miss Gant would not come!

Opening the door, he heard a loud argument, of which he could distinguish at first only, "It was! . . . It wasn't!" "There were! . . . There weren't!" The subject, he gathered, as he found a chair along the wall, was the relative American losses in the Civil and World Wars. Nobody had any figures, but the old veterans were certain of their statements and so were the young veterans. Riley took a little clipping from his pocket. Upon this subject, which involved no question of North and South, he could speak with safety.

"At the time of the Civil War the United States had a population of about twenty-eight million," he read. "Out of these about one-tenth were in the armies, and out of this tenth one-seventh were killed in battle or died of wounds.

"At the time of the World War the United States had a population of about one hundred million. Out of these only one-twenty-fifth were in the armies, and out of

this twenty-fifth, only one-fiftieth were killed or died of disease."

"See!" yelled the older veterans.

"It isn't so!" shouted a young man.

"Official figures," said Riley, folding his paper. His uneasiness had vanished.

"Don't believe your figures," said another young man.

"Were you in the war?" asked someone politely of Riley.

"I wasn't eighteen till sixty-five."

"Did you see Old Abe?" This too was an innocent question.

"I was too young to take much account."

"They say he had such a small horse to ride that he looked as if he could have walked off over his head."

Involuntarily Riley lifted his hand to hide his face and, getting up, started slowly toward the door.

"Going, Riley?" said the barber.

"Yes," he said, pronouncing the simple word with difficulty.

As he went he met the preacher coming in for a parcel left there yesterday.

"Good evening," he said, addressing everybody. "I'd be happy to see you all in church to-morrow. It will be the nineteenth of November and I'm going to preach about Lincoln."

III

Riley sat in the right-hand corner of the rear of the church. His chair was higher than the pews, and he prided himself upon his share in keeping the services

moving smoothly. On a dark morning he could tell the instant when the light became too dim for comfort and the instant when daylight was again sufficient. He knew from the look of Professor Barrett's back when the window must be closed, and from the quiver of Mrs. Scarlett's feather when it must be opened. He recognized the exact moment when the boys on the rear seats had gone far enough. He knew which students drew in hymn-books and which scarred the backs of the pews with the nails in their shoes. About the worst offender he quoted a passage which he believed came from the Bible, "I have hated many things, but nothing like him, and the Lord will hate him."

The service opened with the singing of "A Mighty Stronghold Is Our God," and Riley joined in with gusto. He had seen nothing of the little stranger, who had probably left town, and he had reminded himself that the visit to Gettysburg was but one incident among many in the life of Abraham Lincoln and that the minister had but a half-hour in which to discuss his whole career. If he did allude to Gettysburg, the fact that Lincoln had a small horse to ride was too insignificant and immaterial a point to mention. It was unlikely that the preacher had even heard of it; it was not reported in the official histories, but only in personal reminiscences of merely local interest.

The minister spoke rapidly, and when he passed the year '63 without alluding to Gettysburg, Riley drew a long breath; so long and loud that the boys near by thought he was awaking from sleep and giggled softly. From now on he listened with joy so intense that it was almost painful. He forgot the mistaken views of his

family; he forgot the dimly lighted stable; he listened as one able at last to worship openly a divinity whom he has hitherto had to visit in secret. He leaned forward a little, and the beauty of his old head and its rapt expression impressed even the unthinking youths beside him.

But his rapture did not last; he was suddenly plunged back into the pit, even into a deeper pit. Said the young preacher in his pleasant, earnest voice:

"We cannot leave our contemplation of this great and beloved figure without recalling that this is the nineteenth of November and that on another nineteenth of November he trod these streets, slept under a roof of this town, looked upon our sky and our beautiful hills. He was not then recognized as a hero except by the far-seeing. He was jeered at, mocked, scorned, despised, and rejected of many men. Even his great words uttered here were received by thousands with laughter. It is said they gave him a small horse to ride and that he looked ridiculous. That incident has now a mysterious suggestiveness; often God makes the wickedness of men to serve His purpose. There was Another Who rode a palm-strewn road on a small beast to a triumph beyond which waited Golgotha."

Riley sank back into his chair, a cold sweat upon him. He could not believe that he had heard aright, yet every word was graven on his mind. A new aspect of this situation opened; if he had provided this parallel, then the ghouls would be more than ever on his track. Even the friendly preacher, whom he loved, might try to develop further this interesting idea!

He heard none of the brief conclusion, and the procession out of church seemed interminable. He went home,

and in his house muttered as he prepared his dinner. He could not eat, and when there was a knock at the door he started with terror. Without stood the kindly minister.

"Professor Law and Dr. Tolman and half a dozen other men who remember Lincoln are going to walk out to the cemetery with me—wouldn't you like to come too?"

Riley hunted desperately for an excuse.

"Some one is coming to see me."

"But the afternoon is so beautiful; it's a pity not to be out-of-doors."

"I wish I could go with you," said Riley from his heart.

As if to punish him for his lie, some one did come to see him. Presently there was another knock, this time at his front door, and he peered out through the sidelight. Miss Gant stood waiting; she had still the aspect of the rabbit who sniffs cabbage. To Riley she looked like one who believes cabbage near at hand. He tiptoed through the house, flew down the boardwalk to the rear gate, and fled out Long Lane toward the fields. His anxious mind compared his crime now to that of Booth, of Guiteau, of Czolgosz.

Cutting through the Union battle-line where General Lee had hoped to penetrate, he went toward the southeast, avoiding monuments and markers and traveled roads, and hastening as though the stranger and Miss Gant and the preacher and all curious persons were pursuing him. His active imagination pictured newspaper reports with large head-lines, headings of chapters in books, ignominy forever. But he could say in defense that the substituted horse was quieter than the tall black one he had disabled, that no vicious purpose had been in his mind, that he had

only meant to play a practical joke. He stopped once twice in order to think better and, standing still, he talke to himself.

Then suddenly he shook himself as though he shook c a burden. He would go home and never repeat this no sense. He looked at his watch; it was half past thre The windows of the church must be closed, the bulletin and hymn-books placed neatly in the racks, and a littl draft turned on the fire. He would cross to the Baltimor Pike as quickly as possible.

But when he was facing the west his heart sank. N shaking of his shoulders, no exercise of common sense, n assurance of freedom from publicity would rid him o his burden. Lincoln had been held in contempt and h had promoted it; he, Riley Tyler, had made Abraham Lincoln ridiculous in the eyes of twenty thousand human beings. His remorse seemed impossible to bear; he would cheerfully exchange it for infamy if he could forgive himself.

The road home seemed long; Round Top lay at an im measurable distance. He plodded on, hoping that some one would offer him a ride, but all the cars were going away from Gettysburg. He climbed one hill, then another; from here he could shorten his way by crossing first the citizens' cemetery, then the National Cemetery.

Walking rapidly among the thick-set graves, he passed the spot where he would one day lie and wished himself there, away from thought. Stepping over the stile in the evergreen hedge, he walked more slowly. He often came thither on Sunday afternoons, believing this to be not only the most beautiful spot in the neighborhood of Gettys-

burg, but the most beautiful in the world. Even in his wretchedness he could not fail to see the unfaded emerald of the grass, the dark, lofty wall of the spruces, the brilliant, honey-colored foliage of Norway maples, lighted by the fast-sinking sun. At the far end there was a memorial to the butt of his bitter joke, an exedra with a fine portrait bust and a bronze plate bearing the dedicatory speech. He had almost walked into it before he realized where he was.

In terror he whirled about and looked the other way, toward the marble shafts rising to the treetops and the thousands of tiny headstones dotting the sward in regular ranks. He had the place to himself; the minister and his friends had long since completed their pious pilgrimage, the tourists had sped homeward, and even the birds that lingered late in this sheltered sanctuary were still. He was afraid to look at the bronze face, but an irresistible force turned him round.

The head was like that living head which he remembered; bent, sorrowful, and inexpressibly pitying and tender. Hot, slow tears filled his eyes, welling up from his heart. He felt indignant toward the young minister who had added a new and sadder reflection to those which he had to bear already, and he appealed to the sad face as if for vindication and comfort.

Suddenly as he gazed his startled heart missed a beat. Blinking back the tears, then rubbing his eyes with his hand, he stared. Something queer had happened; the red sun, which seemed to lie upon the crest of the hills, sent its last rays directly upon the memorial, and the glittering horizontal beams had a strange effect upon the face

and upon Riley. There was a twinkle in the bronze ey a twist of unmistakable humor in the corner of the gra mouth. On November 19, '63, those eyes had searche Riley's soul; now they searched it again. Then the seemed to say, "Unkind! Unkind!" Now they said, "O foolish! foolish!" An amazing idea came into Riley mind—it was queer that it had been almost sixty yea in taking shape. He put it into loud, shrill words.

"You never cared a snap of your finger what kind a horse you rode!" He put it into other words. "You laughing at me! You never gave a rip!"

He sat down weakly on a bench, resisting an impul to kneel. The sun still showed half its great circle a the twinkle still enlivened the eye; the smile still play round the fine mouth. He sat till twilight blotted ou twinkle and smile. Then he rose; he would like to la his hand on the bronze cheek, but this impulse he resiste also. His eyes traveled across the green hedge to the di place set with crowded white stones where he could dis tinguish the monument beside which he would soon li He grew pale, but it was with expectation, not wit terror. A great wind seemed to blow upon him, sendin chills down his spine, lifting his hair. It came and passe and he walked on. His gait was shaky as though he fel the wind, and martial as though he timed his steps t music. He heard music in his soul, and he stood still t hear more clearly.

Alert and still in my grave arrayed,
Like a sentinel I'll be lying,
Until I hear the loud cannonade,
The neigh of the chargers replying.

Then over my grave will my Emperor ride,
And swords will be flashing and falling!
And hearing a voice, I'll rise from the dead;
My Emperor! My Emperor is calling!

He understood now why he had played the song a thousand times. He went on, still marching, as though the trump of resurrection had already sounded.

THE BLUE CROSS[1]

By Gilbert K. Chesterton

Between the silver ribbon of morning and the green glittering ribbon of sea, the boat touched Harwich and let loose a swarm of folk like flies, among whom the man we must follow was by no means conspicuous—nor wished to be. There was nothing notable about him, except a slight contrast between the holiday gaiety of his clothes and the official gravity of his face. His clothes included a slight, pale jacket, a white waistcoat, and a silver straw hat with a grey-blue ribbon. His lean face was dark by contrast, and ended in a curt black beard that looked Spanish and suggested an Elizabethan ruff. He was smoking a cigarette with the seriousness of an idler. There was nothing about him to indicate the fact that the grey jacket covered a loaded revolver, that the white waistcoat covered a police card, or that the straw hat covered one of the most powerful intellects in Europe. For this was Valentin himself, the head of the Paris police and the most famous investigator of the world; and he was coming from Brussels to London to make the greatest arrest of the century.

Flambeau was in England. The police of three coun-

[1] From *The Wisdom of Father Brown.* By permission of Dodd, Mead and Company, Inc., New York, Cassell & Company, London, and the author.

tries had tracked the great criminal at last from Ghent to Brussels, from Brussels to the Hook of Holland; and it was conjectured that he would take some advantage of the unfamiliarity and confusion of the Eucharistic Congress, then taking place in London. Probably he would travel as some minor clerk or secretary connected with it; but, of course, Valentin could not be certain; nobody could be certain about Flambeau.

It is many years now since this colossus of crime suddenly ceased keeping the world in a turmoil; and when he ceased, as they said after the death of Roland, there was a great quiet upon the earth. But in his best days (I mean, of course, his worst) Flambeau was a figure as statuesque and international as the Kaiser. Almost every morning the daily paper announced that he had escaped the consequences of one extraordinary crime by committing another. He was a Gascon of gigantic stature and bodily daring; and the wildest tales were told of his outbursts of athletic humour; how he turned the *juge d'instruction* upside down and stood him on his head, "to clear his mind"; how he ran down the Rue de Rivoli with a policeman under each arm. It is due to him to say that his fantastic physical strength was generally employed in such bloodless though undignified scenes; his real crimes were chiefly those of ingenious and wholesale robbery. But each of his thefts was almost a new sin, and would make a story by itself. It was he who ran the great Tyrolean Dairy Company in London, with no dairies, no cows, no carts, no milk, but with some thousand subscribers. These he served by the simple operation of moving the little milk cans outside people's doors to the doors of his own cus-

tomers. It was he who had kept up an unaccountable and close correspondence with a young lady whose whole letter-bag was intercepted, by the extraordinary trick of photographing his messages infinitesimally small upon the slides of a microscope. A sweeping simplicity, however, marked many of his experiments. It is said that he once repainted all the numbers in a street in the dead of night merely to divert one traveller into a trap. It is quite certain that he invented a portable pillar-box, which he put up at corners in quiet suburbs on the chance of strangers dropping postal orders into it. Lastly, he was known to be a startling acrobat; despite his huge figure, he could leap like a grasshopper and melt into the tree-tops like a monkey. Hence the great Valentin, when he set out to find Flambeau, was perfectly aware that his adventures would not end when he had found him.

But how was he to find him? On this the great Valentin's ideas were still in process of settlement.

There was one thing which Flambeau, with all his dexterity of disguise, could not cover, and that was his singular height. If Valentin's quick eye had caught a tall apple-woman, a tall grenadier, or even a tolerably tall duchess, he might have arrested them on the spot. But all along his train there was nobody that could be a disguised Flambeau, any more than a cat could be a disguised giraffe. About the people on the boat he had already satisfied himself; and the people picked up at Harwich or on the journey limited themselves with certainty to six. There was a short railway official travelling up to the terminus, three fairly short market gardeners picked up two stations afterwards, one very short widow lady going up from a

small Essex town, and a very short Roman Catholic priest going up from a small Essex village. When it came to the last case, Valentin gave it up and almost laughed. The little priest was so much the essence of those Eastern flats; he had a face as round and dull as a Norfolk dumpling; he had eyes as empty as the North Sea; he had several brown-paper parcels, which he was quite incapable of collecting. The Eucharistic Congress had doubtless sucked out of their local stagnation many such creatures, blind and helpless, like moles disinterred. Valentin was a sceptic in the severe style of France, and could have no love for priests. But he could have pity for them, and this one might have provoked pity in anybody. He had a large, shabby umbrella, which constantly fell on the floor. He did not seem to know which was the right end of his return ticket. He explained with a moon-calf simplicity to everybody in the carriage that he had to be careful, because he had something made of real silver "with blue stones" in one of his brown-paper parcels. His quaint blending of Essex flatness with saintly simplicity continuously amused the Frenchman till the priest arrived (somehow) at Tottenham with all his parcels, and came back for his umbrella. When he did the last, Valentin even had the good nature to warn him not to take care of the silver by telling everybody about it. But to whomever he talked, Valentin kept his eye open for someone else; he looked out steadily for anyone, rich or poor, male or female, who was well up to six feet; for Flambeau was four inches above it.

He alighted at Liverpool Street, however, quite conscientiously secure that he had not missed the criminal so far. He then went to Scotland Yard to regularise his posi-

tion and arrange for help in case of need; he then lit another cigarette and went for a long stroll in the streets of London. As he was walking in the streets and squares beyond Victoria, he paused suddenly and stood. It was a quaint, quiet square, very typical of London, full of an accidental stillness. The tall, flat houses round looked at once prosperous and uninhabited; the square of shrubbery in the centre looked as deserted as a green Pacific islet. One of the four sides was much higher than the rest, like a daïs; and the line of this side was broken by one of London's admirable accidents—a restaurant that looked as if it had strayed from Soho. It was an unreasonably attractive object, with dwarf plants in pots and long striped blinds of lemon yellow and white. It stood specially high above the street, and in the usual patchwork way of London, a flight of steps from the street ran up to meet the front door almost as a fire-escape might run up to a first-floor window. Valentine stood and smoked in front of the yellow-white blinds and considered them long.

The most incredible thing about miracles is that they happen. A few clouds in heaven do come together into the staring shape of one human eye. A tree does stand up in the landscape of a doubtful journey in the exact and elaborate shape of a note of interrogation. I have seen both these things myself within the last few days. Nelson does die in the instant of victory; and a man named Williams does quite accidentally murder a man named Williamson; it sounds like a sort of infanticide. In short, there is in life an element of elfin coincidence which people reckoning on the prosaic may perpetually miss. As it has

been well expressed in the paradox of Poe, wisdom should reckon on the unforeseen.

Aristide Valentin was unfathomably French; and the French intelligence is intelligence specially and solely. He was not "a thinking machine"; for that is a brainless phrase of modern fatalism and materialism. A machine only *is* a machine because it cannot think. But he was a thinking man, and a plain man at the same time. All his wonderful successes, that looked like conjuring, had been gained by plodding logic, by clear and commonplace French thought. The French electrify the world not by starting any paradox, they electrify it by carrying out a truism. They carry a truism so far—as in the French Revolution. But exactly because Valentin understood reason, he understood the limits of reason. Only a man who knows nothing of motors talks of motoring without petrol; only a man who knows nothing of reason talks of reasoning without strong, undisputed first principles. Here he had no strong first principles. Flambeau had been missed at Harwich; and if he was in London at all, he might be anything from a tall tramp on Wimbledon Common to a tall toastmaster at the Hôtel Métropole. In such a naked state of nescience, Valentin had a view and a method of his own.

In such cases he reckoned on the unforeseen. In such cases, when he could not follow the train of the reasonable, he coldly and carefully followed the train of the unreasonable. Instead of going to the right places—banks, police stations, rendezvous—he systematically went to the wrong places; knocked at every empty house, turned down every *cul de sac,* went up every lane blocked with rubbish, went

round every crescent that led him uselessly out of the way. He defended this crazy course quite logically. He said that if one had a clue this was the worst way; but if one had no clue at all it was the best, because there was just the chance that any oddity that caught the eye of the pursuer might be the same that had caught the eye of the pursued. Somewhere a man must begin, and it had better be just where another man might stop. Something about that flight of steps up to the shop, something about the quietude and quaintness of the restaurant, roused all the detective's rare romantic fancy and made him resolve to strike at random. He went up the steps, and sitting down at a table by the window, asked for a cup of black coffee.

It was half-way through the morning, and he had not breakfasted; the slight litter of other breakfasts stood about on the table to remind him of his hunger; and adding a poached egg to his order, he proceeded musingly to shake some white sugar into his coffee, thinking all the time about Flambeau. He remembered how Flambeau had escaped, once by a pair of nail scissors, and once by a house on fire; once by having to pay for an unstamped letter, and once by getting people to look through a telescope at a comet that might destroy the world. He thought his detective brain as good as the criminal's, which was true. But he fully realised the disadvantage. "The criminal is the creative artist; the detective only the critic," he said with a sour smile, and lifted his coffee cup to his lips slowly, and put it down very quickly. He had put salt in it.

He looked at the vessel from which the silvery powder had come; it was certainly a sugar-basin; as unmistakably meant for sugar as a champagne-bottle for champagne. He

wondered why they should keep salt in it. He looked to see if there were any more orthodox vessels. Yes; there were two salt-cellars quite full. Perhaps there was some specialty in the condiment in the salt-cellars. He tasted it; it was sugar. Then he looked round at the restaurant with a refreshed air of interest, to see if there were any other traces of that singular artistic taste which puts the sugar in the salt-cellars and the salt in the sugar-basin. Except for an odd splash of some dark fluid on one of the white-papered walls, the whole place appeared neat, cheerful, and ordinary. He rang the bell for the waiter.

When that official hurried up, fuzzy-haired and somewhat blear-eyed at that early hour, the detective (who was not without an appreciation of the simpler forms of humour) asked him to taste the sugar and see if it was up to the high reputation of the hotel. The result was that the waiter yawned suddenly and woke up.

"Do you play this delicate joke on your customers every morning?" inquired Valentin. "Does changing the salt and sugar never pall on you as a jest?"

The waiter, when this irony grew clearer, stammeringly assured him that the establishment had certainly no such intention; it must be a most curious mistake. He picked up the sugar-basin and looked at it; he picked up the salt-cellar and looked at that, his face growing more and more bewildered. At last he abruptly excused himself, and hurrying away, returned in a few seconds with the proprietor. The proprietor also examined the sugar-basin and then the salt-cellar; the proprietor also looked bewildered.

Suddenly the waiter seemed to grow inarticulate with a rush of words.

"I zink," he stuttered eagerly, "I zink it is those t clergymen."

"What two clergymen?"

"The two clergymen," said the waiter, "that threw so at the wall."

"Threw soup at the wall?" repeated Valentin, feeli sure this must be some singular Italian metaphor.

"Yes, yes," said the attendant excitedly, and pointing the dark splash on the white paper; "threw it over the on the wall."

Valentin looked his query at the proprietor, who ca to his rescue with fuller reports.

"Yes, sir," he said, "it's quite true, though I don't su pose it has anything to do with the sugar and salt. T clergymen came in and drank soup here very early, soon as the shutters were taken down. They were bot very quiet, respectable people; one of them paid the bi and went out; the other, who seemed a slower coach alt gether, was some minutes longer getting his things to gether. But he went at last. Only, the instant before h stepped into the street he deliberately picked up his cu which he had only half emptied, and threw the soup sla on the wall. I was in the back room myself, and so wa the waiter; so I could only rush out in time to find the wal splashed and the shop empty. It don't do any particula damage, but it was confounded cheek; and I tried to catch the men in the street. They were too far off though; I only noticed they went round the next corner into Carstairs Street."

The detective was on his feet, hat settled and stick in hand. He had already decided that in the universal dark-

ness of his mind he could only follow the first odd finger that pointed; and this finger was odd enough. Paying his bill and clashing the glass doors behind him, he was soon swinging round into the other street.

It was fortunate that even in such fevered moments his eye was cool and quick. Something in a shop-front went by him like a mere flash; yet he went back to look at it. The shop was a popular greengrocer and fruiterer's, an array of goods set out in the open air and plainly ticketed with their names and prices. In the two most prominent compartments were two heaps, of oranges and of nuts respectively. On the heap of nuts lay a scrap of cardboard, on which was written in bold, blue chalk, "Best tangerine oranges, two a penny." On the oranges was the equally clear and exact description, "Finest Brazil nuts, 4d. a lb." M. Valentin looked at these two placards and fancied he had met this highly subtle form of humour before, and that somewhat recently. He drew the attention of the red-faced fruiterer, who was looking rather sullenly up and down the street, to this inaccuracy in his advertisements. The fruiterer said nothing, but sharply put each card into its proper place. The detective, leaning elegantly on his walking-cane, continued to scrutinise the shop. At last he said, "Pray excuse my apparent irrelevance, my good sir, but I should like to ask you a question in experimental psychology and the association of ideas."

The red-faced shopman regarded him with an eye of menace; but he continued gaily, swinging his cane, "Why," he pursued, "why are two tickets wrongly placed in a greengrocer's shop like a shovel hat that has come to London for a holiday? Or, in case I do not make myself

clear, what is the mystical association which connects t idea of nuts marked as oranges with the idea of two clerg men, one tall and the other short?"

The eyes of the tradesman stood out of his head like snail's; he really seemed for an instant likely to fling hi self upon the stranger. At last he stammered angrily: don't know what you 'ave to do with it, but if you're o of their friends, you can tell 'em from me that I'll kno their silly 'eads off, parsons or no parsons, if they upset m apples again."

"Indeed?" asked the detective, with great sympath "Did they upset your apples?"

"One of 'em did," said the heated shopman; "rolled 'e all over the street. I'd 'ave caught the fool but for havi to pick 'em up."

"Which way did these parsons go?" asked Valentin.

"Up that second road on the left-hand side, and the across the square," said the other promptly.

"Thanks," replied Valentin, and vanished like a fairy. On the other side of the second square he found a police man, and said: "This is urgent, constable; have you see two clergymen in shovel hats?"

The policeman began to chuckle heavily. "I 'ave, sir; and if you arst me, one of 'em was drunk. He stood in the middle of the road that bewildered that—"

"Which way did they go?" snapped Valentin.

"They took one of them yellow buses over there," answered the man; "them that go to Hampstead."

Valentin produced his official card and said very rapidly: "Call up two of your men to come with me in pursuit," and crossed the road with such contagious energy that the

ponderous policeman was moved to almost agile obedience. In a minute and a half the French detective was joined on the opposite pavement by an inspector and a man in plain clothes.

"Well, sir," began the former, with smiling importance, "and what may—?"

Valentin pointed suddenly with his cane. "I'll tell you on the top of that omnibus," he said, and was darting and dodging across the tangle of the traffic. When all three sank panting on the top seats of the yellow vehicle, the inspector said: "We could go four times as quick in a taxi."

"Quite true," replied their leader placidly, "if we only had an idea of where we were going."

"Well, where *are* you going?" asked the other, staring.

Valentin smoked frowningly for a few seconds; then, removing his cigarette, he said: "If you *know* what a man's doing, get in front of him; but if you want to guess what he's doing, keep behind him. Stray when he strays; stop when he stops; travel as slowly as he. Then you may see what he saw and may act as he acted. All we can do is to keep our eyes skinned for a queer thing."

"What sort of queer thing do you mean?" asked the inspector.

"Any sort of queer thing," answered Valentin, and relapsed into obstinate silence.

The yellow omnibus crawled up the northern roads for what seemed like hours on end; the great detective would not explain further, and perhaps his assistants felt a silent and growing doubt of his errand. Perhaps, also, they felt a silent and growing desire for lunch, for the hours crept

long past the normal luncheon hour, and the long roads of the North London suburbs seemed to shoot out into length after length like an infernal telescope. It was one of those journeys on which a man perpetually feels that now at last he must have come to the end of the universe, and then finds he has only come to the beginning of Tufnell Park. London died away in draggled taverns and dreary scrubs, and then was unaccountably born again in blazing high streets and blatant hotels. It was like passing through thirteen separate vulgar cities all just touching each other. But though the winter twilight was already threatening the road ahead of them, the Parisian detective still sat silent and watchful, eyeing the frontage of the streets that slid by on either side. By the time they had left Camden Town behind, the policemen were nearly asleep; at least, they gave something like a jump as Valentin leapt erect, struck a hand on each man's shoulder, and shouted to the driver to stop.

They tumbled down the steps into the road without realising why they had been dislodged; when they looked round for enlightenment they found Valentin triumphantly pointing his finger towards a window on the left side of the road. It was a large window, forming part of the long façade of a gilt and palatial public-house; it was the part reserved for respectable dining, and labelled "Restaurant." This window, like all the rest along the frontage of the hotel, was of frosted and figured glass; but in the middle of it was a big, black smash, like a star in the ice.

"Our cue at last," cried Valentin, waving his stick; "the place with the broken window."

"What window? What cue?" asked his principal as-

sistant. "Why, what proof is there that this has anything to do with them?"

Valentin almost broke his bamboo stick with rage.

"Proof!" he cried. "Good God! the man is looking for proof! Why, of course, the chances are twenty to one that it has *nothing* to do with them. But what else can we do? Don't you see we must either follow one wild possibility or else go home to bed?" He banged his way into the restaurant, followed by his companions, and they were soon seated at a late luncheon at a little table, and looking at the star of smashed glass from the inside. Not that it was very informative to them even then.

"Got your window broken, I see," said Valentin to the waiter as he paid the bill.

"Yes, sir," answered the attendant, bending busily over the change, to which Valentin silently added an enormous tip. The waiter straightened himself with mild but unmistakable animation.

"Ah, yes, sir," he said. "Very odd thing, that, sir."

"Indeed? Tell us about it," said the detective with careless curiosity.

"Well, two gents in black came in," said the waiter; "two of those foreign parsons that are running about. They had a cheap and quiet little lunch, and one of them paid for it and went out. The other was just going out to join him when I looked at my change again and found he'd paid me more than three times too much. 'Here,' I says to the chap who was nearly out of the door, 'you've paid too much.' 'Oh,' he says, very cool, 'have we?' 'Yes,' I says, and picks up the bill to show him. Well, that was a knock-out."

"What do you mean?" asked his interlocutor.

"Well, I'd have sworn on seven Bibles that I'd put on that bill. But now I saw I'd put 14s., as plain as pain

"Well?" cried Valentin, moving slowly, but with bu ing eyes, "and then?"

"The parson at the door he says all serene, 'Sorry confuse your accounts, but it'll pay for the windo 'What window?' I says. 'The one I'm going to break,' says, and smashed that blessed pane with his umbrella

All three inquirers made an exclamation; and the inspe tor said under his breath, "Are we after escaped lunatics The waiter went on with some relish for the ridiculo story:

"I was so knocked silly for a second, I couldn't do an thing. The man marched out of the place and joined h friend just round the corner. Then they went so quick u Bullock Street that I couldn't catch them, though I ra round the bars to do it."

"Bullock Street," said the detective, and shot up tha thoroughfare as quickly as the strange couple he pursued

Their journey now took them through bare brick way like tunnels; streets with few lights and even with few windows; streets that seemed built out of the blank back of everything and everywhere. Dusk was deepening, and it was not easy even for the London policemen to guess in what exact direction they were treading. The inspector, however, was pretty certain that they would eventually strike some part of Hampstead Heath. Abruptly one bulg ing gas-lit window broke the blue twilight like a bull's- eye lantern; and Valentin stopped an instant before a little garish sweetstuff shop. After an instant's hesitation he

went in; he stood amid the gaudy colours of the confectionery with entire gravity and bought thirteen chocolate cigars with a certain care. He was clearly preparing an opening; but he did not need one.

An angular, elderly young woman in the shop had regarded his elegant appearance with a merely automatic inquiry; but when she saw the door behind him blocked with the blue uniform of the inspector, her eyes seemed to wake up.

"Oh," she said, "if you've come about that parcel, I've sent it off already."

"Parcel!" repeated Valentin; and it was his turn to look inquiring.

"I mean the parcel the gentleman left—the clergyman gentleman."

"For goodness' sake," said Valentin, leaning forward with his first real confession of eagerness, "for Heaven's sake tell us what happened exactly."

"Well," said the woman a little doubtfully, "the clergymen came in about half an hour ago and bought some peppermints and talked a bit, and then went off towards the Heath. But a second after, one of them runs back into the shop and says, 'Have I left a parcel?' Well, I looked everywhere and couldn't see one; so he says, 'Never mind; but if it should turn up, please post it to this address,' and he left me the address and a shilling for my trouble. And sure enough, though I thought I'd looked everywhere, I found he'd left a brown-paper parcel, so I posted it to the place he said. I can't remember the address now; it was somewhere in Westminster. But as the thing seemed so important, I thought perhaps the police had come about it."

"So they have," said Valentin, shortly. "Is Hampstead Heath near here?"

"Straight on for fifteen minutes," said the woman, "and you'll come right out on the open." Valentin sprang out of the shop and began to run. The other detectives followed him at a reluctant trot.

The street they threaded was so narrow and shut in by shadows that when they came out unexpectedly into the void common and vast sky they were startled to find the evening still so light and clear. A perfect dome of peacock-green sank into gold amid the blackening trees and the dark violet distances. The glowing green tint was just deep enough to pick out in points of crystal one or two stars. All that was left of the daylight lay in a golden glitter across the edge of Hampstead and that popular hollow which is called the Vale of Health. The holiday makers who roam this region had not wholly dispersed; a few couples sat shapelessly on benches; and here and there a distant girl still shrieked in one of the swings. The glory of heaven deepened and darkened around the sublime vulgarity of man; and standing on the slope and looking across the valley, Valentin beheld the thing which he sought.

Among the black and breaking groups in that distance was one especially black which did not break—a group of two figures clerically clad. Though they seemed as small as insects, Valentin could see that one of them was much smaller than the other. Though the other had a student's stoop and an inconspicuous manner, he could see that the man was well over six feet high. He shut his teeth and went forward, whirling his stick impatiently. By the time he had substantially diminished the distance and magnified

the two black figures as in a vast microscope, he had perceived something else; something which startled him, and yet which he had somehow expected. Whoever was the tall priest, there could be no doubt about the identity of the short one. It was his friend of the Harwich train, the stumpy little *curé* of Essex whom he had warned about his brown-paper parcels.

Now, so far as this went, everything fitted in finally and rationally enough. Valentin had learned by his inquiries that morning that a Father Brown from Essex was bringing up a silver cross with sapphires, a relic of considerable value, to show some of the foreign priests of the congress. This undoubtedly was the "silver with blue stones"; and Father Brown undoubtedly was the little greenhorn in the train. Now there was nothing wonderful about the fact that what Valentin had found out Flambeau had also found out; Flambeau found out everything. Also there was nothing wonderful in the fact that when Flambeau heard of a sapphire cross he should try to steal it; that was the most natural thing in all natural history. And most certainly there was nothing wonderful about the fact that Flambeau should have it all his own way with such a silly sheep as the man with the umbrella and the parcels. He was the sort of man whom anybody could lead on a string to the North Pole; it was not surprising that an actor like Flambeau, dressed as another priest, could lead him to Hampstead Heath. So far the crime seemed clear enough; and while the detective pitied the priest for his helplessness, he almost despised Flambeau for condescending to so gullible a victim. But when Valentin thought of all that had happened in between, of all that had led him to his

triumph, he racked his brains for the smallest rhyme or reason in it. What had the stealing of a blue-and-silver cross from a priest from Essex to do with chucking soup at wall paper? What had it to do with calling nuts oranges, or with paying for windows first and breaking them afterwards? He had come to the end of his chase; yet somehow he had missed the middle of it. When he failed (which was seldom), he had usually grasped the clue, but nevertheless missed the criminal. Here he had grasped the criminal, but still he could not grasp the clue.

The two figures that they followed were crawling like black flies across the huge green contour of a hill. They were evidently sunk in conversation, and perhaps did not notice where they were going; but they were certainly going to the wilder and more silent heights of the Heath. As their pursuers gained on them, the latter had to use the undignified attitudes of the deer-stalker, to crouch behind clumps of trees and even to crawl prostrate in deep grass. By these ungainly ingenuities the hunters even came close enough to the quarry to hear the murmur of the discussion, but no word could be distinguished except the word "reason" recurring frequently in a high and almost childish voice. Once over an abrupt dip of land and a dense tangle of thickets, the detectives actually lost the two figures they were following. They did not find the trail again for an agonising ten minutes, and then it led round the brow of a great dome of hill overlooking an amphitheatre of rich and desolate sunset scenery. Under a tree in this commanding yet neglected spot was an old ramshackle wooden seat. On this seat sat the two priests still in serious speech together. The gorgeous green and

gold still clung to the darkening horizon; but the dome above was turning slowly from peacock-green to peacock-blue, and the stars detached themselves more and more like solid jewels. Mutely motioning to his followers, Valentin contrived to creep up behind the big branching tree, and, standing there in deathly silence, heard the words of the strange priests for the first time.

After he had listened for a minute and a half, he was gripped by a devilish doubt. Perhaps he had dragged the two English policemen to the wastes of a nocturnal heath on an errand no saner than seeking figs on its thistles. For the two priests were talking exactly like priests, piously, with learning and leisure, about the most aërial enigmas of theology. The little Essex priest spoke the more simply, with his round face turned to the strengthening stars; the other talked with his head bowed, as if he were not even worthy to look at them. But no more innocently clerical conversation could have been heard in any white Italian cloister or black Spanish cathedral.

The first he heard was the tail of one of Father Brown's sentences, which ended: ". . . what they really meant in the Middle Ages by the heavens being incorruptible."

The taller priest nodded his bowed head and said:

"Ah, yes, these modern infidels appeal to their reason; but who can look at those millions of worlds and not feel that there may well be wonderful universes above us where reason is utterly unreasonable?"

"No," said the other priest; "reason is always reasonable, even in the last limbo, in the lost borderland of things. I know that people charge the Church with lowering reason, but it is just the other way. Alone on earth, the

Church makes reason really supreme. Alone on earth, the Church affirms that God himself is bound by reason."

The other priest raised his austere face to the spangled sky and said:

"Yet who knows if in that infinite universe—?"

"Only infinite physically," said the little priest, turning sharply in his seat, "not infinite in the sense of escaping from the laws of truth."

Valentin behind his tree was tearing his finger-nails with silent fury. He seemed almost to hear the sniggers of the English dectectives whom he had brought so far on a fantastic guess only to listen to the metaphysical gossip of two mild old parsons. In his impatience he lost the equally elaborate answer of the tall cleric, and when he listened again it was again Father Brown who was speaking:

"Reason and justice grip the remotest and the loneliest star. Look at those stars. Don't they look as if they were single diamonds and sapphires? Well, you can imagine any mad botany or geology you please. Think of forests of adamant with leaves of brilliants. Think the moon is a blue moon, a single elephantine sapphire. But don't fancy that all that frantic astronomy would make the smallest difference to the reason and justice of conduct. On plains of opal, under cliffs cut out of pearl, you would still find a notice-board, 'Thou shalt not steal.'"

Valentin was just in the act of rising from his rigid and crouching attitude and creeping away as softly as might be, felled by the one great folly of his life. But something in the very silence of the tall priest made him stop until the latter spoke. When at last he did speak, he said simply, his head bowed and his hands on his knees:

"Well, I still think that other worlds may perhaps rise higher than our reason. The mystery of heaven is unfathomable, and I for one can only bow my head."

Then, with brow yet bent and without changing by the faintest shade his attitude or voice, he added:

"Just hand over that sapphire cross of yours, will you? We're all alone here, and I could pull you to pieces like a straw doll."

The utterly unaltered voice and attitude added a strange violence to that shocking change of speech. But the guarder of the relic only seemed to turn his head by the smallest section of the compass. He seemed still to have a somewhat foolish face turned to the stars. Perhaps he had not understood. Or, perhaps, he had understood and sat rigid with terror.

"Yes," said the tall priest, in the same low voice and in the same still posture, "yes, I am Flambeau."

Then, after a pause, he said:

"Come, will you give me that cross?"

"No," said the other, and the monosyllable had an odd sound.

Flambeau suddenly flung off all his pontifical pretensions. The great robber leaned back in his seat and laughed low but long.

"No," he cried, "you won't give it me, you proud prelate. You won't give it me, you little celibate simpleton. Shall I tell you why you won't give it me? Because I've got it already in my own breast-pocket."

The small man from Essex turned what seemed to be a dazed face in the dusk, and said, with the timid eagerness of "The Private Secretary":

"Are—are you sure?"

Flambeau yelled with delight.

"Really, you're as good as a three-act farce," he cried. "Yes, you turnip, I am quite sure. I had the sense to make a duplicate of the right parcel, and now, my friend, you've got the duplicate and I've got the jewels. An old dodge, Father Brown—a very old dodge."

"Yes," said Father Brown, and passed his hand through his hair with the same strange vagueness of manner. "Yes, I've heard of it before."

The colossus of crime leaned over to the little rustic priest with a sort of sudden interest.

"*You* have heard of it?" he asked. "Where have *you* heard of it?"

"Well, I mustn't tell you his name, of course," said the little man, simply. "He was a penitent, you know. He had lived prosperously for about twenty years entirely on duplicate brown-paper parcels. And so, you see, when I began to suspect you, I thought of this poor chap's way of doing it at once."

"Began to suspect me?" repeated the outlaw with increased intensity. "Did you really have the gumption to suspect me just because I brought you up to this bare part of the heath?"

"No, no," said Father Brown with an air of apology. "You see, I suspected you when we first met. It's that little bulge up the sleeve where you people have the spiked bracelet."

"How in Tartarus," cried Flambeau, "did you ever hear of the spiked bracelet?"

"Oh, one's little flock, you know!" said Father Brown, arching his eyebrows rather blankly. "When I was a curate in Hartlepool, there were three of them with spiked

bracelets. So, as I suspected you from the first, don't you see, I made sure that the cross should go safe, anyhow. I'm afraid I watched you, you know. So at last I saw you change the parcels. Then, don't you see, I changed them back again. And then I left the right one behind."

"Left it behind?" repeated Flambeau, and for the first time there was another note in his voice beside his triumph.

"Well, it was like this," said the little priest, speaking in the same unaffected way. "I went back to that sweet-shop and asked if I'd left a parcel, and gave them a particular address if it turned up. Well, I knew I hadn't; but when I went away again I did. So, instead of running after me with that valuable parcel, they have sent it flying to a friend of mine in Westminster." Then he added rather sadly: "I learnt that, too, from a poor fellow in Hartlepool. He used to do it with hand-bags he stole at railway stations, but he's in a monastery now. Oh, one gets to know, you know," he added, rubbing his head again with the same sort of desperate apology. "We can't help being priests. People come and tell us these things."

Flambeau tore a brown-paper parcel out of his inner pocket and rent it in pieces. There was nothing but paper and sticks of lead inside it. He sprang to his feet with a gigantic gesture, and cried:

"I don't believe you. I don't believe a bumpkin like you could manage all that. I believe you've still got the stuff on you, and if you don't give it up—why, we're all alone, and I'll take it by force!"

"No," said Father Brown, simply, and stood up also, "you won't take it by force. First, because I really haven't still got it. And, second, because we are not alone."

Flambeau stopped in his stride forward.

"Behind that tree," said Father Brown, pointing, "are two strong policemen and the greatest detective alive. How did they come here, do you ask? Why, I brought them, of course! How did I do it? Why, I'll tell you if you like: Lord bless you, we have to know twenty such things when we work among the criminal classes! Well, I wasn't sure you were a thief, and it would never do to make a scandal against one of our own clergy. So I just tested you to see if anything would make you show yourself. A man generally makes a small scene if he finds salt in his coffee: if he doesn't, he has some reason for keeping quiet. A man generally objects if his bill is three times too big. If he pays it, he has some motive for passing unnoticed. I altered your bill, and *you* paid it."

The world seemed waiting for Flambeau to leap like a tiger. But he was held back as by a spell; he was stunned with the utmost curiosity.

"Well," went on Father Brown, with lumbering lucidity, "as you wouldn't leave any tracks for the police, of course somebody had to. At every place we went to, I took care to do something that would get us talked about for the rest of the day. I didn't do much harm—a splashed wall, spilt apples, a broken window; but I saved the cross, as the cross will always be saved. It is at Westminster by now. I rather wonder you didn't stop it with the Donkey's Whistle."

"With the what?" asked Flambeau.

"I'm glad you've never heard of it," said the priest, making a face. "It's a foul thing. I'm sure you're too good a man for a Whistler. I couldn't have countered it

even with the Spots myself; I'm not strong enough in the legs."

"What on earth are you talking about?" asked the other.

"Well, I did think you'd know the Spots," said Father Brown, agreeably surprised. "Oh, you can't have gone so very wrong yet!"

"How in blazes do you know all these horrors?" cried Flambeau.

The shadow of a smile crossed the round, simple face of his clerical opponent.

"Oh, by being a celibate simpleton, I suppose," he said. "Has it never struck you that a man who does next to nothing but hear men's real sins is not likely to be wholly unaware of human evil? But, as a matter of fact, another part of my trade, too, made me sure you weren't a priest."

"What?" asked the thief, almost gaping.

"You attacked reason," said Father Brown. "It's bad theology."

And even as he turned away to collect his property, the three policemen came out from under the twilight trees. Flambeau was an artist and a sportsman. He stepped back and swept Valentin a great bow.

"Do not bow to me, *mon ami*," said Valentin with silver clearness. "Let us both bow to our master."

And they both stood an instant uncovered while the little Essex priest blinked about for his umbrella.

A ROMANY OF THE SNOWS[1]

By Sir Gilbert Parker

I

When old Throng the trader, trembling with sickness and misery, got on his knees to Captain Halby and groaned, "She didn't want to go; they dragged her off; you'll fetch her back, won't ye?—she always had a fancy for you, cap'n," Pierre shrugged a shoulder and said:

"But you stole her when she was in her rock-a-by, my Throng,—you and your Manette."

"Like a match she was—no bigger," continued the old man. "Lord, how that step-mother bully-ragged her, and her father didn't care a darn. He'd half a dozen others—Manette and me hadn't none. We took her and used her like as if she was an angel, and we brought her off up here. Haven't we set store by her? Wasn't it 'cause we was lonely an' loved her we took her? Hasn't everybody stood up and said there wasn't anyone like her in the north? Ain't I done fair by her always—ain't I? An' now, when this cough's eatin' my life out, and Manette's gone, and there ain't a soul but Duc the trapper to put a blister on to me, them brutes ride up from over the border, call themselves her brothers, an' drag her off!"

[1] From *A Romany of the Snows*. By permission of Harper & Brothers, New York, Macmillan and Company, Limited, London, and the author.

He was still on his knees. Pierre reached over and lightly kicked a moccasined foot.

"Get up, Jim Throng," he said. "Holy! do you think the law moves because an old man cries? Is it in the statutes?—that's what the law says. Does it come within the act? Is it a trespass?—an assault and battery?—a breach of the peace?—a misdemeanor? *Victoria—So and So:* that's how the law talks. Get on your knees to Father Corraine, not to Captain Halby, Jimmy Throng!"

Pierre spoke in a half-sinister, ironical way, for between him and Captain Halby's Riders of the Plains there was no good feeling. More than once he had come into conflict with them—more than once had they laid their hands on him—and taken them off again in due time. He had foiled them as to men they wanted; he had defied them—but he had helped them, too, when it seemed right to him; he had sided with them once or twice when to do so was perilous to himself. He had sneered at them, he did not like them, nor they him. The sum of it was, he thought them brave —and stupid; and he knew that the law erred as often as it set things right.

The trader got up and stood between the two men, coughing much, his face straining, his eyes bloodshot, as he looked anxiously from Pierre to Halby. He was the sad wreck of a strong man. Nothing looked strong about him now save his head, which, with its long grey hair, seemed badly balanced by the thin neck, through which the terrible cough was hacking.

"Only half a lung left," he stammered, as soon as he could speak, "an' Duc can't fix the boneset, camomile, and whisky as *she* could. An' he waters the whisky—curse

—his—soul!" The last three words were spoken through another spasm of coughing. "An' the blister—how he mucks the blister!"

Pierre sat back on the table, laughing noiselessly, his white teeth shining. Halby, with one foot on a bench, was picking at the fur on his sleeve thoughtfully. His face was a little drawn, his lips were tight-pressed, and his eyes had a light of excitement. Presently he straightened himself, and after a half-malicious look at Pierre, he said to Throng:

"Where are they, do you say?"

"They're at"—the old man coughed hard—"at Fort O'Battle."

"What are they doing there?"

"Waitin' till spring, when they'll fetch their cattle up an' settle there."

"They want—Lydia—to keep house for them?"

The old man writhed.

"Yes, God's sake, that's it! An' they want Liddy to marry a devil called Borotte, with a thousand cattle or so—Pito the courier told me yesterday. Pito saw her, an' he said she was white like a sheet, an' called out to him as he went by. Only half a lung I got, an' her boneset and camomile'd save it for a bit, mebbe—mebbe!"

"It's clear," said Halby, "that they trespassed, and they haven't proved their right to her."

"*Tonnerre*! what a thinker!" said Pierre, mocking.

Halby did not notice. His was a solid sense of responsibility.

"She is of age?" he half asked, half mused.

"She's twenty-one," answered the old man, with difficulty.

"Old enough to set the world right," suggested Pierre, still mocking.

"She was forced away, she regarded you as her natural protector, she believed you her father: they broke the law," said the soldier.

"There was Moses, and Solomon, and Cæsar, and Socrates, and now . . .!" murmured Pierre in assumed abstraction.

A red spot burned on Halby's high cheekbone for a minute, but he persistently kept his temper.

"I'm expected elsewhere," he said at last. "I'm only one man, I wish I could go today—even alone. But—"

"But you have a heart," said Pierre. "How wonderful—a heart! And there's the half a lung, and the boneset and camomile tea, and the blister, and the girl with an eye like a spot of rainbow, and the sacred law in a Remington rifle! Well, well! And to do it in the early morning—to wait in the shelter of the trees till some go to look after the horses, then enter the house, arrest those inside, and lay low for the rest."

Halby looked over at Pierre astonished. Here was raillery and good advice all in a piece.

"It isn't wise to go alone, for if there's trouble and I should go down, who's to tell the truth? Two could do it; but one—no, it isn't wise, though it would look smart enough."

"Who said to go alone?" asked Pierre, scrawling on the table with a burnt match.

"I have no men."

Pierre looked up at the wall.

"Throng has a good Snider there," he said.

"Bosh! Throng can't go."

The old man coughed and strained.

"If it wasn't—only—half a lung, and I could carry the boneset 'long with us—"

Pierre slid off the table, came to the old man, and taking him by the arms, pushed him gently into a chair.

"Sit down; don't be a fool, Jimmy Throng," he said. Then he turned to Halby: "You're a magistrate—make me a special constable; I'll go, m'sieu' le capitaine—of no company."

Halby stared. He knew Pierre's bravery, his ingenuity and daring. But this was the last thing he expected; that the malicious, railing little half-breed would work with him and the law. Pierre seemed to understand his thoughts, for he said: "It is not for you. I am sick for adventure, and then there is mademoiselle—such a finger she has for a ven'son pudding."

Without a word Halby wrote on a leaf in his notebook, and presently handed the slip to Pierre. "That's your commission as a special constable," he said, "and here's the seal on it." He handed over a pistol.

Pierre raised his eyebrows at it, but Halby continued: "It has the Government mark. But you'd better bring Throng's rifle, too."

Throng sat staring at the two men, his hands nervously shifting on his knees. "Tell Liddy," he said, "that the last batch of bread was sour—Duc ain't no good—an' that I ain't had no relish sence she left. Tell her the cough gits lower down all the time. 'Member when she tended that felon o' yourn, Pierre?"

Pierre looked at a scar on his finger and nodded: "She

cut it too young; but she had the nerve! When do you start, Captain? It's an eighty-mile ride."

"At once," was the reply. "We can sleep tonight in the Jim-a-long-Jo" (a hut which the Company had built between two distant posts), "and get there at dawn day after tomorrow. The snow is light and we can travel quick. I have a good horse, and you —"

"I have my black Tophet. He'll travel with your roan as on one snaffle-bar. That roan—you know where he come from?"

"From the Dolright stud, over the border."

"That's wrong. He come from Greystop's paddock, where my Tophet was foaled; they are brothers. Yours was stole and sold to the Gover'ment; mine was bought by good hard money. The law the keeper of stolen goods, eh? But these two will go cinch to cinch all the way, like two brothers—like you and me."

He could not help the touch of irony in his last words; he saw the amusing side of things, and all humour in him had a strain of the sardonic.

"Brothers-in-law for a day or two," answered Halby, drily.

Within two hours they were ready to start. Pierre had charged Duc the incompetent upon matters for the old man's comfort, and had himself, with a curious sort of kindness, steeped the boneset and camomile in whisky, and set a cup of it near his chair. Then he had gone up to Throng's bedroom and straightened out and shook and "made" the corn-husk bed, which had gathered into lumps and rolls.

Before he came down he opened a door near by and entered another room, shutting the door, and sitting down

on a chair. A stove-pipe ran through the room, and it was warm, though the window was frosted and the world seemed shut out. He looked round slowly, keenly, interested. There was a dressing-table made of an old box; it was covered with pink calico, and muslin over this. A cheap looking-glass on it was draped with muslin and tied at the top with a bit of pink ribbon. A common bone comb lay near the glass, and, beside it, a beautiful brush with an ivory back and handle. This was the only expensive thing in the room. He wondered, but did not go near it—yet.

There was a little eight-day clock on a bracket which had been made by hand—pasteboard darkened with umber and varnished; a tiny little set of shelves made of the wood of cigar boxes; and—alas! the shifts of poverty to be gay!—an easy-chair made of the staves of a barrel and covered with poor chintz. Then there was a photograph or two in little frames made from the red cedar of cigar boxes, with decorations of putty, varnished, and a long panel screen of birch-bark of Indian workmanship. Some dresses hung behind the door. The bedstead was small, the frame was of hickory, with no footboard, ropes making the support for the husk tick. Across the foot lay a bedgown and a pair of stockings.

Pierre looked long, at first curiously; but after a little his forehead gathered and his lips drew in a little, as if he had a twinge of pain. He got up, went over near the bed, and picked up a hairpin. Then he came back to the chair and sat down, turning it about in his fingers, still looking abstractedly at the floor.

"Poor Lucy!" he said presently; "the poor child! Ah! what a devil I was then—so long ago!"

This solitary room—Lydia's—had brought back the time he went to the room of his own wife, dead by her own hand, after an attempt to readjust the broken pieces of life, and sat and looked at the place which had been hers, remembering how he had left her with her wet face turned to the wall, and never saw her again till she was set free forever. Since that time he had never sat in a room sacred to a woman alone.

"What a fool, what a fool, to think!" he said at last, standing up; "but this girl must be saved. She must have her home here again."

Unconsciously he put the hairpin in his pocket, walked over to the dressing-table and picked up the hairbrush. On its back was the legend, "*L. T. from C. H.*" He gave a whistle.

"So—so?" he said, "'C. H.' M'sieu' le capitaine, is it like that?"

A year before, Lydia had given Captain Halby a dollar to buy her a hairbrush at Winnipeg, and he had brought her one worth ten dollars. She had beautiful hair, and what pride she had in using this brush! Every Sunday morning she spent a long time in washing, curling, and brushing her hair, and every night she tended it lovingly, so that it was a splendid rich brown like her eye, coiling nobly above her plain, strong face, with its good color.

Pierre, glancing in the glass, saw Captain Halby's face looking over his shoulder. It startled him, and he turned round. There was the face looking out from a photograph that hung on the wall in the recess where the bed was. He noted now that the likeness hung where the girl could see it the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning,

"So far as that, eh!" he said. "And m'sieu' is a gentleman, too. We shall see what he will do. He has his chance now once for all."

He turned, came to the door, softly opened it, passed out and shut it, then descended the stairs, and in half an hour was at the door with Captain Halby, ready to start. It was an exquisite winter day, even in its bitter coldness. The sun was shining clear and strong, all the plains glistened and looked like quicksilver, and the vast blue cup of sky seemed deeper than it had ever been. But the frost ate the skin like an acid, and when Throng came to the door Pierre drove him back instantly from the air.

"I only—wanted—to say—to Liddy," hacked the old man, "that I'm thinkin'—a little m'lasses'd kinder help—the boneset an' camomile. Tell her that the cattle'll all be hers—an'—the house, an' I ain't got no one but—"

But Pierre pushed him back and shut the door, saying: "I'll tell her what a fool you are, Jimmy Throng."

The old man, as he sat down awkwardly in his chair, with Duc stolidly lighting his pipe and watching him, said to himself: "Yes, I be a durn fool; I be, I be!" over and over again. And when the dog got up from near the stove and came near to him, he added: "I be, Touser; I be a durn fool, for I ought to ha' stole two or three, an' then I'd not be alone, an' nothin' but sour bread an' pork to eat. I ought to ha' stole three."

"Ah, Manette ought to have give you some of your own, it's true, that!" said Duc, stolidly. "You never was a real father, Jim."

"Liddy got to look like me; she got to look like Manette and me, I tell ye!" said the old man, hoarsely.

Duc laughed in his stupid way. "Look like you! Look like you, Jim, with a face to turn milk sour! Ho, ho!"

Throng rose, his face purple with anger, and made as if to catch Duc by the throat, but a fit of coughing seized him, and presently blood showed on his lips. Duc with a rough gentleness wiped off the blood and put the whisky-and-herbs to the sick man's lips, saying in a fatherly way:

"For why you do like that? You're a fool, Jimmy!"

"I be, I be," said the old man in a whisper, and let his hand rest on Duc's shoulder.

"I'll fix the bread sweet next time, Jimmy."

"No, no," said the husky voice, peevishly. "She'll do it —Liddy'll do it. Liddy's comin'."

"All right, Jimmy! All right!"

After a moment Throng shook his head feebly and said, scarcely above a whisper:

"But I *be* a durn fool—when she's not here."

Duc nodded and gave him more whisky-and-herbs.

"My feet's cold," said the old man, and Duc wrapped a bearskin round his legs.

II

For miles Pierre and Halby rode without a word. Then they got down and walked for a couple of miles, to bring the blood into their legs again.

"The old man goes to By-by *bientot*," said Pierre at last.

"You don't think he'll last long?"

"Maybe ten days; maybe one. If we don't get the girl, out goes his torchlight straight."

"She's been very good to him."

"He's been on his knees to her all her life."

"There'll be trouble out of this."

"Pshaw! The girl is her own master."

"I mean some one will probably get hurt over there." He nodded in the direction of Fort O'Battle.

"That's in the game. The girl is worth fighting for, eh?"

"Of course, and the law must protect her. It's a free country."

"So true, my captain," murmured Pierre, drily. "It is wonderful what a man will do for the law."

The tone struck Halby. Pierre was scanning the horizon abstractedly.

"You are always hitting at the law," he said. "Why do you stand by it now?"

"For the same reason as yourself."

"What is that?"

"She has your picture in her room, she has my lucky dollar in her pocket."

Halby's face flushed, and then he turned and looked steadily into Pierre's eyes.

"We'd better settle this thing at once. If you're going to Fort O'Battle because you've set your fancy *there*, you'd better go back now. That's straight. You and I can't sail in the same boat. I'll go alone; so give me the pistol."

Pierre laughed softly, and waved the hand back.

"T'sh! What a high-cock-a-lorum! You want to do it all yourself—to fill the eye of the girl alone, and be tucked away to By-by for your pains—*mais, quelle folie*! See: you go for law and love; I go for fun and Jimmy Throng. The girl! Pshaw! she would come out right in the end, without you or me. But the old man with half a lung—

that's different. He must have sweet bread in his belly when he dies, and the girl must make it for him. She shall brush her hair with the ivory brush by Sunday morning."

Halby turned sharply.

"You've been spying!" he said. "You've been in her room—you—"

Pierre put out his hand and stopped the word on Halby's lips.

"Slow, slow," he said; "we are both—police today. *Voilà*! we must not fight. There is Throng and the girl to think of." Suddenly, with a soft fierceness, he added: "If I looked in her room, what of that? In all the north is there a woman to say I wrong her? No! Well, what if I carry her room in my eye; does that hurt her or you?"

Perhaps something of the loneliness of the outlaw crept into Pierre's voice for an instant, for Halby suddenly put a hand on his shoulder and said: "Let's drop the thing, Pierre."

Pierre looked at him musingly.

"When Throng is put to By-by what will you do?" he said.

"I will marry her, if she'll have me."

"But she is prairie-born, and you!"

"I'm a prairie-rider."

After a moment Pierre said, as if to himself: "So quiet and clean, and the print calico and muslin, and the ivory brush!"

It is hard to say whether he was merely working on Halby that he be true to the girl, or was himself soft-hearted for the moment. He had a curious store of legend and *chanson*, and he had the Frenchman's power of apply-

ing them, though he did it seldom. But now he said in a half monotone:

> Have you seen the way I have built my nest?
> (*O brave and tall is the Grand Seigneur!*)
> I have trailed the East, I have searched the West,
> (*O clear of eye is the Grand Seigneur!*)
> From South and North I have brought the best:
> The feathers finé from an eagle's crest,
> The silken threads from a prince's vest,
> The warm rose-leaf from a maiden's breast—
> (*O long he bideth, the Grand Seigneur*).

They had gone scarce a mile farther when Pierre, chancing to turn round, saw a horseman riding hard after them. They drew up, and soon the man—a Rider of the Plains—was beside them. He had stopped at Throng's to find Halby, and had followed them. Murder had been committed near the border, and Halby was needed at once. Halby stood still, numb with distress, for there was Lydia. He turned to Pierre in dismay. Pierre's face lighted up with the spirit of fresh adventure. Desperate enterprises roused him; the impossible had a charm for him.

"I will go to Fort O'Battle," he said. "Give me another pistol."

"You cannot do it alone," said Halby, hope, however, in his voice.

"I will do it, or it will do me, *voilà*!" Pierre replied.

Halby passed over a pistol.

"I'll never forget it, on my honour! if you do it," he said.

Pierre mounted his horse and said, as if a thought had struck him: "If I stand for the law in this, will you stand against it some time for me?"

Halby hesitated, then said, holding out his hand: "Yes, if it's nothing dirty."

Pierre smiled. "Clean tit for clean tat," he said, touching Halby's fingers, and then, with a gesture and an *au revoir*, put his horse to the canter, and soon a surf of snow was rising at two points on the prairie, as the Law trailed south and east.

That night Pierre camped in the Jim-a-long-Jo, finding there firewood in plenty, and Tophet was made comfortable in the lean-to. Within another thirty hours he was hid in the woods behind Fort O'Battle, having traveled nearly all night. He saw the dawn break and the beginning of sunrise as he watched the Fort, growing every moment colder, while his horse trembled and whinnied softly, suffering also. At last he gave a little grunt of satisfaction, for he saw two men come out of the Fort and go to the corral. He hesitated a minute longer, then said: "I'll not wait," patted his horse's neck, pulled the blanket closer round the beast, and started for the Fort. He entered the yard—it was empty. He went to the door of the Fort, opened it, entered, shut it, locked it softly, and put the key in his pocket. Then he passed through into a room at the end of the small hallway. Three men rose from seats by the fire as he did so, and one said: "Hullo! who're you?" Another added: "It's Pretty Pierre."

Pierre looked at the table laid for breakfast, and said: "Where is Lydia Throng?"

The elder of the three brothers replied: "There's no Lydia *Throng* here. There's Lydia Bontoff, though, and in another week she'll be Lydia something else."

"What does she say about it herself?"

"You've no call to know."

"You stole her, forced her from Throng's—her father's house."

"She wasn't Throng's; she was a Bontoff—sister of us."

"Well, she says *Throng*, and *Throng* it's got to be."

"What have you got to say about it?"

At that moment Lydia appeared at the door leading from the kitchen.

"Whatever *she* has to say," answered Pierre.

"Who're you talking for?"

"For her, for Throng, for the law."

"The law—by gosh, that's good! You, you darned gambler; you scum!" said Caleb, the brother who knew him.

Pierre showed all the intelligent, resolute coolness of a trained officer of the law. He heard a little cry behind him and stepping sideways and yet not turning his back on the men, he saw Lydia.

"Pierre! Pierre!" she said in a half-frightened way, yet with a sort of pleasure lighting up her face; and she stepped forward to him. One of the brothers was about to pull her away, but Pierre whipped out his commission. "Wait!" he said. "That's enough. I'm for the law; I belong to the mounted police. I have come for the girl you stole."

The elder brother snatched the paper and read. Then he laughed loud and long. "So you've come to fetch her away," he said, "and this is how you do it!"—he shook the paper. "Well, by—" suddenly he stopped. "Come," he said, "have a drink, and don't be a dam' fool. She's our sister—old Throng stole her—and she's goin' to marry

our partner. Here, Caleb, fish out the brandy-wine," he added to his younger brother, who went to a cupboard and brought the bottle.

Pierre, waving the liquor away, said quietly to the girl: "You wish to go back to your father, to Jimmy Throng?" He then gave her Throng's message, and added: "He sits there rocking in the big chair, and coughing—coughing! and then there's the picture on the wall upstairs and the little ivory brush—"

She put out her hands towards him. "I hate them all here," she said. "I never knew them. They forced me away. I have no father but Jimmy Throng. I will not stay," she flashed out in sudden anger to the others; "I'll kill myself and all of you before I marry that Borotte."

Pierre could hear a man tramping about upstairs. Caleb knocked on the stove-pipe, and called to him to come down. Pierre guessed it was Borotte. This would add one more factor to the game. He must move at once. He suddenly slipped a pistol into the girl's hand, and, with a quick word to her, stepped towards the door. The elder brother sprang between—which was what he looked for. By this time every man had a weapon showing, snatched from wall and shelf.

Pierre was cool. He said: "Remember, I am for the law. I am not one man. You are thieves now; if you fight and kill, you will get the rope, every one. Move from the door, or I'll fire. The girl comes with me." He had heard a door open behind him, now there was an oath and a report, and a bullet grazed his cheek and lodged in the wall beyond. He dared not turn round, for the other men were

facing him. He did not move, but the girl did. "Coward!" she said, and raised her pistol at Borotte, standing with her back against Pierre's.

There was a pause, in which no one stirred, and then the girl, slowly walking up to Borotte, her pistol leveled, said: "You low coward—to shoot a man from behind; and you want to be a decent girl's husband! These men that say they're my brothers are brutes, but you're a sneak. If you stir a step, I'll fire."

The cowardice of Borotte was almost ridiculous. He dared not harm the girl, and her brothers could not prevent her harming him. Here there came a knocking at the front door. The other brothers had come and found it locked. Pierre saw the crisis, and acted instantly. "The girl and I—we will fight you to the end," he said, "and then what's left of you the law will fight to the end. Come," he added, "the old man can't live a week. When he's gone then you can try again. She will have what he owns. Quick, or I arrest you all, and then—"

"Let her go," said Borotte; "it ain't no use."

Presently the elder brother broke out laughing. "Damned if I thought the girl had the pluck, an' damned if I thought Borotte was a crawler. Put an eye out of him, Liddy, an' come to your brother's arms. Here," he added to the others, "up with your popguns; this shindy's off; and the girl goes back till the old man tucks up. Have a drink!" he added to Pierre, as he stood his rifle in a corner and came to the table.

In half an hour Pierre and the girl were on their way, leaving Borotte quarreling with the brothers, and all

drinking heavily. The two arrived at Throng's late the next afternoon. There had been a slight thaw during the day, and the air was almost soft, water dripping from the eaves down the long icicles.

When Lydia entered, the old man was dozing in his chair. The sound of an axe out behind the house told where

Duc was. The whisky-and-herbs was beside the sick man's chair, and his feet were wrapped about with bearskins. The girl made a little gesture of pain, and then stepped softly over and, kneeling, looked into Throng's face. The lips were moving.

"Dad," she said, "are you asleep?"

"I be a durn fool, I be," he said in a whisper, and then he began to cough. She took his hands. They were cold, and she rubbed them softly. "I feel so a'mighty holler,"

he said, gasping, "an' that bread's sour agin." He shook his head pitifully.

His eyes at last settled on her, and he recognized her. He broke into a giggling laugh; the surprise was almost too much for his feeble mind and body. His hands reached and clutched hers. "Liddy! Liddy!" he whispered, then added peevishly, "The bread's sour an' the boneset and camomile's no good. . . . Ain't tomorrow bakin'-day?" he added.

"Yes, dad," she said, smoothing his hands.

"What danged—liars—they be—Liddy! You're my gel, ain't ye?"

"Yes, dad. I'll make some boneset liquor now."

"Yes, yes," he said, with childish eagerness and a weak, wild smile. "That's it—that's it."

She was about to rise, but he caught her shoulder. "I bin a good dad to ye, hain't I, Liddy?" he whispered.

"Always."

"Never had no ma but Manette, did ye?"

"Never, dad."

"What danged liars they be!" he said, chuckling.

She kissed him, and moved away to the fire to pour hot water and whisky on the herbs.

His eyes followed her proudly, shining like wet glass in the sun. He laughed—such a wheezing, soundless laugh!

"He! he! he! I ain't no—durn—fool—bless—the Lord!" he said.

Then the shining look in his eyes became a grey film, and the girl turned round suddenly, for the long, wheezy breathing had stopped. She ran to him, and, lifting up his

head, saw the look that makes even the fool seem wise in his cold stillness. Then she sat down on the floor, laid her head against the arm of his chair, and wept.

It was very quiet inside. From without there came the twang of an axe, and a man's voice talking to his horse. When the man came in he lifted the girl up, and, to comfort her, bade her go look at a picture hanging in her little room. After she was gone he lifted the body, put it on a couch and cared for it.

DON[1]

THE STORY OF A LION DOG

By Zane Grey

It has taken me years to realize the greatness of a dog; and often as I have told the story of Don—his love of freedom and hatred of men—how I saved his life and how he saved mine—it never was told as I feel it now.

I saw Don first at Flagstaff, Arizona, where arrangements had been made for me to cross the desert with Buffalo Jones and a Mormon caravan en route to Lee's Ferry on the Colorado River. Jones had brought a pack of nondescript dogs. Our purpose was to cross the river and skirt the Vermilion Cliffs, and finally work up through Buckskin Forest to the north rim of the Grand Canyon, where Jones expected to lasso mountain lions and capture them alive. The most important part of our outfit, of course, was the pack of hounds. Never had I seen such a motley assembly of canines. They did not even have names. Jones gave me the privilege of finding names for them.

Among them was a hound that seemed out of place because of his superb proportions, his sleek dark smooth skin, his noble head, and great solemn black eyes. He had

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extraordinarily long ears, thick-veined and faintly tinged with brown. Here was a dog that looked to me like a thoroughbred. My friendly overtures to him were unnoticed. Jones said he was part bloodhound and had belonged to an old Mexican don in southern California. So I named him Don.

We were ten days crossing the Painted Desert, and protracted horseback riding was then so new and hard for me that I had no enthusiasm left to scrape acquaintance with the dogs. Still I did not forget and often felt sorry for them as they limped along, clinking their chains under the wagons. Even then I divined that horses and dogs were going to play a great part in my Western experience.

At Lee's Ferry we crossed the Colorado and I was introduced to the weird and wild canyon country, with its golden-red walls and purple depths. Here we parted with the caravan and went on with Jones' rangers, Jim and Emmet, who led our outfit into such a wonderful region as I had never dreamed of. We camped several days on the vast range where Jones let his buffalo herd run wild. One day the Arizonians put me astride a white mustang that apparently delighted in carrying a tenderfoot. I did not then know what I was soon to learn—that the buffalo always chased this mustang off the range. When I rode up on the herd, to my utter amaze and terror they took after me and—but I am digressing, and this is a dog story.

Once across the river, Jones had unchained the dogs and let them run on ahead or lag behind. Most of them lagged. Don for one, however, did not get sore feet. Beyond the buffalo range we entered the sage, and here Jones began to train the dogs in earnest. He carried on his saddle an old

blunderbuss of a shotgun, about which I had wondered curiously. I had supposed he meant to use it to shoot small game.

Moze, our black-and-white dog, and the ugliest of the lot, gave chase to a jack rabbit.

"Hyar, you Moze, come back!" bawled Jones in stentorian tones. But Moze paid no attention. Jones whipped out the old shotgun and before I could utter a protest he had fired. The distance was pretty far—seventy yards or more—but Moze howled piercingly and came sneaking and limping back. It was remarkable to see him almost crawl to Jones' feet.

"Thar! That'll teach you not to chase rabbits. You're a lion dog!" shouted the old plainsman as if he were talking to a human.

At first I was so astounded and furious that I could not speak. But presently I voiced my feeling.

"Wal, it looks worse than it is," he said, with his keen gray-blue eyes on me. "I'm usin' fine birdshot an' it can't do any more than sting. You see, I've no time to train these dogs. It's necessary to make them see quick that they're not to trail or chase any varmints but lions."

There was nothing for me to do but hold my tongue, though my resentment appeared to be shared by Jim and Emmet. They made excuses for the old plainsman. Jim said, "He shore can make animals do what he wants. But I never seen the dog or hoss that cared two bits for him."

We rode on through the beautiful purple sageland, gradually up hill, toward a black-fringed horizon that was Buckskin Forest. Jack rabbits, cottontails, coyotes and foxes, prairie dogs and pack rats infested the sage and en-

gaged the attention of our assorted pack of hounds. All the dogs except Don fell victim to Jones' old blunderbuss; and surely stubborn Moze received a second peppering, this time at closer range. I espied drops of blood upon his dirty white skin. After this it relieved me greatly to see that not even Moze transgressed again. Jones' method was cruel, but effective. He had captured and subdued wild animals since his boyhood. In fact, that had been the driving passion of his life, but no sentiment entered into it.

"Reckon Don is too smart to let you ketch him," Jim once remarked to our leader.

"Wal, I don't know," responded Jones, dubiously. "Mebbe he just wouldn't chase this sage trash. But wait till we jump some deer. Then we'll see. He's got blood-hound in him, and I'll bet he'll run deer. All hounds will, even the best ones trained on bear an' lion."

Not long after we entered the wonderful pine forest the reckoning of Don came as Jones had predicted. Several deer bounded out of a thicket and crossed ahead of us, soon disappearing in the green blur.

"Ahuh! Now we'll see," ejaculated Jones, deliberately pulling out the old shotgun.

The hounds trotted along beside our horses, unaware of the danger ahead. Soon we reached the deer tracks. All the hounds showed excitement. Don let out a sharp yelp and shot away like a streak on the trail.

"Don, come hyar!" yelled Jones, at the same time extending his gun. Don gave no sign he had heard. Then Jones pulled trigger and shot him. I saw the scattering of dust and pine needles all round Don. He doubled up and rolled. I feared he might be badly injured. But he got up

and turned back. It seemed strange that he did not howl. Jones drew his plunging horse to a halt and bade us all stop.

"Don, come back hyar," he called in a loud, harsh, commanding voice.

The hound obeyed, not sneakingly or cringingly. He did not put his tail between his legs. But he was frightened and no doubt pretty badly hurt. When he reached us I saw that he was trembling all over and that drops of blood dripped from his long ears. What a somber sullen gaze in his eyes!

"See hyar," bellowed Jones, "I knowed you was a deer chaser. Wal, now you're a lion dog."

Later that day, when I had recovered sufficiently from my disapproval, I took Jones to task about this matter of shooting the dogs. I wanted to know how he expected the hounds to learn what he required of them.

"Wal, that's easy," he replied curtly. "When we strike a lion trail I'll put them on it—let them go. They'll soon learn."

It seemed plausible, but I was so incensed that I doubted the hounds would chase anything; and I resolved that, if Jones shot Don again, I would force the issue and end the hunt unless assured there would be no more of such drastic training methods.

Soon after this incident we made camp on the edge of a beautiful glade where a snowbank still lingered and a stream of water trickled down into a green swale. Before we got camp pitched a band of wild horses thudded by, thrilling me deeply. My first sight of wild horses! I knew I should never forget that splendid stallion, the leader, racing on under the trees, looking back at us over his shoulder.

At this camp I renewed my attempts to make friends with Don. He had been chained apart from the other dogs. He ate what I fetched him, but remained aloof. His dignity and distrust were such that I did not risk laying a hand on him then. But I resolved to win him if it were possible. His tragic eyes haunted me. There was a story in them I could not read. He always seemed to be looking afar. On this occasion I came to the conclusion that he hated Jones.

Buckskin Forest was well named. It appeared to be full of deer, the large black-tailed species known as mule deer. This species must be related to the elk. The size and beauty of them, the way they watched with long ears erect and then bounded off as if on springs, never failed to thrill me with delight.

As we traveled on the forest grew wilder and more beautiful. In the park-like glades a bleached white grass waved in the wind and bluebells smiled wanly. Wild horses outnumbered the deer, and that meant there were some always in sight. A large gray grouse flew up now and then; and most striking of the forest creatures to fascinate me was a magnificent black squirrel, with a long bushy white tail, and tufted ears, and a red stripe down its glossy sides.

We rode for several days through this enchanting wilderness, gradually ascending, and one afternoon we came abruptly to a break in the forest. It was the north rim of the Grand Canyon. My astounded gaze tried to grasp an appalling abyss of purple and gold and red, a chasm too terrible and beautiful to understand all at once. The effect of that moment must have been tremendous, for I have

never recovered from it. To this day the thing that fascinates me most is to stand upon a great height—canyon wall, or promontory, or peak—and gaze down into the mysterious colorful depths.

Our destination was Powell's Plateau, an isolated cape jutting out into the canyon void. Jones showed it to me—a distant gold-rimmed black-fringed promontory, seemingly inaccessible and unscalable. The only trail leading to it was a wild-horse hunter's trail, seldom used, exceedingly dangerous. It took us two days over this canyon trail to reach the Saddle—a narrow strip of land dipping down from the Plateau and reaching up to the main rim. We camped under a vast looming golden wall, so wonderful that it kept me from sleeping. That night lions visited our camp. The hounds barked for hours. This was the first chance I had to hear Don. What a voice he had! Deep, ringing, wild, like the bay of a wolf!

Next morning we ascended the Saddle, from the notch of which I looked down into the chasm still asleep in purple shadows; then we climbed a narrow deer trail to the summit of the Plateau. Here indeed was the grand wild isolated spot of my dreams. Indeed I was in an all-satisfying trance of adventure.

I wanted to make camp on the rim but Jones laughed at me. We rode through the level stately forest of pines until we came to a ravine, on the north side of which lay a heavy bank of snow. This was very necessary, for there was no water on the Plateau. Jones rode off to scout while the rest of us pitched camp. Before we had completed our tasks a troop of deer appeared across the ravine, and motionless they stood watching us. There were big and little deer,

blue-gray in color, sleek and graceful, so tame that to me it seemed brutal to shoot at them.

Don was the only one of the dogs that espied the deer. He stood up to gaze hard at them, but he did not bark or show any desire to chase them. Yet there seemed to me to be a strange yearning light in his dark eyes. I had never failed to approach Don whenever opportunity afforded, to continue my overtures of friendship. But now, as always, Don turned away from me. He was cold and somber. I had never seen him wag his tail or whine eagerly, as was common with most hounds.

Jones returned to camp jubilant and excited, as far as it was possible for the old plainsman to be. He had found lion trails and lion tracks, and he predicted a great hunt for us.

The Plateau resembled in shape the ace of clubs. It was perhaps six miles long and three or four wide. The body of it was covered with a heavy growth of pine and the capes that sloped somewhat toward the canyon were thick with sage and cedar. This lower part, with its numerous swales and ravines and gorges, all leading down into the jungle of splintered crags and thicketed slopes of the Grand Canyon, turned out to be a paradise for deer and lion.

We found many lion trails leading down from the cedared broken rim to the slopes of yellow and red. These slopes really constituted a big country, and finally led to the sheer perpendicular precipices, three thousand feet lower.

Deer were numerous and as tame as cattle on a range. They grazed with our horses. Herds of a dozen or more

were common. Once we saw a very large band. Down in the sage and under the cedars and in ravines we found many remains of deer. Jones called these lion-kills. And he frankly stated that the number of deer killed yearly upon the Plateau would be incredible to anyone who had not seen the actual signs.

In two days we had three captive lions tied up to pine saplings near camp. They were two-year-olds. Don and I had treed the first lion; I had taken pictures of Jones lassoing him; I had jumped off a ledge into a cedar to escape another; I had helped Jones hold a third; I had scratches from lion claws on my chaps, and—but I keep forgetting that this is not a story about lions. Always before when I have told it I have slighted Don.

One night, a week or more after we had settled in camp, we sat round a blazing red fire and talked over the hunt of the day. We all had our part to tell. Jones and I had found where a lioness had jumped a deer. He showed me where the lioness had crouched upon a little brushy knoll, and how she had leaped thirty feet to the back of the deer. He showed me the tracks the deer had made—bounding, running, staggering with the lioness upon its back—and where, fully a hundred paces beyond, the big cat had downed its prey and killed it. There had been a fierce struggle. Then the lioness had dragged the carcass down the slope, through the sage, to the cedar tree where her four two-year-old cubs waited. All that we found of the deer were the ragged hide, some patches of hair, cracked bones, and two long ears. These were still warm.

Eventually we got the hounds on this trail and soon put up the lions. I found a craggy cliff under the rim and sat

there watching and listening for hours. Jones rode to and fro above me, and at last dismounted to go down to join the other men. The hounds treed one of the lions. How that wild canyon slope rang with barks and bays and yells! Jones tied up this lion. Then the hounds worked up the ragged slope towards me, much to my gratification and excitement. Somewhere near me the lions had taken to cedars or crags, and I strained my eyes searching for them.

At last I located a lion on top of an isolated crag right beneath me. The hounds, with Don and Ranger leading, had been on the right track. My lusty yells brought the men. Then the lion stood up—a long, slender, yellowish cat—and spat at me. Next it leaped off that crag, fully fifty feet to the slope below, and bounded down, taking the direction from which the men had come. The hounds gave chase, yelping and baying. Jones bawled at them, trying to call them off, for what reason I could not guess. But I was soon to learn. They found the lion Jones had captured and left lying tied under a cedar, and they killed it, then took the trail of the other. They treed it far down in the rough jumble of rocks and cedars.

One by one we had ridden back to camp that night, tired out. Jim was the last in and he told his story last. And what was my amazement and fright to learn that all the three hours I had sat upon the edge of the caverned wall, the lioness had crouched on a bench above me. Jim on his way up had seen her, and then located her tracks in the dust back of my position. When this fact burst upon me I remembered how I had at first imagined I heard faint panting breaths near me somewhere. I had been too excited to trust my ears.

"Wal," said Jones, standing with the palms of his huge hands to the fire, "we had a poor day. If we had stuck to Don there'd have been a different story. I haven't trusted him. But now I reckon I'll have to. He'll make the greatest lion dog I ever had. Strikes me queer, too, for I never guessed it was in him. He has faults though. He's too fast. He outruns the other hounds, an' he's goin' to be killed because of that. Some day he'll beat the pack to a mean old Tom lion or a lioness with cubs, an' he'll get his everlastin'. Another fault is, he doesn't bark often. That's bad, too. You can't stick to him. He's got a grand bay, shore, but he saves his breath. Don wants to run an' trail an' fight alone. He's got more nerve than any hound I ever trained. He's too good for his own sake—an' it'll be his death."

Naturally I absorbed all that Buffalo Jones said about dogs, horses, lions, everything pertaining to the West, and I believed it as if it had been gospel. But I observed that the others, especially Jim, did not always agree with our chief in regard to the hounds. A little later, when Jones had left the fire, Jim spoke up with his slow Texas drawl:

"Wal, what does he know aboot dawgs? I'll tell you right heah, if he hadn't shot Don we'd had the best hound thet ever put his nose to a track. Don is a wild strange hound, shore enough. Mebbe he's like a lone wolf. But it's plain he's been mistreated by men. An' Jones has just made him wuss."

Emmet inclined to Jim's point of view. And I respected this giant Mormon who was famous on the desert for his kindness to men and animals. His ranch at Lee's Ferry was overrun with dogs, cats, mustangs, burros, sheep, and tamed wild animals that he had succored.

"Yes, Don hates Jones and, I reckon, all of us," said Emmet. "Don's not old, but he's too old to change. Still, you can never tell what kindness will do to animals. I'd like to take Don home with me and see. But Jones is right. That hound will be killed."

"Now I wonder why Don doesn't run off from us?" inquired Jim.

"Perhaps he thinks he'd get shot again," I ventured.

"If he ever runs away it'll not be here in the wilds," replied Emmet. "I take Don to be about as smart as any dog ever gets. And that's pretty close to human intelligence. People have to live lonely lives with dogs before they understand them. I reckon I understand Don. He's either loved one master once and lost him, or else he has always hated all men."

"Hump! That's shore an idee," ejaculated Jim, dubiously. "Do you think a dog can feel like that?"

"Jim, I once saw a little Indian shepherd dog lie down on its master's grave and die," returned the Mormon, sonorously.

"Wal, dog-gone me!" exclaimed Jim, in mild surprise.

One morning Jim galloped in driving the horses pell-mell into camp. Any deviation from the Texan's usual leisurely manner of doing things always brought us up short with keen expectation.

"Saddle up," called Jim. "Shore thar's a chase on. I seen a big red lioness up heah. She must have come down out of the tree whar I hang my meat. Last night I had a haunch of venison. It's gone. . . . Say, she was a beauty. Red as a red fox."

In a very few moments we were mounted and riding up the ravine, with the eager hounds sniffing the air. Always overanxious in my excitement, I rode ahead of my comrades. The hounds trotted with me. The distance to Jim's meat tree was a short quarter of a mile. I knew well where it was and, as of course the lion trail would be fresh, I anticipated a fine opportunity to watch Don. The other hounds had come to regard him as their leader. When we neared the meat tree, which was a low-branched oak shaded by thick silver spruce, Don elevated his nose high in the air. He had caught a scent even at a distance. Jones had said more than once that Don had a wonderful nose. The other hounds, excited by Don, began to whine and yelp and run around with noses to the ground.

I had eyes only for Don. How instinct he was with life and fire! The hair on his neck stood up like bristles. Suddenly he let out a wild bark and bolted. He sped away from the pack and like a flash passed that oak tree, running with his head high. The hounds strung out after him and soon the woods seemed full of a baying chorus.

My horse, Black Bolly, well knew the meaning of that medley and did not need to be urged. He broke into a run and swiftly carried me up out of the hollow and through a brown-aisled pine-scented strip of forest to the canyon.

I rode along the edge of one of the deep indentations on the main rim. The hounds were bawling right under me at the base of a low cliff. They had jumped the lioness. I could not see them, but that was not necessary. They were running fast towards the head of this cove, and I had hard work to hold Black Bolly to a safe gait along that rocky rim. Suddenly she shied, and then reared, so that I fell out

of the saddle as much as I dismounted. But I held the bridle, and then jerked my rifle from the saddle sheath. As I ran toward the rim I heard the yells of the men coming up behind. At the same instant I was startled and halted by sight of something red and furry flashing up into a tree right in front of me. It was the red lioness. The dogs had chased her into a pine the middle branches of which were on a level with the rim.

My skin went tight and cold and my heart fluttered. The lioness looked enormous, but that was because she was so close. I could have touched her with a long fishing pole. I stood motionless for an instant, thrilling in every nerve, reveling in the beauty and wildness of that great cat. She did not see me. The hounds below engaged all her attention. But when I let out a yell, which I could not stifle, she jerked spasmodically to face me. Then I froze again. What a tigerish yellow flash of eyes and fangs! She hissed. She could have sprung from the tree to the rim and upon me in two bounds. But she leaped to a ledge below the rim, glided along that and disappeared.

I ran ahead and with haste and violence clambered out upon a jutting point of the rim, from which I could command the situation. Jones and the others were riding and yelling back where I had left my horse. I called for them to come.

The hounds were baying along the base of the low cliff. No doubt they had seen the lioness leap out of the tree. My eyes roved everywhere. This cove was a shallow V-shaped gorge, a few hundred yards deep and as many across. Its slopes were steep with patches of brush and rock.

All at once my quick eye caught a glimpse of something moving up the opposite slope. It was a long red pantherish shape. The lioness! I yelled with all my might. She ran up the slope and at the base of the low wall she turned to the right. At that moment Jones strode heavily over the rough loose rocks of the promontory toward me.

"Where's the cat?" he boomed, his gray eyes flashing. In a moment more I had pointed her out. "Ha! I see... Don't like that place. The canyon boxes. She can't get out. She'll turn back."

The old hunter had been quick to grasp what had escaped me. The lioness could not find any break in the wall, and manifestly she would not go down into the gorge. She wheeled back along the base of this yellow cliff. There appeared to be a strip of bare clay or shale rock against which background her red shape stood out clearly. She glided along, slowing her pace, and she turned her gaze across the gorge.

Then Don's deep bay rang out from the slope to our left. He had struck the trail of the lioness. I saw him running down. He leaped in long bounds. The other hounds heard him and broke for the brushy slope. In a moment they had struck the scent of their quarry and given tongue.

As they started down Don burst out of the willow thicket at the bottom of the gorge and bounded up the opposite slope. He was five hundred yards ahead of the pack. He was swiftly climbing. He would run into the lioness.

Jones gripped my arm in his powerful hand.

"Look!" he shouted. "Look at that fool hound! . . . Runnin' up hill to get to that lioness. She won't run. She's cornered. She'll meet him. She'll kill him. . . . Shoot her! Shoot her!"

I scarcely needed Jones' command to stir me to save Don, but it was certain that the old plainsman's piercing voice made me tremble. I knelt and leveled my rifle. The lioness showed red against the gray—a fine target. She was gliding more and more slowly. She saw or heard Don. The gunsight wavered. I could not hold steady. But I had to hurry. My first bullet struck two yards below the beast, puffing the dust. She kept on. My second bullet hit behind her. Jones was yelling in my ear. I could see Don out of the tail of my eye. . . . Again I shot. Too high! But the lioness jumped and halted. She lashed with her tail. What a wild picture! I strained—clamped every muscle, and pulled trigger. My bullet struck right under the lioness, scattering a great puff of dust and gravel in her face. She bounded ahead a few yards and up into a cedar tree. An instant later Don flashed over the bare spot where she had waited to kill him, and in another his deep bay rang out under the cedar.

"Treed, by gosh!" yelled Jones, joyfully pounding me on the back with his huge fist. "You saved that fool dog's life. She'd have killed him shore. . . . Wal, the pack will be there pronto, an' all we've got to do is go over an' tie her up. But it was a close shave for Don."

That night in camp Don was not in the least different from his usual somber self. He took no note of my proud proprietorship or my hovering near him while he ate the supper I provided, part of which came from my own plate. My interest and sympathy had augmented to love.

Don's attitude toward the captured and chained lions never ceased to be a source of delight and wonder to me. All the other hounds were upset by the presence of the big

cats. Moze, Sounder, Tige, Ranger, would have fought these collared lions. Not so Don! For him they had ceased to exist. He would walk within ten feet of a hissing lioness without the slightest sign of having seen or heard her. He never joined in the howling chorus of the dogs. He would go to sleep close to where the lions clanked their chains, clawed the trees, whined and spat and squalled.

Several days after that incident of the red lioness we had a long and severe chase through the brushy cedar forest on the left wing of the Plateau. I did well to keep the hounds within earshot. When I arrived at the end of that run I was torn and blackened by the brush, wet with sweat, and hot as fire. Jones, lasso in hand, was walking round a large cedar under which the pack of hounds was clamoring. Jim and Emmet were seated on a stone, wiping their red faces.

"Wal, I'll rope him before he rests up," declared Jones.

"Wait till—I get—my breath," panted Emmet.

"We shore oozed along this mawnin'," drawled Jim.

Dismounting, I untied my camera from the saddle and then began to peer up into the bushy cedar.

"It's a Tom lion," declared Jones. "Not very big, but he looks mean. I reckon he'll mess us up some."

"Haw! Haw!" shouted Jim, sarcastically. The old plainsman's imperturbability sometimes wore on our nerves.

I climbed a cedar next to the one in which the lion had taken refuge. From a topmost fork, swaying to and fro, I stood up to photograph our quarry. He was a good-sized animal, tawny in hue, rather gray of face, and a fierce-

looking brute. As the distance between us was not far, my situation was as uncomfortable as thrilling. He snarled at me and spat viciously. I was about to abandon my swinging limb when the lion turned away from me to peer down through the branches.

Jones was climbing into the cedar. Low and deep the lion growled. Jones held in one hand a long pole with a small fork at the end, upon which hung the noose of his lasso. Presently he got far enough up to reach the lion. Usually he climbed close enough to throw the rope, but evidently he regarded this beast as dangerous. He tried to slip the noose over the head of the lion. One sweep of a big paw sent pole and noose flying. Patiently Jones made ready and tried again, with similar result. Many times he tried. His patience and perseverance seemed incredible. One attribute of his great power to capture and train wild animals here asserted itself. Finally the lion grew careless or tired, on which instant Jones slipped the noose over its head.

Drawing the lasso tight, he threw his end over a thick branch and let it trail down to the men below. "Wait now!" he yelled, and quickly backed down out of the cedar. The hounds were leaping eagerly.

"Pull him off that fork an' let him down easy so I can rope one of his paws."

It turned out, however, that the lion was hard to dislodge. I could see his muscles ridge and bulge. Dead branches cracked, the tree-top waved. Jones began to roar in anger. The men replied with strained hoarse voices. I saw the lion drawn from his perch, and, clawing the branches, springing convulsively, he disappeared from my sight.

Then followed a crash. The branch over which Jones was lowering the beast had broken. Wild yells greeted my startled ears and a perfect din of yelps and howls. Pandemonium had broken loose down there. I fell more than I descended from that tree.

As I bounded erect I espied the men scrambling out of the way of a huge furry wheel. Ten hounds and one lion comprised that brown whirling ball. Suddenly out of it a dog came hurtling. He rolled to my feet, staggered up.

It was Don. Blood was streaming from him. Swiftly I dragged him aside, out of harm's way. And I forgot the fight. My hands came away from Don wet and dripping with hot blood. It shocked me. Then I saw that his throat had been terribly torn. I thought his jugular vein had been severed. Don lay down and stretched out. He looked at me with those great somber eyes. Never would I forget! He was going to die right there before my eyes.

"Oh, Don! Don! What can I do?" I cried in horror.

As I sank beside Don one of my hands came in contact with snow. It had snowed that morning and there were still white patches in shady places. Like a flash I ripped off my scarf and bound it round Don's neck. Then I scraped up a double handful of snow and placed that in my bandana handkerchief. This also I bound tightly round his neck. I could do no more. My hope left me then, and I had not the courage to sit there beside him until he died.

All the while I had been aware of a bedlam near at hand. When I looked I saw a spectacle for a hunter. Jones, yelling at the top of his stentorian voice, seized one hound after the other by the hind legs and, jerking him from the

lion, threw him down the steep slope. Jim and Emmet were trying to help while at the same time they avoided close quarters with that threshing beast. At last they got the dogs off and the lion stretched out. Jones got up, shaking his shaggy head. Then he espied me and his hard face took on a look of alarm.

"Hyar—you're all—bloody," he panted plaintively, as if I had been exceedingly remiss.

Whereupon I told him briefly about Don. Then Jim and Emmet approached and we all stood looking down on the quiet dog and the patch of bloody snow.

"Wal, I reckon he's a goner," said Jones, breathing hard. "Shore I knew he'd get his everlastin'."

"Looks powerful like the lion has aboot got his too," added Jim.

Emmet knelt by Don and examined the bandage round his neck. "Bleeding yet," he muttered thoughtfully. "You did all that was possible. Too bad! . . . The kindest thing we can do is to leave him here."

I did not question this but I hated to consent. Still, to move him would only bring on more hemorrhage and to put him out of his agony would have been impossible for me. Moreover, while there was life there was hope! Scraping up a goodly ball of snow I rolled it close to Don so that he could lick it if he chose. Then I turned aside and could not look again. But I knew that tomorrow or the following day I would find my way back to this wild spot.

The accident to Don and what seemed the inevitable issue weighed heavily upon my mind. Don's eyes haunted me. I very much feared that the hunt had reached an unhappy ending for me. Next day the weather was threat-

ening and, as the hounds were pretty tired, we rested in camp, devoting ourselves to needful tasks. A hundred times I thought of Don, alone out there in the wild brakes. Perhaps merciful death had relieved him of suffering. I would surely find out on the morrow.

But the indefatigable Jones desired to hunt in another direction next day and, as I was by no means sure I could find the place where Don had been left, I had to defer that trip. We had a thrilling hazardous luckless chase, and I for one gave up before it ended.

Weary and dejected I rode back. I could not get Don off my conscience. The pleasant woodland camp did not seem the same place. For the first time the hissing, spitting, chain-clinking, tail-lashing lions caused me irritation and resentment. I would have none of them. What was the capture of a lot of spiteful vicious cats to the life of a noble dog? Slipping my saddle off, I turned Black Bolly loose.

Then I imagined I saw a beautiful black long-eared hound enter the glade. I rubbed my eyes. Indeed there was a dog coming. Don! I shouted my joy and awe. Running like a boy I knelt by him, saying I knew not what. Don wagged his tail! He licked my hand! These actions seemed as marvelous as his return. He looked sick and weak but he was all right. The handkerchief was gone from his neck but the scarf remained, and it was stuck tight where his throat had been lacerated.

Later Emmet examined Don and said we had made a mistake about the jugular vein being severed. Don's injury had been serious, however, and without the prompt aid I had so fortunately given he would soon have bled to

death. Jones shook his gray old locks and said, "Reckon Don's time hadn't come. Hope that will teach him sense." In a couple of days Don had recovered and on the next he was back leading the pack.

A subtle change had come over Don in his relation to me. I did not grasp it so clearly then. Thought and memory afterward brought the realization to me. But there was a light in his eyes for me which had never been there before.

One day Jones and I treed three lions. The largest leaped and ran down into the canyon. The hounds followed. Jones strode after them, leaving me alone with nothing but a camera to keep those two lions up that tree. I had left horse and gun far up the slope. I protested; I yelled after him, "What'll I do if they start down?"

He turned to gaze up at me. His grim face flashed in the sunlight.

"Grab a club an' chase them back," he replied.

Then I was left alone with two ferocious-looking lions in a piñon tree scarcely thirty feet high. While they heard the baying of the hounds they paid no attention to me, but after that ceased they got ugly. Then I hid behind a bush and barked like a dog. It worked beautifully. The lions grew quiet. I barked and yelped and bayed until I lost my voice. Then they got ugly again! They started down. With stones and clubs I kept them up there, while all the time I was wearing to collapse. When at last I was about to give up in terror and despair I heard Don's bay, faint and far away. The lions had heard it before I had. How they strained! I could see the beating of their hearts through their lean sides. My own heart leaped. Don's

bay floated up, wild and mournful. He was coming. Jones had put him on the back trail of the lion that had leaped from the tree.

Deeper and clearer came the bays. How strange that Don should vary from his habit of seldom baying! There was something uncanny in this change. Soon I saw him far down the rocky slope. He was climbing fast. It seemed I had long to wait, yet my fear left me. On and up he came, ringing out that wild bay. It must have curdled the blood of those palpitating lions. It seemed the herald of that bawling pack of hounds.

Don espied me before he reached the piñon in which were the lions. He bounded right past it and up to me with the wildest demeanor. He leaped up and placed his fore-paws on my breast. And as I leaned down, excited and amazed, he licked my face. Then he whirled back to the tree, where he stood up and fiercely bayed the lions. While I sank down to rest, overcome, the familiar baying chorus of the hounds floated up from below. As usual they were far behind the fleet Don, but they were coming.

Another day I found myself alone on the edge of a huge cove that opened down into the main canyon. We were always getting lost from one another. And so were the hounds. There were so many lion trails that the pack would split, some going one way, some another, until it appeared each dog finally had a lion to himself.

It was a glorious day. From far below, faint and soft, came the strange roar of the Rio Colorado. I could see it winding, somber and red, through the sinister chasm. Adventure ceased to exist for me. I was gripped by the

grandeur and loveliness, the desolation and loneliness of the supreme spectacle of nature.

Then as I sat there, absorbed and chained, the spell of enchantment was broken by Don. He had come to me. His mouth was covered with froth. I knew what that meant. Rising, I got my canteen from the saddle and poured water into the crown of my sombrero. Don lapped it. As he drank so thirstily I espied a bloody scratch on his nose.

"Aha! A lion has batted you one, this very morning," I cried. "Don—I fear for you."

He rested while I once more was lost in contemplation of the glory of the canyon. What significant hours these on the lonely heights! But then I only saw and felt.

Presently I mounted my horse and headed for camp, with Don trotting behind. When we reached the notch of the cove the hound let out his deep bay and bounded down a break in the low wall. I dismounted and called. Only another deep bay answered me. Don had scented a lion or crossed one's trail. Suddenly several sharp deep yelps came from below, a crashing of brush, a rattling of stones. Don had jumped another lion.

Quickly I threw off sombrero and coat and chaps. I retained my left glove. Then, with camera over my shoulder and revolver in my belt, I plunged down the break in the crag. My boots were heavy soled and studded with hobnails. The weeks on these rocky slopes had trained me to fleetness and sure-footedness. I plunged down the sliding slant of weathered stone, crashed through the brush, dodged under the cedars, leaped from boulder to ledge and down from ledge to bench. Reaching a dry stream bed, I espied

in the sand the tracks of a big lion, and beside them smaller tracks that were Don's. And as I ran I yelled at the top of my lungs, hoping to help Don tree the lion. What I was afraid of was that the beast might wait for Don and kill him.

Such strenuous exertion required a moment's rest now and then, during which I listened for Don. Twice I heard his bay, and the last one sounded as if he had treed the lion. Again I took to my plunging, jumping, sliding descent; and I was not long in reaching the bottom of that gorge. Ear and eye had guided me unerringly, for I came to an open place near the main jump-off into the canyon, and here I saw a tawny shape in a cedar tree. It belonged to a big Tom lion. He swayed the branch and leaped to a ledge, and from that down to another, and then vanished round a corner of wall.

Don could not follow down those high steps. Neither could I. We worked along the ledge, under cedars, and over huge slabs of rock toward the corner where our quarry had disappeared. We were close to the great abyss. I could almost feel it. Then the glaring light of a void struck my eyes like some tangible thing.

At last I worked out from the shade of rocks and trees, and, turning the abrupt jut of wall, I found a few feet of stone ledge between me and the appalling chasm. How blue, how fathomless! Despite my pursuit of a lion I was suddenly shocked into awe and fear.

Then Don returned to me. The hair on his neck was bristling. He had come from the right, from round the corner of wall where the ledge ran, and where surely the lion had gone. My blood was up and I meant to track that

beast to his lair, photograph him if possible, and kill him. So I strode on to the ledge and round the point of wall. Soon I espied huge cat tracks in the dust, close to the base. A well-defined lion trail showed there. And ahead I saw the ledge—widening somewhat and far from level—stretch before me to another corner.

Don acted queerly. He followed me, close at my heels. He whined. He growled. I did not stop to think then what he wanted to do. But it must have been that he wanted to go back. The heat of youth and the wildness of adventure had gripped me and fear and caution were not in me.

Nevertheless my sensibilities were remarkably acute. When Don got in front of me there was something that compelled me to go slowly. Soon, in any event, I should have been forced to that. The ledge narrowed. Then it widened again to a large bench with cavernous walls overhanging it. I passed this safe zone to turn on to a narrowing edge of rock that disappeared round another corner. When I came to this point I must have been possessed, for I flattened myself against the wall and worked round it.

Again the way appeared easier. But what made Don go so cautiously? I heard his growls; still, no longer did I look at him. I felt this pursuit was nearing an end. At the next turn I halted short, suddenly quivering. The ledge ended—and there lay the lion, licking a bloody paw.

Tumultuous indeed were my emotions, yet on that instant I did not seem conscious of fear. Jones had told me never, in close quarters, to take my eyes off a lion. I forgot. In the wild excitement of a chance for an incomparable picture I forgot. A few precious seconds were wasted over the attempt to focus my camera.

Then I heard quick thuds. Don growled. With a start I jerked up to see the lion had leaped or run half the distance. He was coming. His eyes blazed purple fire. They seemed to paralyze me, yet I began to back along the ledge. Whipping out my revolver I tried to aim. But my nerves had undergone such a shock that I could not aim. The gun wobbled. I dared not risk shooting. If I wounded the lion it was certain he would knock me off that narrow ledge.

So I kept on backing, step by step. Don did likewise. He stayed between me and the lion. Therein lay the greatness of that hound. How easily he could have dodged by me to escape along the ledge! But he did not do it.

A precious opportunity presented when I reached the widest part of the bench. Here I had a chance and I recognized it. Then, when the overhanging wall bumped my shoulder, I realized too late. I had come to the narrowing part of the ledge. Not reason but fright kept me from turning to run. Perhaps that might have been the best way out of the predicament. I backed along the strip of stone that was only a foot wide. A few more blind steps meant death. My nerve was gone. Collapse seemed inevitable. I had a camera in one hand and a revolver in the other.

That purple-eyed beast did not halt. My distorted imagination gave him a thousand shapes and actions. Bitter despairing thoughts flashed through my mind. Jones had said mountain lions were cowards, but not when cornered—never when there was no avenue of escape!

Then Don's haunches backed into my knees. I dared not look down but I felt the hound against me. He was shaking, yet he snarled fiercely. The feel of Don there, the

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sense of his courage, caused my cold thick blood to burst into hot gushes. In another second he would be pawed off the ledge or he would grapple with this hissing lion. That meant destruction for both, for they would roll off the ledge.

I had to save Don. That mounting thought was my salvation. Physically, he could not have saved me or himself, but this grand spirit somehow pierced to my manhood.

Leaning against the wall, I lifted the revolver and steadied my arm with my left hand, which still held the camera. I aimed between the purple eyes. That second was an eternity. The gun crashed. The blaze of one of those terrible eyes went out.

Up leaped the lion, beating the wall with heavy thudding paws. Then he seemed to propel himself outward, off the ledge into space—a tawny spread figure that careened majestically over and over, down—down—down to vanish in the blue depths.

Don whined. I stared at the abyss, slowly becoming unlocked from the grip of terror. I staggered a few steps forward to a wider part of the ledge and there I sank down, unable to stand longer. Don crept to me, put his head in my lap.

I listened. I strained my ears. How endlessly long seemed that lion in falling! But all was magnified. At last puffed up a sliding roar, swelling and dying until again the terrific silence of the canyon enfolded me.

Presently Don sat up and gazed into the depths. How strange to see him peer down! Then he turned his sleek dark head to look at me. What did I see through the somber sadness of his eyes? He whined and licked my hand.

It seemed to me Don and I were more than man and dog. He moved away then round the narrow ledge, and I had to summon energy to follow. Shudderingly, I turned my back on that awful chasm and held my breath while I slipped round the perilous place. Don waited there for me, then trotted on. Not until I had gotten safely off that ledge did I draw a full breath. Then I toiled up the steep rough slope to the rim. Don was waiting beside my horse. Between us we drank the rest of the water in my canteen, and when we reached camp night had fallen. A bright fire and a good supper broke the gloom of my mind. My story held those rugged Westerners spellbound. Don stayed close to me, followed me of his own accord, and slept beside me in my tent.

There came a frosty morning when the sun rose red over the ramparts of colored rock. We had a lion running before the misty shadows dispersed from the canyon depths.

The hounds chased him through the sage and cedar into the wild brakes of the north wind of the Plateau. This lion must have been a mean old Tom, for he did not soon go down the slopes.

The particular section he at last took refuge in was impassable for man. The hounds gave him a grueling chase, then one by one they crawled up, sore and thirsty. All but Don! He did not come. Jones rolled out his mighty voice, which pealed back in mocking hollow echoes. Don did not come. At noonday Jones and the men left for camp with the hounds.

I remained. I had a vigil there on the lofty rim, alone, where I could peer down the yellow-green slope and beyond

to the sinister depths. It was a still day. The silence was overpowering. When Don's haunting bay floated up it shocked me. At long intervals I heard it, fainter and fainter. Then no more!

Still I waited and watched and listened. Afternoon waned. My horse neighed piercingly from the cedars. The sinking sun began to fire the Pink Cliffs of Utah, and then the hundred miles of immense chasm over which my charmed gaze held dominion. How lonely, how terrifying that stupendous rent in the earth! Lion and hound had no fear. But the thinking, feeling man was afraid. What did they mean—this exquisitely hued and monstrous canyon—the setting sun—the wildness of a lion, the grand spirit of a dog—and the wondering sadness of a man?

I rode home without Don. Half the night I lay awake waiting, hoping. But he did not return by dawn, nor through that day. He never came back.

HUMAN[1]

By Zona Gale

Pretty soon the new-old Christmas will be here. I donno but it's here now. Here in the village we've give out time and again that our Christmas isn't going to be just trading (not many of us can call it "shopping" yet without stopping to think, any more than we can say "maid" for hired girl, real easy) and just an exchange of useless gifts. So in the "new" way, little by little the old Christmas is being uncovered from under the store-keepers' Christmas. Till at last we shall have the Christmas of the child in the manger and not of the three kings.

And then we're going to look back on the romance that Christmas had through the long time when meanings have measured themselves commercial. Just as we look back now on the romance of chivalry. And we'll remember all the kindness and the humor of the time that'll be outgrown—even though we wouldn't have the time come back when we looked for Christmas in things—things—things . . . and sometimes found it there.

The week before Christmas, the Friendship Village postoffice, near closing, is regular Bedlam. We all stand in line, with our presents done up, while the man at the window

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weighs everybody else's, and we almost drop in our tracks. And our manners, times like this, is that we never get out o' our place for no one. Not for no one! Only—once we did.

Two nights before Christmas that year I got my next-to-the-last three packages ready and stepped into the post-office with 'em about half-past seven. And at the post-office door I met Mis' Holcomb-that-was-Mame Bliss. She had a work-bag and a shopping-bag and a suit-case, all of 'em bulging full.

"My land!" I says, "you ain't going to mail all them?"

"I am, too," she says, "and I'm that thankful I'm through, and my back aches that hard, I could cry. Twenty-one," she says, grim, "twenty-one presents I've got made out of thought and elbow work, and mighty little money, all ready to mail on time. Now," says she, "I can breathe."

"Kin I carry your satchel, Mis' Holcomb?" says somebody.

We looked down, and there's little Stubby Mosher, that's seven, and not much else to say about him. He ain't got no father, nor not much of any brother, except a no-account one in the city; and his mother has just been sent to the Wooster Hospital by the Cemetery Improvement Sodality that is extending our work to include the sick. We'd persuaded her to go there by Stubby's brother promising to send him to spend Christmas with her. And we were all feeling real tender toward Stubby, because we'd just heard that week that she wasn't going to get well.

"Well, Stubby," says Mis' Holcomb, kind, "yes, I'll be obliged for a lift, if not a lug. You well?" she asks.

"Yes'm," says Stubby, acting green, like a boy will when you ask after his health.

He picked up her suit-case and moved over toward the line. It was an awful long line that night, that reached 'way around past the public desk. In ahead of us was 'most everybody we knew—Abigail Arnold and Mis' Merriman and Libby Liberty and old rich Mis' Wiswell with a bag of packages looking like they might be jewelry, every one. And every one of them was talking as hard as they could about the Christmas things they couldn't get done.

"Might as well settle down for a good visit while we're waiting," I says to Mis' Holcomb, and she made her eyebrows sympathize.

No sooner was we stood up, neat and in line, than in come three folks that was total strangers to me and to the village as well. One was a young girl around twenty, with eyes kind of laughing *at* everything, dressed in blue, with ermine on her hat and an ermine muff as big as one of my spare-room pillows, and three big fresh pink roses on her coat. And one was a youngish fellow, some older than her, in a gray cap, and having no use of his eyes—being they were kept right close on the lady in blue. And the other, I judged, was her father—a nice, jolly, private Santa Claus, in a fur-lined coat. They were in a tearing hurry to get to the general-delivery window, but when they saw the line, and how there was only one window for mail and stamps and all, they fell in behind us, as nice as we was ourselves.

"Let me take you out and you wait in the car, Alison," says the youngish man, anxious.

"Hadn't you better, dear?" says her father, careful.

"Why, but I love this!" she says. "Isn't it *quaint*?" And she laughed again.

Now, I hate that word *quaint*. So does Mis' Holcomb. It always sounds to us like last year's styles. So though her and I had been looking at the three strangers—that we saw were merely passing through in an automobile, like the whole country seems to—with some interest, we both turned our backs and went on visiting and listening to the rest.

"I've got three more to get presents for," says Mis' Merriman in that before-Christmas conversation that everybody takes a hand at, "and what to get them I do *not* know. Don't you ever get up a stump about presents?"

"Stump!" says Libby Liberty, "I live on a stump from the time I start till I stick on the last stamp."

"I've got two more on my list," Mis' Wiswell says, worried, "and it don't seem as if I could take another stitch nor buy another spoon, hat-pin *or* paper-knife. But I know they'll send me something, both of them."

I stood looking at us, tired to death with what we'd been a-making, but sending 'em off with a real lot of love and satisfaction wrapped up in 'em, too. And I thought how we covered up Christmas so deep with work that we hardly ever had time to get at the real Christmas down underneath all the stitches. And yet, there we were, having dropped everything else that we were doing, just because it was Christmas week, and coming from all over town with little things we had made, and standing there in line to send 'em off to folks. And I thought of all the other folks in all the other post-offices in the world, doing the self-same thing that night. And I felt all kind of nice and glowing to think I was one of 'em. Only I did begin to wish we were enough civilized to get the glow some other way.

"I guess it's going to take a long time," says Mis' Holcomb, patient. "Stubby, you needn't wait if you've anything else to do."

"Oh," says Stubby, important, "I've got a present to mail."

A present to mail! When Sodality had been feeding him for five weeks among us!

Mis' Holcomb and I exchanged our next two glances.

"What is it, Stubby?" asks Mis' Holcomb, that is some direct by nature and never denies herself at it.

He looked up kind of shy—he's a nice little boy, when anybody has any time to pay any attention to him.

"It's just this," he said, and took it out from under his coat. It was about as big as a candy box, and he'd wrapped it up himself, and the string was so loose and the paper was so tore that they weren't going to stay by each other past two stations.

"Mercy!" says Mis' Holcomb, "leave me tie it up for you."

She took it. And in order to tie it she had to untie it. And when she done that, what was in it come all untied. And she see, and we both of us see, what was in it. It was a great big pink rose, fresh and real, with a lot of soaking wet paper wrapped round the stem.

"Stubby Mosher!" says Mis' Holcomb straight out, "where'd *you* get this?"

He colored up. "I bought it to the green-house," he says. "I'm a-goin' to shovel paths till the first of March to pay for it. And they gimme one path ahead for postage."

"Who you sending it to?" says Mis' Holcomb, blunt—and I kind of wished she wouldn't, because the folks right round us was beginning to listen.

"To mother," says Stubby.

Mis' Holcomb near dropped the box. "My land!" she said, "why didn't you *take* it to her? You're goin' tomorrow to spend Christmas with her, ain't you?"

Stubby shook his head and swallowed some.

"I ain't going," he told her.

"Ain't going!" Mis' Holcomb says. "*Why* ain't you goin', I'd like to know, when you was promised?"

"My brother wrote he can't," said Stubby. "He's had some money to pay. He can't send me. I—"

He stopped, and looked down on the floor as hard as ever he could, and swallowed like lightning.

"Well, but that's how we got her to go there," Mis' Holcomb says. "We promised her you'd come."

"My brother wrote he can't." Stubby said it over.

Mis' Holcomb looked at me for just one minute. Then her thoughts took shape in her head, and out.

"How much money has Sodality got in the treasury?" she says to me.

"Forty-six cents," says I, that's treasurer and drove to death for a fund for us.

"How much is the fare to Wooster?"

"Three fifty-five each way," says Stubby, ready, but hopeless.

"My land!" says Mis' Holcomb, "they ain't a woman in Sodality that can afford the seven dollars—nor a man in the town'll see it like we do. And no time to raise nothing. And that poor woman off there . . ."

She stared out over the crowd, kind of wild.

The line was edging along up to the window, and still talking about it.

". . . Elsie and Mame that I haven't sent a thing to," Mis' Merriman was saying. "I just must get out and find something to-morrow, if it does get there late. But I'm sure I dunno what . . ."

". . . disappointed me last minute on two Irish crochet collars," Mis' Wiswell was holding forth, in her voice that talks like her vocal cords had gone flat, same as car-wheels.

"I've got company coming to-morrow, and I just simply will *have* to let both presents go, if I stay awake all night about it, as stay awake I s'pose I shall."

Mis' Holcomb looked over at me steady for a minute, like she'd see a thing she couldn't name. Then she kind of give it up, and went on tying Stubby's package. And just then she see what he'd wrote for a Christmas card. It was on a piece of wrapping-paper, and it said:

To My Mother
I Cant Com
Mery Crismas
Stub

"*Merry Christmas!*" Mis' Holcomb says over like she hadn't any strength. Then all of a sudden she stood up.

"Stubby," she says, "you run out a minute, will you? You run over to the grocery and wait for me there a minute—quick. I'll see to your package."

He went when she said that.

And swift as a flash, before I could think at all what she meant, Mis' Holcomb laid Stubby's present down by her suit-case, and wheeled around and whipped two packages

out of her shopping-bag, and faced the line of Friendship Village folks drawn up there to the window, taking their turns.

"Everybody!" she says, loud enough so's they all heard her, "I've got more Christmas presents than I need. I'll auction off some of 'em—all hand-made—to anybody that's short of presents. I'll show 'em to you. Come here and look at 'em, and make a bid."

They looked at her for a minute, perfectly blank; and she was beginning to undo one of 'em. . . . And then all of a sudden I see her plan, what it was; and I walked right over beside of her.

"Don't you leave her undo 'em!" I calls out. "It's for Stubby Mosher," I says, "that can't go, after all, to his mother in the Wooster Hospital, that's going to die—count of his brother not sending him the money. She can't get well—we know that since last week. They's only forty-six cents in Sodality treasury. Let's us buy Mis' Holcomb's presents that she's made and is willing to auction off! Unsight-unseen let us buy 'em! I bid fifty cents."

The line had kind of wavered and broke, and was looking away from itself towards us. The man at the window had stopped weighing and had his head close up, looking out.

Everybody was hushed dumb for a minute. Then it kind of got to Mis' Wiswell—that's had so much trouble that things 'most always get to her easy—and she says out:

"Oh, land! *Is it?* Why, I bid seventy-five then."

"Eighty!" says I, reckless, to egg her on.

Then Libby Liberty kind of come to, and bid ninety, though everybody knew the most she has is egg-money—

and finally it, whatever it was, went to Mis' Wiswell for a dollar.

"Is it a present would do for ladies?" she says, when she made her final bid. "I donno, though, as that matters. One dollar!"

Well, then Mis' Holcomb up with another present, and Mis' Merriman started that one, and though dazed a little yet—some folks daze so terrible easy if you go off an inch from their stamping-ground!—the rest of us, including Abigail Arnold that hadn't ought to have bid at all, got that one up to another dollar, and it went to Mis' Merriman for that. But the next package stuck at fifty cents—not from lack of willingness, I know, but from sheer lack of ways—and it was just going at that when I whispered to Mis' Holcomb:

"What's in this one?"

"Towel with crochet work set in each end and no initial," she says.

"Really?" says a voice behind me.

And there was the young lady in blue, with the ermine and the roses. And I see all of a sudden that she didn't look to be laughing at us at all, but her eyes were bright, and she was kind of flushed up, and it come to me that she would have bidded before, only she was sort of watching us—mebbe because she thought we were *quaint*. But I didn't have time to bother with that thought much, not then.

"I'll give two dollars for that," she says.

"Done!" says Mis' Holcomb, real auctioneer-like, and with her cheeks red, and her hat on one ear, and her hand going up and down. "Now this one—who'll bid on this

one?" says she, putting up another. "How much for this? How much—"

"How much is the fare to where he's going?" says somebody else strange, and there was the youngish fellow speaking, that was with her with the roses.

"Seven-ten round trip to Wooster," says Mis' Holcomb, instant.

"Why, then, I bid three-ten for whatever you have there," he says laughing.

But Mis' Holcomb, instead of flaming up because now the whole money for Stubby's fare was raised, just stood there looking at that youngish man, mournful all over her face.

"It's a hand-embroidered dressing-sack," she says melancholy. "You don't never want that!"

"Yes—yes, I do," he says, still laughing, "yes, I do. It's a straight bid."

"Oh, my land!" says Mis' Holcomb, her voice slipping, "then we've got it. We've got it all right here!"

But while she was a-saying it, a big, deep voice boomed out all over her and the rest that was exclaiming.

"Ticket to where?" says the private-Santa-Claus-looking man in the fur coat.

"Wooster, this state," says I, being Mis' Holcomb was almost speechless.

"Well, now," says the private Santa Claus, "don't we go pretty close to Wooster? Where's that map we wore out? Well, I know we go pretty close to Wooster. Why can't we take your Master Stubby to Wooster in the car? We're going on to-night—if we ever get to that general-delivery window," he ends in a growl.

And *that* was the time the line made way—the line that never moves for no one. And the Santa Claus man went up and got his mail.

And while he was a-doing it, I run out after Stubby, setting on a barrel in the grocery, happy with three cranberries they'd give him. And as I come back in the door with him, I see Mis' Holcomb just showing his rose to the young lady with the ermine and the roses. And then I see for sure by the young lady's eyes that she wasn't the way I'd thought she was—laughing *at* us. Why, her eyes were as soft and understanding as if she didn't have a cent to her name. And I dunno but more so.

"Oh, father," I heard her say, "I'm glad we came in for the mail ourselves. *What* if we hadn't?"

And I concluded I didn't mind that word *quaint* half as much as I thought I did.

Every last one of the line went out of the post-office to see Stubby off, and the man at the window, he came too. They had a big warm coat they put the little boy into, and we wrapped up his rose and put that in the car, so's it would get there sooner and save the postage, same time, and they tucked him away as snug as a bug in a rug, his little face just shining out for joy.

"Oh, and you can buy your presents back now," says Libby Liberty to Mis' Holcomb right in the middle of it.

"No, sir," says Mis' Holcomb, proud. "A bargain is a bargain, and I made mine." And then she thought of something. "Oh," she says, leaning forward to the window of the car, "don't you want to sell your presents back again?"

"No!" they all told her together. "We made a straight bid, you know."

"*Then*," says Mis' Holcomb, "let's us give Stubby the money to put in his pocket and take the one-way fare to his mother!"

And that was what they done. And the big car rolled off down Daphne Street, with Stubby in it going like a king.

And when we all got back in the post-office, what do you s'pose? There was the crocheted towel and the hand-embroidered dressing-sack slipped back all safe into Mis' Holcomb's shopping-bag!

But she wouldn't take the other things back—she would not, no matter what Mis' Wiswell and Mis' Merriman said.

"I can crochet a couple of things to-morrow like lightning," says Mis' Holcomb. "You don't want me to be done out of my share in Stubby's Christmas, do you?" she asks 'em.

And we all stood there, talking and laughing and going over it and clean forgetting all about the United States mails, till the man at the window called out:

"'Leven minutes and a quarter before the mail closes!"

We all started back to the windows, but nobody could remember just exactly where anybody was standing before, and they all wanted everybody to go up first and step in ahead of them. And the line, instead of being a line with some of 'em ahead of others and all trying to hurry, was just a little group, with each giving everybody their turn, peaceful and good-willing. And all of a sudden it was like Christmas had come, up through all the work and the

itches, and was right there in the Friendship Village ost-office with us.

"Goodness!" says Mis' Holcomb in my ear, "I was ore to the bone getting ready my Christmas things. But ow I'm real rested."

"So am I," I says.

And so was every one of us, I know, falling back into ne there by the window. All rested, and not feeling hur- ied nor nothing: only human.

A PATRON OF ART[1]

By Richard Harding Davis

Young Carstairs and his wife had a studio at Fifty-seventh Street and Sixth Avenue, where Carstairs painted pictures and Mrs. Carstairs mended stockings and wrote letters home to her people in Vermont. Young Carstairs had had a picture in the Salon, and was getting one ready for the Academy, which he hoped to have accepted if he lived long enough to finish it. They were very poor. Not so poor that there was any thought of Carstairs starving to death, but there was at least a possibility that he would not be able to finish his picture in the studio for which he could not pay the rent. He was very young and had no business to marry; but she was willing, and her people had an idea it would come out all right. They had only three hundred dollars left, and it was mid-winter.

Carstairs went out to sketch Broadway at One Hundred and Fifty-ninth Street, where it is more of a country road than anything else, and his hands almost froze while he was getting down the black lines of the bare trees, and the deep, irregular ruts in the road, where the mud showed through the snow. He intended to put a yellow sky behind this, and a house with smoke coming out of the

[1] From *Van Bibber and Others*. By permission of Harper & Brothers.

himney, and with red light shining through the window, nd call it *Winter*.

A horse and buggy stopped just back of him, and he was onscious from the shadows on the snow that the driver as looking down from his perch.

Carstairs paid no attention to his spectator. He was sed to working with Park policemen and nursery-maids

oking over his shoulder and making audible criticisms giggling hysterically. So he sketched on and became unnscious of the shadow falling on the snow in front of him; nd when he looked up about a quarter of an hour later nd noticed that the shadow was still there, he smiled at the ibute such mute attention paid his work. When the sketch as finished he leaned back and closed one eye, and moved s head from side to side and surveyed it critically. Then

he heard a voice over his shoulder say, in sympathetic tones: "Purty good, isn't it?" He turned and smiled at his critic, and found him to be a fat, red-faced old gentleman, wrapped in a great fur coat with fur driving-gloves and fur cap.

"You didn't mind my watching you, did you?" asked the old gentleman.

Carstairs said no, he did not mind. The other said that it must be rather cold drawing in such weather, and Carstairs said yes, it was; but that you couldn't get winter and snow in June.

"Exactly," said the driver; "you've got to take it as it comes. How are you going back?"

Carstairs said he would walk to One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street and take the elevated.

"You'd better get in here," said the older man. "Do you know anything about trotting?" Carstairs got in, and showed that he did know something about trotting by his comments on the mare in front of him. This seemed to please the old gentleman, and he beamed on Carstairs approvingly. He asked him a great many questions about his work, and told him that he owned several good pictures himself, but admitted that it was at his wife's and daughter's suggestion that he had purchased them. "They made me get 'em when we were in Paris," he said, "and they cost a lot of money, and a heap more before I got 'em through the Custom-house." He mentioned the names of the artists who had painted them, and asked Carstairs if he had ever heard of them, and Carstairs said yes, that he knew of them all, and had studied under some of them.

"They're purty high up, I guess," suggested the driver, tentatively.

"Oh, yes," Carstairs answered, lending himself to the other's point of view, "you needn't be afraid of ever losing on your investment. Those pictures will be worth more every year."

This seemed to strike the older man as a very sensible way to take his gallery, and he said, when they had reached the studio, that he would like to see more of Mr. Carstairs and to look at his pictures. His name, he said, was Cole. Carstairs smilingly asked him if he was any relation to the railroad king, of whom the papers spoke as King Cole, and was somewhat embarrassed when the old gentleman replied, gravely, that he was that King Cole himself. Carstairs had a humorous desire to imprison him in his studio and keep him for ransom. Some one held the horse, and the two men went up to the sixth floor and into Carstairs's studio, where they discovered pretty Mrs. Carstairs in the act of sewing a new collar-band on one of her husband's old shirts. She went on at this while the railroad king, who seemed a very simple, kindly old gentleman, wandered around the studio and turned over the pictures, but made no comment. It had been a very cold drive, and Carstairs felt chilled, so he took the hot water his wife had for her tea and some Scotch whiskey and a bit of lemon, and filled a glass with it for his guest and for himself. Mrs. Carstairs rose and put some sugar in King Cole's glass and stirred it for him, and tasted it out of the spoon and coughed, which made the old gentleman laugh. Then he lighted a cigar, and sat back in a big arm-chair and asked many questions, until, before they knew it, the young people had told him a great deal about themselves—almost everything except that they were poor. He could never guess that, they

thought, because the studio was so handsomely furnished and in such a proper neighborhood. It was late in the afternoon, and quite dark, when their guest departed, without having made any comment on the paintings he had seen, and certainly without expressing any desire to purchase one.

Mrs. Carstairs said, when her husband told her who their guest had been, that they ought to have held a pistol to his head and made him make out a few checks for them while they had him about. "Billionaires don't drop in like that every day," said she. "I really don't think we appreciated our opportunity."

They were very much surprised a few days later when the railroad king rang at the door, and begged to be allowed to come in and get warm, and to have another glass of hot Scotch. He did this very often, and they got to like him very much. He said he did not care for his club and his room at home was too strongly suggestive of the shop, on account of the big things he had thought over there, but that their studio was so bright and warm; and they reminded him, he said, of the days when he was first married, before he was rich. They tried to imagine what he was like when he was first married, and failed utterly. Mrs. Carstairs was quite sure he was not at all like her husband.

. . . . . .

There was a youth who came to call on the Misses Cole who had a great deal of money, and who was a dilettante in art. He had had a studio in Paris, where he had spent the last two years, and he wanted one, so he said at dinner one day, in New York.

Old Mr. Cole was seated but one place away from him, and was wondering when the courses would stop and he could get upstairs. He did not care for the dinners his wife gave, but she always made him come to them. He never could remember whether the roast came before or after the bird, and he was trying to guess how much longer it would be before he would be allowed to go when he overheard the young man at his daughter's side speaking.

"The only studio in the building that I would care to have," said the young man, "is occupied at present. A young fellow named Carstairs has it, but he is going to give it up next week, when I will move in. He has not been successful in getting rid of his pictures, and he and his wife are going back to Vermont to live. I feel rather sorry for the chap, for he is really very clever and only needs a start. It is almost impossible for a young artist to get on here, I imagine, unless he knows people, or unless some one who is known buys his work."

"Yes," said Miss Cole, politely. "Didn't you say you met the Whelen girls before you left Paris? Were they really such a success at Homburg?"

Mr. Cole did not eat any more dinner, but sat thoughtfully until he was allowed to go. Then he went out into the hall, and put on his overcoat and hat.

The Carstairses were dismantling the studio. They had been at it all day, and they were very tired. It seemed so much harder work to take the things down and pack them away than it did to unpack them and put them up in appropriate corners and where they would show to the best advantage.

The studio looked very bare indeed, for the rugs and altar cloths and old curtains had been stripped from the walls, and the pictures and arms and plaques lay scattered all over the floor. It was only a week before Christmas, and it seemed a most inappropriate time to evict one's self.

"And it's hardest," said Carstairs, as he rolled up a great Daghestan rug and sat on it, "to go back and own up that you're a failure."

"A what!" cried young Mrs. Carstairs, indignantly. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself? You're not a failure. It's the New-Yorkers who don't know what's good when it's shown them. They'll buy all those nasty French pictures because they're expensive and showy, and they can't understand what's true and good. They're not educated up to it, and they won't be for fifty years yet."

"Fifty years is a long time to wait," said her husband, resignedly, "but if necessary we can give them that much time. And we were to have gone abroad, and taken dinner at Bignon's, and had a studio in Montmartre."

"Well, you needn't talk about that just now," said Mrs. Carstairs, as she shook out an old shawl. "It's not cheerful."

There came a knock at the door, and the railroad king walked in, covered with snow. "Goodness me!" exclaimed King Cole, "what are you doing?"

They told him they were going back to Vermont to spend Christmas and the rest of the winter.

"You might have let me know you were going," said the king. "I had something most important to say to you, and you almost gave me the slip."

He seated himself very comfortably and lighted a fat,

black cigar, which he chewed as he smoked. "You know," he said, "that I was brought up in Connecticut. I own the old homestead there still, and a tenant of mine lives in it. I've got a place in London, or, I mean, my wife has, and one in Scotland, and one in Brittany, a château, and one in—well, I've a good many here and there. I keep 'em closed till I want 'em. I've never been to the shooting-place in Scotland—my sons go there—nor to the London house, but I have to the French place, and I like it next best to only one other place on earth. Because it's among big trees and on a cliff, where you can see the ships all day, and the girls in colored petticoats catching those little fish you eat with brown bread. I go there in the summer and sit on the cliff, and smoke and feel just as good as though I owned the whole coast and all the sea in sight. I bought a number of pictures of Brittany, and the girls had the place photographed by a fellow from Paris, with the traps in the front yard, and themselves and their friends on the front terrace in groups. But it never seemed to me to be just what I remembered of the place. And so what I want to ask is, if you'll go up to my old place in Connecticut and paint me a picture of it as I used to know it when I was a boy, so that I can have it by me in my room. A picture with the cow-path leading up from the pool at the foot of the hill, and the stone walls, and the corn piled on the fields, and the pumpkins lying around, and the sun setting behind the house. Paint it on one of these cold, snappy afternoons, when your blood tingles and you feel good that you're alive. And when you get through with that, I'd like you to paint me a picture to match it of the château, and as many little sketches of the fishermen, and

the girls with the big white hats and bare legs and red petticoats, as you choose. You can live in the homestead till that picture's done, and then you can cross over and live in the château.

"I don't see that there is anything wrong in painting a picture to order, is there? You paint a portrait to order; why shouldn't you paint an old house, or a beautiful castle on a cliff, with the sea beyond it? If you wish, I'll close with you now and call it a bargain."

Mrs. Carstairs had been standing all this time with an unframed picture in one hand and a dust brush in the other, and her husband had been sitting on the rolled-up Turkish rug and trying not to look at her.

"I'd like to do it very well," he said simply.

"Well, that's good," replied the railroad king, heartily. "You'll need a retaining fee, I suppose, like lawyers do; and you put your best work on the two pictures and remember what they mean to *me*, and put the spirit of home into them. It's my home you're painting, do you understand? I think you do. That's why I asked you instead of asking any of the others. Now, you know how I feel about it, and you put the feeling into the picture; and as to the price, you ask whatever you please, and you live at my houses and at my expense until the work is done. If I don't see you again," he said, as he laid a check down on the table among the brushes and paint tubes and cigars, "I will wish you a merry Christmas." Then he hurried out and banged the door behind him and escaped their thanks, and left them alone together.

The pictures of Breton life and landscape were ex-

ibited a year later in Paris, and in the winter in New York, and, as they bore the significant numerals of the alon on the frame, they were immediately appreciated, nd many people asked the price. But the attendant said hey were already sold to Mr. Cole, the railroad king, who ad purchased also the great artistic success of the exhibi-ion—an old farmhouse with a wintry landscape, and the ord "Home" printed beneath it.

THE HEART OF LITTLE SHIKARA[1]

By Edison Marshall

I

If it hadn't been for a purple moon that came peering up above the dark jungle just at nightfall, it would have been impossible to tell that Little Shikara was at his watch. He was really just the color of the shadows—a rather pleasant brown—he was very little indeed, and besides, he was standing very, very still. If he was trembling at all, from anticipation and excitement, it was no more than Nahar the tiger trembles as he crouches in ambush. But the moon did show him—peering down through the leaf-clusters of the heavy vines—and shone very softly in his wide-open dark eyes.

And it was a purple moon—no other color that man could name. It looked almost unreal, like a paper moon painted very badly by a clumsy stage-hand. The jungle-moon quite often has that peculiar purplish tint, most travelers know, but few of them indeed ever try to tell what causes it. This particular moon probed down here and there between the tall bamboos, transformed the jungle—just now waking—into a mystery and a fairyland,

[1] Published in *Everybody's Magazine*, January, 1921. Reprinted with permission of the author, the publishers, and Hodder & Stoughton, Limited, London.

glinted on a hard-packed elephant trail that wound away nto the thickets, and always came back to shine on the coal-black Oriental eyes of the little boy beside the village gate. It showed him standing very straight and just as tall is his small stature would permit, and looked oddly silvery and strange on his long, dark hair. Little Shikara, son of Khoda Dunnoo, was waiting for the return of a certain idol and demigod who was even now riding home in his *howdah* from the tiger hunt.

Others of the villagers would be down to meet Warwick Sahib as soon as they heard the shouts of his beaters—but Little Shikara had been waiting almost an hour. Likely if they had known about it, they would have commented on his badness, because he was notoriously bad, if indeed —as the villagers told each other—he was not actually cursed with evil spirits.

In the first place, he was almost valueless as a herder of buffalo. Three times, when he had been sent with the other boys to watch the herds in their wallows, he had left his post and crept away into the fringe of jungle on what was unquestionably some mission of witchcraft. For small naked brown boys, as a rule, do not go alone and unarmed nto the thick bamboos. Too many things can happen to prevent their ever coming out again; too many brown silent ribbons crawl in the grass, or too many yellow, striped creatures, no less lithe, lurk in the thickets. But he strangest thing of all—and the surest sign of witch-raft—was that he had always come safely out again, yet with never any satisfactory explanations as to why he had one. He had always looked some way very joyful and remulous—and perhaps even pale if from the nature of

things a brown boy ever can look pale. But it was the kind of paleness that one has after a particularly exquisite experience. It was not the dumb, teeth-chattering paleness of fear.

"I saw the sergeant of the jungle," Little Shikara said after one of these excursions. And this made no sense at all.

"There are none of the king's soldiers here," the brown village folk replied to him. "Either thou liest to us, or thine eyes lied to thee. And didst thou also see the chevron that told his rank?"

"That was the way I knew him. It was the black bear, and he wore the pale chevron low on his throat."

This was Little Shikara all over. Of course he referred to the black Himalayan bear which all men know wears a yellowish patch, of chevron shape, just in front of his fore legs; but why he should call him a jungle-sergeant was quite beyond the wit of the village folk to say. Their imagination did not run in that direction. It never even occurred to them that Little Shikara might be a born jungle creature, expatriated by the accident of birth—one of that free, strange breed that can never find peace in the villages of men.

"But remember the name we gave him," his mother would say. "Perhaps he is only living up to his name."

For there are certain native hunters in India that are known, far and wide, as the Shikaris; and possibly she meant in her tolerance that her little son was merely a born huntsman. But in reality Little Shikara was not named for these men at all. Rather it was for a certain fleet-winged little hawk, a hunter of sparrows, that is one of the most free spirits in all the jungle.

And it was almost like taking part in some great hunt himself—to be waiting at the gate for the return of Warwick Sahib. Even now, the elephant came striding out of the shadows; and Little Shikara could see the trophy. The hunt had indeed been successful, and the boy's glowing eyes beheld—even in the shadows—the largest, most beautiful tiger skin he had ever seen. It was the great Nahar, the royal tiger, who had killed one hundred cattle from near-by fields.

Warwick Sahib rode in his *howdah*; and he did not seem to see the village people that came out to meet him. In truth, he seemed half-asleep, his muscles limp, his gray eyes full of thoughts. He made no answer to the triumphant shouts of the village-folk. Little Shikara glanced once at the lean, bronzed face, the limp, white, thin hands, and something like a shiver of ecstasy went clear to his ten toes. For like many other small boys, all over the broad world, he was a hero-worshiper to the last hair of his head; and this quiet man on the elephant was to him beyond all measure the most wonderful living creature on the earth.

He didn't cry out, as the others did. He simply stood in mute worship, his little body tingling with glory. Warwick Sahib had looked up now, and his slow eyes were sweeping the line of brown faces. But still he did not seem to see them. And then—wonder of wonders—his eyes rested full on the eyes of his little worshiper beside the gate.

But it was quite the way of Warwick Sahib to sweep his gray, tired-out eyes over a scene and seemingly perceive nothing; yet in reality absorbing every detail with the accuracy of a photographic plate. And his seeming in-

difference was not a pose with him, either. He was just a great sportsman who was also an English gentleman, and he had learned certain lessons of impassiveness from the wild. Only one of the brown faces he beheld was worth a lingering glance. And when he met that one his eyes halted in their sweeping survey—and Warwick Sahib smiled.

That face was the brown, eager visage of Little Shikara. And the blood of the boy flowed to the skin, and he glowed red all over through the brown.

It was only the faintest of quiet, tolerant smiles; but it meant more to him than almost any kind of an honor could have meant to the prematurely gray man in the *howdah*. The latter passed on to his estate, and some of the villagers went back to their women and their thatch huts. But still Little Shikara stood motionless—and it wasn't until the thought suddenly came to him that possibly the beaters had already gathered and were telling the story of the kill that with startling suddenness he raced back through the gates to the village.

Yes, the beaters had assembled in a circle under a tree, and most of the villagers had gathered to hear the story. He slipped in among them, and listened with both outstanding little ears. Warwick Sahib had dismounted from his elephant as usual, the beaters said, and with but one attendant had advanced up the bed of a dry creek. This was quite like Warwick Sahib, and Little Shikara felt himself tingling again. Other hunters, particularly many of the rich sahibs from across the sea, shot their tigers from the security of the *howdah*; but this wasn't Warwick's way of doing. The male tiger had risen snarling from his lair, and had been felled at the first shot.

Most of the villagers had supposed that the story would end at this point. Warwick Sahib's tiger hunts were usually just such simple and expeditious affairs. The gun would lift to his shoulder, the quiet eyes would glance along the barrel—and the tiger, whether charging or standing still, would speedily die. But to-day there had been a curious epilogue. Just as the beaters had started toward the fallen animal, and the white Heaven-born's cigaret-case was open in his hand, Nahara, Nahar's great, tawny mate, had suddenly sprung forth from the bamboo thickets.

She drove straight to the nearest of the beaters. There was no time whatever for Warwick to take aim. His rifle leaped, like a live thing, in his arms, but not one of the horrified beaters had seen his eyes lower to the sights. Yet the bullet went home—they could tell by the way the tiger flashed to her breast in the grass.

Yet she was only wounded. One of the beaters, starting, had permitted a bough of a tree to whip Warwick in the face, and the blow had disturbed what little aim he had. It was almost a miracle that he had hit the great cat at all. At once the thickets had closed around her, and the beaters had been unable to drive her forth again.

The circle was silent thereafter. They seemed to be waiting for Khusru, one of the head men of the village, to give his opinion. He knew more about the wild animals than any mature native in the assembly, and his comments on the hunting stories were usually worth hearing.

"We will not be in the honored service of the Protector of the Poor at this time a year from now," he said.

They all waited tensely. Shikara shivered. "Speak, Khusru," they urged him.

"Warwick Sahib will go again to the jungles—and Nahara will be waiting. She owes two debts. One is the killing of her mate—and ye know that these two tigers have been long and faithful mates. Do ye think she will let that debt go unpaid? She will also avenge her own wound."

"Perhaps she will die of bleeding," one of the others suggested.

"Nay, or ye would have found her this afternoon. Ye know that it is the wounded tiger that is most to be feared. One day, and he will go forth in pursuit of her again; and then ye will not see him riding back so grandly on his elephant. Perhaps she will come here, to carry away *our* children."

Again Shikara tingled—hoping that Nahara would at least come close enough to cause excitement. And that night, too happy to keep silent, he told his mother of Warwick Sahib's smile. "And some time I—I, thine own son," he said as sleepiness came upon him, "will be a killer of tigers, even as Warwick Sahib."

"Little sparrow-hawk," his mother laughed at him. "Little one of mighty words, only the great sahibs that come from afar, and Warwick Sahib himself, may hunt the tiger. So how canst thou, little worthless?"

"I will soon be grown," he persisted, "and I—I too—will some time return with such a tiger skin as the great Heaven-born brought this afternoon." Little Shikara was very sleepy, and he was telling his dreams much more frankly than was his wont. "And the village folk will come out to meet me with shoutings, and I will tell them of the shot—in the circle under the tree."

"And where, little hawk, wilt thou procure thine elehants, and such rupees as are needed?"

"Warwick Sahib shoots from the ground—and so will I. nd sometimes he goes forth with only one attendant—nd I will not need even one. And who can say—perhaps he ill find me even a bolder man than Gunga Singhai; and e will take me in his place on the hunts in the jungles."

For Gunga Singhai was Warwick Sahib's own personal ttendant and gun-carrier—the native that the Protector f the Poor could trust in the tightest places. So it was nly to be expected that Little Shikara's mother should augh at him. The idea of her son being an attendant of Varwick Sahib, not to mention a hunter of tigers, was only tale to tell her husband when the boy's bright eyes were losed in sleep.

"Nay, little man," she told him. "Would I want thee orn to pieces in Nahara's claws? Would I want thee melling of the jungle again, as thou didst after chasing he water-buck through the bamboos? Nay—thou wilt be herdsman, like thy father—and perhaps gather many upees."

But Little Shikara did not want to think of rupees. ven now, as sleep came to him, his childish spirit had left he circle of thatch roofs, and had gone on tremulous exeditions into the jungle. Far away, the trumpet-call of a ild tusker trembled through the moist, hot night; and reat bell-shaped flowers made the air pungent and heavy ith perfume. A tigress skulked somewhere in a thicket cking an injured leg with her rough tongue, pausing to sten to every sound the night gave forth. Little Shikara hispered in his sleep.

A half mile distant, in his richly furnished bungalow, Warwick Sahib dozed over his after-dinner cigar. He was in evening clothes, and crystal and silver glittered on his board. But his gray eyes were half-closed; and the gleam from his plate could not pass the long, dark lashes. For his spirit was far distant too—on the jungle trails with that of Little Shikara.

II

One sunlit morning, perhaps a month after the skin of Nahar was brought in from the jungle, Warwick Sahib's mail was late. It was an unheard-of thing. Always before just as the clock struck eight, he would hear the cheerful tinkle of the postman's bells. At first he considered complaining; but as morning drew to early afternoon he began to believe that investigation would be the wiser course:

The postman's route carried him along an old elephant trail through a patch of thick jungle beside one of the tributaries of the Manipur. When natives went out to look, he was neither on the path nor drowned in the creek, nor yet in his thatched hut at the other end of his route. The truth was that this particular postman's bell would never be heard by human ears again. And there was enough evidence in the wet mold of the trail to know what had occurred.

That night the circle under the tree was silent and shivering. "Who is next?" they asked of one another. The jungle night came down, breathless and mysterious, and now and then a twig was cracked by a heavy foot at the edge of the thickets. In Warwick's house, the great Prod

ector of the Poor took his rifles from their cases and fitted hem together.

"To-morrow," he told Gunga Singhai, "we will settle for hat postman's death."

Singhai breathed deeply, but said nothing. Perhaps his lark eyes brightened. The tiger hunts were nearly as great a delight to him as they were to Warwick himself.

But while Nahara, lame from Warwick's bullet, could no longer overtake cattle, she did with great skilfulness avoid the onrush of the beaters. Again Little Shikara waited at the village gate for his hero to return; but the beaters walked silently to-night. Nor were there any tales to be told under the tree.

Nahara, a fairly respectable cattle-killer before, had become in a single night one of the worst terrors of India. Of course she was still a coward, but she had learned, by virtue of a chance meeting with a postman on a trail after a week of heart-devouring starvation, two or three extremely portentous lessons. One of them was that not even the little deer, drinking beside the Manipur, died half so easily as these tall, forked forms of which she had previously been so afraid. She found out also that they could neither run swiftly nor walk silently, and they could be approached easily even by a tiger that cracked a twig with every step. It simplified the problem of living immensely; and just as any other feline would have done, she took the line of least resistance. If there had been plenty of carrion in the jungle, Nahara might never have hunted men. But the kites and the jackals looked after the carrion; and they were much swifter and keener-eyed than a lame tiger.

She knew enough not to confine herself to one village; and it is rather hard to explain how any lower creature that obviously cannot reason, could have possessed this knowledge. Perhaps it was because she had learned that a determined hunt, with many beaters and men on elephants, invariably followed her killings. It was always well to travel just as far as possible from the scene. She found out also that, just as a doe is easier felled than a horned buck, certain of this new kind of game were more easily taken than the others. Sometimes children played at the door of their huts, and sometimes old men were afflicted with such maladies that they could not flee at all. All these things Nahara learned; and in learning them she caused a certain civil office of the British Empire to put an exceedingly large price on her head.

Gradually the fact dawned on her that unlike the deer and the buffalo, this new game was more easily hunted in the daylight—particularly in that tired-out, careless twilight hour when the herders and the plantation hands came in from their work. At night the village folk kept in their huts, and such wood-cutters and gipsies as slept without wakened every hour to tend their fires. Nahara was deathly afraid of fire. Night after night she would creep round and round a gipsy camp, her eyes like two pale blue moons in the darkness, and would never dare attack.

And because she was taking her living in a manner forbidden by the laws of the jungle, the glory and beauty of her youth quickly departed from her. There are no prisons for those that break the jungle laws, no courts and no appointed officers; but because these are laws that go down to the roots of life, punishment is always swift and in-

evitable. "Thou shalt not kill men," is the first law of the wild creatures; and every one knows that any animal or breed of animals that breaks this law has sooner or later been hunted down and slain—just like any other murderer. The mange came upon her, and she lost flesh, and certain of her teeth began to come out. She was no longer the beautiful female of her species, to be sung to by the weaver-birds as she passed beneath. She was a hag and a vampire, hatred of whom lay deep in every human heart in her hunting range.

Often the hunting was poor, and sometimes she went many days in a stretch without making a single kill. And in all beasts, high and low, this is the last step to the worst degeneracy of all. It instills a curious, terrible kind of blood-lust—to kill, not once, but as many times as possible in the same hunt; to be content not with one death, but to slay and slay until the whole herd is destroyed. It is the instinct that makes a little weasel kill all the chickens in a coop, when one was all it could possibly carry away, and that will cause a wolf to leap from sheep to sheep in a fold until every one is dead. Nahara didn't get a chance to kill every day; so when the opportunity did come, like a certain pitiable kind of human hunter who comes from afar to hunt small game, she killed as many times as she could in quick succession. And the British Empire raised the price on her head.

One afternoon found her within a half-mile of Warwick's bungalow, and for five days she had gone without food. One would not have thought of her as a royal tigress, the queen of the felines and one of the most beautiful of all living things. And since she was still tawny and grace-

ful, it would be hard to understand why she no longer gave the impression of beauty. It was simply gone, as a flame goes, and her queenliness was wholly departed too. In some vague way she had become a poisonous, a ghastly thing, to be named with such outcasts as the jackals or hyenas.

Excessive hunger, in most of the flesh-eating animals, is really a first cousin to madness. It brings bad dreams and visions, and, worst of all, it induces an insubordination to all the forest laws of man and beast. A well-fed wolf-pack will run in stark panic from a human being; but even the wisest of mountaineers do not care to meet the same gray band in the starving times of winter. Starvation brings recklessness, a desperate frenzied courage that is likely to upset all of one's preconceived notions as to the behavior of animals. It also brings, so that all men may be aware of its presence, a peculiar lurid glow to the balls of the eyes.

In fact, the two pale circles of fire were the most noticeable characteristics of the long, tawny cat that crept through the bamboos. Except for them, she would hardly have been discernible at all. The yellow grass made a perfect background, her black stripes looked like the streaks of shadow between the stalks of bamboo, and for one that is lame she crept with an astounding silence. One couldn't have believed that such a great creature could lie so close to the earth and be so utterly invisible in the low thickets.

A little peninsula of dwarf bamboos and tall jungle grass extended out into the pasture before the village and Nahara crept out clear to its point. She didn't seem to be moving.

One couldn't catch the stir and draw of muscles. And yet she slowly glided to the end; then began her wait: her head sunk low, her body grew tense, her tail whipped softly back and forth, with as easy a motion as the swaying of a serpent. The light flamed and died and flamed and died again in her pale eyes.

Soon a villager, who had been working in Warwick's fields, came trotting in Oriental fashion across the meadow. His eyes were only human, and he did not see the tawny shape in the tall grass. If any one had told him that a full-grown tigress could have crept to such a place and still remained invisible, he would have laughed. He was going to his thatch hut, to brown wife and babies, and it was no wonder that he trotted swiftly. The muscles of the great cat bunched, and now the whipping tail began to have a little vertical motion that is the final warning of a spring.

The man was already in leaping range; but the tiger had learned, in many experiences, always to make sure. Still she crouched—a single instant in which the trotting native came two paces nearer. Then the man drew up with a gasp of fright.

For just as the clear outlines of an object that has long been concealed in a maze of light and shadow will often leap, with sudden vividness, to the eyes, the native suddenly perceived the tiger.

He caught the whole dread picture—the crouching form, the terrible blue lights of the eyes, the whipping tail. The gasp he uttered from his closing throat seemed to act like the fall of a firing-pin against a shell on the bunched muscles of the animal; and she left her covert in a streak of tawny light.

But Nahara's leaps had never been quite accurate since she had been wounded by Warwick's bullet, months before. They were usually straight enough for the general purposes of hunting, but they missed by a long way the "theoretical center of impact" of which artillery officers speak. Her lame paw always seemed to disturb her balance. By remembering it, she could usually partly overcome the disadvantage; but to-day, in the madness of her hunger, she had been unable to remember anything except the terrible rapture of killing. This circumstance alone, however, would not have saved the native's life. Even though her fangs missed his throat, the power of the blow and her rending talons would have certainly snatched away his life as a storm snatches a leaf. But there was one other determining factor. The Burman had seen the tiger just before she leaped; and although there had been no time for conscious thought, his guardian reflexes had flung him to one side in a single frenzied effort to miss the full force of the spring.

The result of both these things was that he received only an awkward, sprawling blow from the animal's shoulder. Of course he was hurled to the ground; for no human body in the world is built to withstand the ton or so of shocking power of a three-hundred-pound cat leaping through the air. The tigress sprawled down also, and because she lighted on her wounded paw, she squealed with pain. It was possibly three seconds before she had forgotten the stabbing pain in her paw and had gathered herself to spring on the unconscious form of the native. And that three seconds gave Warwick Sahib, sitting at the window of his study, an opportunity to seize his rifle and fire.

Warwick knew tigers, and he had kept the rifle always ready for just such a need as this. The distance was nearly five hundred yards, and the bullet went wide of its mark. Nevertheless, it saved the native's life. The great cat remembered this same far-off explosion from another day, in a dry creek-bed of months before, and the sing of the bullet was a remembered thing too. Although it would speedily return to her, her courage fled and she turned and raced into the bamboos.

In an instant, Warwick was on his great veranda, calling his beaters. Gunga Singhai, his faithful gun-carrier, slipped shells into the magazine of his master's high-calibered close-range tiger-rifle. "The elephant, Sahib?" he asked swiftly.

"Nay, this will be on foot. Make the beaters circle about the fringe of bamboos. Thou and I will cross the eastern field and shoot at her as she breaks through."

But there was really no time to plan a complete campaign. Even now, the first gray of twilight was blurring the sharp outlines of the jungle, and the soft jungle night was hovering, ready to descend. Warwick's plan was to cut through to a certain little creek that flowed into the river and with Singhai to continue on the edge of the bamboos that overlooked a wide field. The beaters would prevent the tigress from turning back beyond the village, and it was at least possible that he would get a shot at her as she burst from the jungle and crossed the field to the heavier thickets beyond.

"Warwick Sahib walks into the teeth of his enemy," Khusru, the hunter, told a little group that watched from the village gate. "Nahara will collect her debts."

A little brown boy shivered at his words and wondered if the beaters would turn and kick him, as they had always done before, if he should attempt to follow them. It was the tiger hunt, in view of his own village, and he sat down tremulous with rapture in the grass to watch. It was almost as if his dream—that he himself should be a hunter of tigers—was coming true. He wondered why the beaters seemed to move so slowly and with so little heart.

He would have known if he could have looked into their eyes. Each black pupil was framed with white. Human hearts grow shaken and bloodless from such sights as this they had just seen, and only the heart of a jungle creature —the heart of the eagle that the jungle gods, by some unheard-of fortune, had put in the breast of Little Shikara —could prevail against them. Besides, the superstitious Burmans thought that Warwick was walking straight to his death—that the time had come for Nahara to collect her debts.

III

Warwick Sahib and Singhai disappeared at once into the fringe of jungle, and silence immediately fell upon them. The cries of the beaters at once seemed curiously dim. It was as if no sound could live in the great silences under the arching trees. Soon it was as if they were alone.

They walked side by side, Warwick with his rifle held ready. He had no false ideas in regard to this tiger hunt. He knew that his prey was desperate with hunger, that she had many old debts to pay, and that she would charge on sight.

The self-rage that is felt on missing some particularly

fortunate chance is not confined to human beings alone. There is an old saying in the forest that a feline that has missed his stroke is like a jackal in dog-days—and that means that it is not safe to be anywhere in the region with him. He simply goes rabid and is quite likely to leap at the first living thing that stirs. Warwick knew that Nahara had just been cheated out of her kill and some one in the jungle would pay for it.

The gaudy birds that looked down from the tree-branches could scarcely recognize this prematurely gray man as a hunter. He walked rather quietly, yet with no conscious effort toward stealth. The rifle rested easily in his arms, his gray eyes were quiet and thoughtful as always. Singularly, his splendid features were quite in repose. The Burman, however, had more of the outer signs of alertness; and yet there was none of the blind terror upon him that marked the beaters.

"Where are the men?" Warwick asked quietly. "It is strange that we do not hear them shouting."

"They are afraid, Sahib," Singhai replied. "The forest pigs have left us to do our own hunting."

Warwick corrected him with a smile. "Forest pigs are brave enough," he answered. "They are sheep—just sheep—sheep of the plains."

The broad trail divided, like a three-tined candlestick, into narrow trails. Warwick halted beside the center of the three that led to the creek they were obliged to cross. Just for an instant he stood watching, gazing into the deep-blue dusk of the deeper jungle. Twilight was falling softly. The trails soon vanished into shadow—patches of deep gloom, relieved here and there by a bright leaf that re-

flected the last twilight rays. A living creature coughed and rustled away in the thickets beside him.

"There is little use of going on," he said. "It is growing too dark. But there will be killings before the dawn if we don't get her first."

The servant stood still, waiting. It was not his place to advise his master.

"If we leave her, she'll come again before the dawn. Many of the herders haven't returned—she'll get one of them sure. At least we may cross the creek and get a view of the great fields. She is certain to cross them if she has heard the beaters."

In utter silence they went on. One hundred yards farther they came to the creek, and both strode in together to ford.

The water was only knee-deep, but Warwick's boots sank three inches in the mud of the bottom. And at that instant the gods of the jungle, always waiting with drawn simitar for the unsuspecting, turned against them.

Singhai suddenly splashed down into the water, on his hands and knees. He did not cry out. If he made any sound at all, it was just a shivering gasp that the splash of water wholly obscured. But the thing that brought home the truth to Warwick was the pain that flashed, vivid as lightning, across his dark face; and the horror of death that left its shadow. Something churned and writhed in the mud; and then Warwick fired.

Both of them had forgotten Mugger, the crocodile, that so loves to wait in the mud of a ford. He had seized Singhai's foot, and had already snatched him down into the water when Warwick fired. No living flesh can withstand the terrible, rending shock of a high-powered sporting rifle

t close range. Mugger had plates of armor, but even these ould not have availed against it if he had been exposed o the fire. As it was, several inches of water stood be- ween, a more effective armor than a two-inch steel plate n a battleship. Of course the shock carried through, a mashing blow that caused the reptile to release his hold n Singhai's leg; but before the native could get to his feet e had struck again. The next instant both men were fight- ng for their lives.

They fought with their hands, and Warwick fought with is rifle, and the native slashed again and again with the ong knife that he carried at his belt. To a casual glance, crocodile is wholly incapable of quick action. These two ound him a slashing, darting, wolf-like thing, lunging with stounding speed through the muddied water, knocking hem from their feet and striking at them as they fell.

The reptile was only half-grown, but in the water they ad none of the usual advantages that man has over the easts with which he does battle. Warwick could not find target for his rifle. But even human bodies, usually so eak, find themselves possessed of an amazing reserve trength and agility in the moment of need. These men ealized perfectly that their lives were the stakes for hich they fought, and they gave every ounce of strength nd energy they had. Their aim was to hold the mugger ff until they could reach the shore.

At last, by a lucky stroke, Singhai's knife blinded one of he lurid, reptile eyes. He was prone in the water when he dministered it, and it went home just as the savage teeth ere snapping at his throat. For an instant the great eptile flopped in an impotent half-circle, partly reared out

of the water. It gave Warwick a chance to shoot, a single instant in which the rifle seemed to whirl about in his arms, drive to his shoulder, and blaze in the deepening twilight. And the shot went true. It pierced the mugger from beneath, tearing upward through the brain. And then the agitated waters of the ford slowly grew quiet.

The last echo of the report was dying when Singhai stretched his bleeding arms about Warwick's body, caught up the rifle and dragged them forty feet up on the shore. It was an effort that cost the last of his strength. And as the stars popped out of the sky, one by one, through the gray of dusk the two men lay silent, side by side, on the grassy bank.

Warwick was the first to regain consciousness. At first he didn't understand the lashing pain in his wrists, the strange numbness in one of his legs, the darkness with the great white Indian stars shining through. Then he remembered. And he tried to stretch his arm to the prone form beside him.

The attempt was an absolute failure. The cool brain dispatched the message, it flew along the telegraph-wires of the nerves, but the muscles refused to react. He remembered that the teeth of the mugger had met in one of the muscles of his upper arm, but before unconsciousness had come upon him he had been able to lift the gun to shoot. Possibly infection from the bite had in some manner temporarily paralyzed the arm. He turned, wracked with pain, on his side and lifted his left arm. In doing so his hand crossed before his eyes—and then he smiled wanly in the darkness.

It was quite like Warwick, sportsman and English gentle-

nan, to smile at a time like this. Even in the gray darkness of the jungle night he could see the hand quite plainly. t no longer looked slim and white. And he remembered hat the mugger had caught his fingers in one of its last ushes.

He paused only for one glance at the mutilated member. He knew that his first work was to see how Singhai had ared. In that glance he was boundlessly relieved to see hat the hand could unquestionably be saved. The fingers vere torn, yet their bones did not seem to be severed. Temporarily at least, however, the hand was utterly useess. The fingers felt strange and detached.

He reached out to the still form beside him, touching the lark skin first with his fingers, and then, because they had eased to function, with the flesh of his wrist. He expected o find it cold. Singhai was alive, however, and his warm lood beat close to the dark skin.

But he was deeply unconscious, and it was possible that ne foot was hopelessly mutilated.

For a moment Warwick lay quite still, looking his situaion squarely in the face. He did not believe that either he r his attendant was mortally or even very seriously hurt. True, one of his arms had suffered paralysis, but there was o reason for thinking it had been permanently injured. His hand would be badly scarred, but soon as good as ever. The real question that faced them was that of getting back o the bungalow.

Walking was out of the question. His whole body was ruised and lacerated, and he was already dangerously eak from loss of blood. It would take all his energy, hese first few hours, to keep his consciousness. Besides,

it was perfectly obvious that Singhai could not walk. And English gentlemen do not desert their servants at a time like this. The real mystery lay in the fact that the beaters had not already found and rescued them.

He wore a watch with luminous dial on his left wrist and he managed to get it before his eyes. And then understanding came to him. A full hour had passed since he and his servant had fought the mugger in the ford. And the utter silence of early night had come down over the jungle.

There was only one thing to believe. The beaters had evidently heard him shoot, sought in vain for him in the thickets, possibly passed within a few hundred feet of him and because he had been unconscious he had not heard them or called to them, and now they had given him up for lost. He remembered with bitterness how all of them had been sure that an encounter with Nahara would cost him his life, and would thus be all the more quick to believe he had died in her talons. Nahara had her mate and her own lameness to avenge, they had said, attributing in their superstition human emotions to the brute natures of animals. It would have been quite useless for Warwick to attempt to tell them that the male tiger, in the mind of her wicked mate, was no longer even a memory, and that premeditated vengeance is an emotion almost unknown in the animal world. Without leaders or encouragement, and terribly frightened by the scene they had beheld before the village, they had quickly given up any attempt to find his body. There had been none among them cool-headed enough to reason out which trail he had likely taken, and thus look for him by the ford. Likely they were already huddled in their thatch huts, waiting till daylight.

Then he called into the darkness. A heavy body brushed hrough the creepers, and stepping falsely, broke a twig. e thought at first that it might be one of the villagers, ming to look for him. But at once the step was ienced.

Warwick had a disturbing thought that the creature that ad broken the twig had not gone away, but was crouching own, in a curious manner, in the deep shadows. Nahara ad returned to her hunting.

IV

"Some time I too will be a hunter of tigers," Little hikara told his mother when the beaters began to circle hrough the bamboos. "To carry a gun beside War-ick Sahib—and to be honored in the circle under the ee!"

But his mother hardly listened. She was quivering with ight. She had seen the last part of the drama in front of he village; and she was too frightened even to notice the rious imperturbability of her little son. But there was o orderly retreat after Little Shikara had heard the two ports of the rifle. At first there were only the shouts of he beaters, singularly high-pitched, much running back nd forth in the shadows, and then a pell-mell scurry to he shelter of the villages.

For a few minutes there was wild excitement at the vil-ge gates. Warwick Sahib was dead, they said—they had eard the shots and run to the place of firing, and beat up nd down through the bamboos; and Warwick Sahib had rely been killed and carried off by the tigress. This readful story told, most of the villagers went to hide at

once in their huts; only a little circle of the bravest me hovered at the gate. They watched with drawn faces th growing darkness.

But there was one among them who was not yet a ma grown; a boy so small that he could hover, unnoticed, i the very smallest of the terrible shadow-patches. He wa Little Shikara, and he was shocked to the very depths o his worshiping heart. For Warwick had been his hero, th greatest man of all time, and he felt himself burning wit indignation that the beaters should return so soon. An it was a curious fact that he had not as yet been infecte with the contagion of terror that was being passed fro man to man among the villagers. Perhaps his indignatio was too absorbing an emotion to leave room for terror, an perhaps, far down in his childish spirit, he was made o different stuff. He was a child of the jungle, and perha he had shared of that great imperturbability and impas siveness that is the eternal trait of the wildernesses.

He went up to one of the younger beaters who had tol and retold a story of catching a glimpse of Nahara in th thickets until no one was left to tell it to. He was standin silent, and Little Shikara thought it possible that he migh reach his ears.

"Give ear, Puran," he pleaded. "Didst thou look for hi body beside the ford over Tarai stream?"

"Nay, little one—though I passed within one hundre paces."

"Dost thou not know that he and Singhai would of a certainty cross at the ford to reach the fringe of jungl from which he might watch the eastern field? Some o you looked on the trail beside the ford, but none looked a

he ford itself. And the sound of the rifle seemed to come rom thence."

"But why did he not call out?"

"Dead men could not call, but at least ye might have rightened Nahara from the body. But perhaps he is rounded, unable to speak, and lies there still—"

But Puran had found another listener for his story, and peedily forgot the boy. He hurried over to another of the illagers, Khusru the hunter.

"Did no one look by the ford?" he asked, almost sobing. "For that is the place he had gone."

The native's eyes seemed to light. "*Hai*, little one, thou ast thought of what thy elders had forgotten. There is evel land there, and clear. And I shall go at the first ray f dawn—"

"But not to-night, Khusru—?"

"Nay, little sinner! Wouldst thou have me torn to ieces?"

Lastly Little Shikara went to his own father, and they ad a moment's talk at the outskirts of the throng. But he answer was nay—just the same. Even his brave father ould not go to look for the body until daylight came. he boy felt his skin prickling all over.

"But perhaps he is only wounded—and left to die. If go and return with word that he is there, wilt thou take thers and go out and bring him in?"

"*Thou* goest!" His father broke forth in a great roar f laughter. "Why, thou little hawk! One would think at thou wert a hunter of tigers thyself!"

Little Shikara blushed beneath the laughter. For he as a very boyish little boy in most ways. But it seemed

to him that his sturdy young heart was about to brea open from bitterness. All of them agreed that Warwic Sahib, perhaps wounded and dying, might be lying by th ford, but none of them would venture forth to see. Un knowing, he was beholding the expression of a certain age old trait of human nature. Men do not fight ably in th dark. They need their eyes, and they particularly requir a definite object to give them determination. If these vil lagers knew for certain that the Protector of the Poor la wounded or even dead beside the ford, they would hav rallied bravely, encouraged one another with words an oaths, and gone forth to rescue him; but they wholl lacked the courage to venture again into the jungle on an such blind quest as Little Shikara suggested.

But the boy's father should not have laughed. H should have remembered the few past occasions when hi straight little son had gone into the jungle alone; and tha remembrance should have silenced him. The difficulty la in the fact that he supposed his boy and he were of th same flesh, and that Little Shikara shared his own grea dread of the night-curtained jungle. In this he was ver badly mistaken. Little Shikara had an inborn under standing and love of the jungle; and except for such ma terial dangers as that of Nahara, he was not afraid of i at all. He had no superstitions in regard to it. Perhaps he was too young. But the main thing that the laugh did wa to set off, as a match sets off powder, a whole heartful o unexploded indignation in Shikara's breast. These vil lagers not only had deserted their patron and protector but also they had laughed at the thought of rescue! His own father had laughed at him.

Little Shikara silently left the circle of villagers and turned into the darkness.

At once the jungle silence closed round him. He hadn't dreamed that the noise of the villagers would die so quickly. Although he could still see the flame of the fire at the village gate behind him, it was almost as if he had at once dropped off into another world. Great flowers poured perfume down upon him, and at seemingly a great distance he heard the faint murmur of the wind.

At first, deep down in his heart, he had really not intended to go all the way. He had expected to steal clear to the outer edge of the firelight; and then stand listening to the darkness for such impressions as the jungle would choose to give him. But there had been no threshold, no interlude of preparation. The jungle in all its mystery had folded about him at once.

He trotted softly down the elephant trail, a dim, fleet shadow that even the keen eyes of Nahara could scarcely have seen. At first he was too happy to be afraid. He was always happy when the jungle closed round him. Besides, if Nahara had killed, she would be full-fed by now and not to be feared. Little Shikara hastened on, trembling all over with a joyous sort of excitement.

If a single bird had flapped its wings in the branches, if one little rodent had stirred in the underbrush, Little Shikara would likely have turned back. But the jungle-gods, knowing their son, stilled all the forest voices. He crept on, still looking now and again over his shoulder to see the village fire. It still made a bright yellow triangle in the dusk behind him. He didn't stop to think that he was doing a thing most grown natives and many white men

would not have dared to do—to follow a jungle trail unarmed at night. If he had stopped to think at all, he simply would have been unable to go on. He was only following his instincts, voices that such forces as maturity and grown-up intelligence and self-consciousness obscure in older men—and the terror of the jungle could not touch him. He went straight to do what service he could for the white sahib that was one of his lesser gods.

Time after time he halted, but always he pushed on a few more feet. Now he was over half-way to the ford clear to the forks in the trail. And then he turned about with a little gasp of fear.

The light from the village had gone out. The thick foliage of the jungle had come between.

He was really frightened now. It wasn't that he was afraid he couldn't get back. The trail was broad and hard and quite gray in the moonlight. But those far-off beams of light had been a solace to his spirit, a reminder that he had not yet broken all ties with the village. He halted, intending to turn back.

Then a thrill began at his scalp and went clear to his bare toes. Faint through the jungle silences he heard Warwick Sahib calling to his faithless beaters. The voice had an unmistakable quality of distress.

Certain of the villagers—a very few of them—said afterward that Little Shikara continued on because he was afraid to go back. They said that he looked upon the Heaven-born Sahib as a source of all power, in whose protection no harm could befall him, and he sped toward him because the distance was shorter than back to the haven of fire at the village. But those who could look deeper into

Little Shikara's soul knew different. In some degree at least he hastened on down that jungle trail of peril because he knew that his idol was in distress, and by laws that went deep he knew he must go to his aid.

V

The first few minutes after Warwick had heard a living step in the thickets he spent in trying to reload his rifle. He carried other cartridges in the right-hand trousers pocket, but after a few minutes of futile effort it became perfectly evident that he was not able to reach them. His right arm was useless, and the fingers of his left, lacerated by the mugger's bite, refused to take hold.

He had, however, three of the five shells the rifle held still in his gun. The single question that remained was whether or not they would be of use to him.

The rifle lay half under him, its stock protruding from beneath his body. With the elbow of his left arm, he was able to work it out. Considering the difficulties under which he worked, he made amazingly few false motions; and yet he worked with swiftness. Warwick was a man who had been schooled and trained by many dangers; he had learned to face them with open eyes and steady hands, to judge with unclouded thought the exact per cent of his chances. He knew now that he must work swiftly. The shape in the shadow was not going to wait all night.

But at that moment the hope of preserving his life that he had clung to until now broke like a bubble in the sunlight. He could not lift the gun to swing and aim it at a shape in the darkness. With his mutilated hands he could not cock the strong-springed hammer. And if he could do

both these things with his fumbling, bleeding, lacerated fingers, his right hand could not be made to pull the trigger. Warwick Sahib knew at last just where he stood. Yet if human sight could have penetrated that dusk, it would have beheld no change of expression in the lean face.

An English gentleman lay at the frontier of death. But that occasioned neither fawning nor a loss of his rigid self-control.

Two things remained, however, that he might do. One was to call and continue to call, as long as life lasted in his body. He knew perfectly that more than once in the history of India a tiger had been kept at a distance, at least for a short period of time, by shouts alone. In that interlude, perhaps help might come from the village. The second thing was almost as impossible as raising and firing the rifle; but by the luck of the gods he might achieve it. He wanted to find Singhai's knife and hold it compressed in his palm.

It wasn't that he had any vain hopes of repelling the tiger's attack with a single knife-blade that would be practically impossible for his mutilated hand to hold. Nahara had five or so knife-blades in every paw and a whole set of them in her mouth. She could stand on four legs and fight, and Warwick could not lift himself on one elbow and yet wield the blade. But there were other things to be done with blades, even held loosely in the palm, at a time like this.

He knew rather too much of the way of tigers. They do not always kill swiftly. It is the tiger way to tease, long moments, with half-bared talons; to let the prey crawl away a few feet for the rapture of leaping at it again; to

fondle with an exquisite cruelty for moments that seem endless to its prey. A knife, on the other hand, kills quickly. Warwick much preferred the latter death.

And even as he called, again and again, he began to feel about in the grass with his lacerated hand for the hilt of the knife. Nahara was steadily stealing toward him through the shadows.

The great tigress was at the height of her hunting madness. The earlier adventure of the evening when she had missed her stroke, the stir and tumult of the beaters in the wood, her many days of hunger, had all combined to intensify her passion. And finally there had come the knowledge, in subtle ways, that two of her own kind of game were lying wounded and helpless beside the ford.

But even the royal tiger never forgets some small measure of its caution. She did not charge at once. The game looked so easy that it was in some way suggestive of a trap. She crept forward, a few feet at a time. The wild blood began to leap through the great veins. The hair went stiff on the neck muscles.

But Warwick shouted; and the sound for an instant appalled her. She lurked in the shadows. And then, as she made a false step, Warwick heard her for the first time.

Again she crept forward, to pause when Warwick raised his voice the second time. The man knew enough to call at intervals rather than continuously. A long, continued outcry would very likely stretch the tiger's nerves to a breaking-point and hurl her into a frenzy that would probably result in a death-dealing charge. Every few seconds he called again. In the intervals between, the tiger crept forward. Her excitement grew upon her. She crouched

lower. Her sinewy tail had whipped softly at first; now it was lashing almost to her sides. And finally it began to have a slight vertical movement that Warwick, fortunately for his spirit, could not see.

Then the little light that the moon poured down was suddenly reflected in Nahara's eyes. All at once they burned out of the dusk; two blue-green circles of fire fifty feet distant in the darkness. At that Warwick gasped—for the first time. In another moment the great cat would be in range—and he had not yet found the knife. Nothing remained to believe but that it was lost in the mud of the ford, fifty feet distant, and that the last dread avenue of escape was cut off.

But at that instant the gasp gave way to a whispered oath of wonder. Some living creature was running lightly down the trail toward him—soft, light feet that came with amazing swiftness. For once in his life Warwick did not know where he stood. For once he was the chief figure of a situation he did not entirely understand. He tried to probe into the darkness with his tired eyes.

"Here I am!" he called. The tiger, starting to creep forward once more, halted at the voice. A small, straight figure sped like an arrow out of the thickets and halted at his side.

It was such an astounding appearance as for an instant completely paralyzes the mental faculties. Warwick's first emotion was simply a great and hopeless astonishment. Long inured to the mystery of the jungle, he thought he had passed the point where any earthly happening could actually bewilder him. But in spite of it, in spite of the fire-eyed peril in the darkness, he was quite himself when

e spoke. The voice that came out of the silence was wholly steady—a kindly, almost amused voice of one who knows life as it is and who has mastered his own destiny.

"Who in the world?" he asked in the vernacular.

"It is I—Little Shikara," a tremulous voice answered. Except for the tremor he could not keep from his tone, he spoke as one man to another.

Warwick knew at once that Little Shikara was not yet aware of the presence of the tiger, fifty feet distant in the shadows. But he knew nothing else. The whole situation was beyond his ken.

But his instincts were manly and true. "Then run speedily, little one," he whispered, "back to the village. There is danger here in the dark."

Little Shikara tried to speak, and he swallowed painfully. A lump had come in his throat that at first would not let him talk. "Nay, Protector of the Poor!" he answered. "I—I came alone. And I—I am thy servant."

Warwick's heart bounded. Not since his youth had left him, to a gray world, had his strong heart leaped in just this way before. "Merciful God!" he whispered in English. "Has a child come to save me?" Then he whipped again into the vernacular and spoke swiftly; for no further seconds were to be wasted. "Little Shikara, have you ever fired a gun?"

"No, Sahib—"

"Then lift it up and rest it across my body. Thou knowest how it is held—"

Little Shikara didn't know exactly, but he rested the gun on Warwick's body; and he had seen enough target practise to crook his finger about the trigger. And to-

gether, the strangest pair of huntsmen that the Indian stars ever looked down upon, they waited.

"It is Nahara," Warwick explained softly. For he had decided to be frank with Little Shikara, trusting all to the courage of a child. "It all depends on thee. Pull back the hammer with thy thumb."

Little Shikara obeyed. He drew it back until it clicked, and did not, as Warwick had feared, let it slip through his fingers back against the breech. "Yes, Sahib," he whispered breathlessly. His little brave heart seemed about to explode in his breast. But it was the test, and he knew he must not waver in the sahib's eyes.

"It is Nahara, and thou art a man," Warwick said again. "And now thou must wait until thou seest her eyes."

So they strained into the darkness; and in an instant more they saw again the two circles of greenish, smoldering fire. They were quite near now—Nahara was almost in leaping range.

"Thou wilt look through the little hole at the rear and then along the barrel," Warwick ordered swiftly, "and thou must see the two eyes along the little notch in front."

"I see, Sahib—and between the eyes," came the same breathless whisper. The little brown body held quite still. Warwick could not even feel it trembling against his own. For the moment, by virtue of some strange prank of Shiv, the jungle gods were giving their own strength to this little brown son of theirs beside the ford.

"Thou wilt not jerk or move?"

"Nay, Sahib." And he spoke true. The world might break to pieces or blink out, but he would not throw off his

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aim by any terror motions. They could see the tiger's outline now—the lithe, low-hung body, the tail that twitched up and down.

"Then pull the trigger," Warwick whispered.

The whole jungle world rocked and trembled from the violence of the report.

When the villagers, aroused by the roar of the rifle and led by Khusru and Puran and Little Shikara's father, rushed down with their firebrands to the ford, their first thought was that they had come only to the presence of the dead. Three human beings lay very still beside the stream, and fifty feet in the shadows something else, that obviously was *not* a human being, lay very still too. But they were not to have any such horror story to tell their wives. Only one of the three by the ford, Singhai, the gun-bearer, was even really unconscious; Little Shikara, the rifle still held lovingly in his arms, had gone into a half-faint from fear and nervous exhaustion, and Warwick Sahib had merely closed his eyes to the darting light of the firebrands. The only death that had occurred was that of Nahara, the tigress—and she had a neat hole bored completely through her neck. To all evidence, she had never stirred after Little Shikara's bullet had gone home.

After much confusion and shoutings and falling over one another, and gazing at Little Shikara as if he were some new kind of ghost, the villagers got a stretcher each for Singhai and the Protector of the Poor. And when they got them well loaded into them, and Little Shikara had quite come to himself and was standing with some bewilderment in a circle of staring townspeople, a clear, command-

g voice ordered that they all be silent. Warwick Sahib as going to make what was the nearest approach to a eech that he had made since various of his friends had coyed him to a dinner in London some years before.

The words that he said, the short vernacular words that ve a way of coming straight to the point, established ttle Shikara as a legend through all that corner of British dia. It was Little Shikara who had come alone through e jungle, said he; it was Little Shikara's shining eyes at had gazed along the barrel, and it was his own brown nger that had pulled the trigger. Thus, said Warwick, he ould get the bounty that the British Government offered British rupees that to a child's eyes would be past count-g. Thus in time, with Warwick's influence, his would be great voice through all of India. For small as he was, d not yet grown, he was of the true breed.

After the shouting was done, Warwick turned to Little hikara to see how he thought upon all these things. Thou shalt have training for the army, little one, where y good nerve will be of use, and thou shalt be a native ficer, along with the sons of princes. I, myself, will see it, for I do not hold my life so cheap that I will forget e thing that thou hast done to-night."

And he meant what he said. The villagers stood still hen they saw his earnest face. "And what, little hawk, ilt thou have more?" he asked.

Little Shikara trembled and raised his eyes. "Only metimes to ride with thee, in thy *howdah*, as thy rvant, when thou again seekest the tiger."

The whole circle laughed at this. They were just human, ter all. Their firebrands were held high, and gleamed on

Little Shikara's dusky face, and made a luster in his dar eyes. The circle, roaring with laughter, did not hear th Sahib's reply, but they did see him nod his head.

"I would not dare go without thee now," Warwick tol him.

And thus Little Shikara's dreams came true—to b known through many villages as a hunter of tigers, and brave follower and comrade of the forest trails. And thu he came into his own—in those far-off glades of Burma, i the jungles of the Manipur.

THE ROUGH LITTLE GIRL AND THE SMOOTH LITTLE GIRL[1]

By A. S. M. Hutchinson

I

Anything rougher for her years (twelve) than the rough tle girl has probably never been known. "Oh, darling," r mother used to sigh and say to her, "Oh, darling, you *e* rough": to which the rough little girl used respon- vely to sigh and "Oh, Cherishable" would reply (she ways called her mother Cherishable, being much de- ted to her). "Oh, Cherishable, I *know* I am"; and ould sigh again, being ever so distressed at distressing r most dear mother, but also knowing herself to be hope- sly the slave of the quick, impetuous, imperious spirit at was hers. She *was* rough.

And anything gentler, that is to say smoother, for *her* ars (eleven) than the smooth little girl is equally im- ssible to believe. "Swipes, Lily," her father used to say her (Swipes being a coarse expression he often used, d Lily the name of the little girl who was smooth), wipes, Lily, one'd think you were a pauper's child the y you creep about. You aren't half quiet, Lily." To ich "Oh, Father," the smooth little girl would reply,

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"Oh, Father, it *is* hard to be noisy when you're not." Sh
was smooth.

So there they were, the two of them, rough and smooth
and the very odd, strange circumstance about them is tha
each occupied the position in life which, if half we are tol
were true, should have been occupied by the other.
rough little girl may be expected to have rough parents,
vulgar home and rude antecedents: a smooth little gi
almost certainly will have gentle parents, elevating su
roundings and antecedents cultured and refined. The co
trary is here the case. The rough little girl had ever
social and domestic advantage; the smooth little girl ha
none. The origins of the family of the rough little gi
were rooted back beyond 1066, when the first Chilperi
(her name) came over with William the Conqueror an
fought beside him at the Battle of Hastings: the origi
of the smooth little girl were darkly and impenetrably o
scure prior to forty years ago, when the first Pook (h
father) was employed in washing the dishes in a ho
sausage shop in the Mile End Road.

This must be presented in greater detail.

Anything more swagger, blue-blooded, aristocratic, an
altogether superior and splendid than the family of th
rough little girl it is impossible in all the Peerage of th
United Kingdom to discover. True, there was no peerag
or title of any sort, in the family of Chilperine: tha
there was not was part of their pride. Over and ove
again, as generation succeeded generation, they could hav
been ennobled; but over and over again, as Chilperine o
Chilperine added lustre to his line, they refused to be en
nobled. "I am a Chilperine," they used to say: and whe

ey said that (or thought it) there was no more to be d. It was their motto. *Sui il Chiefs Pelrins*. Which being interpreted out of the old Norman-French in ich it was said after Hastings by the first Chilperine his sovereign, "I am the Pilgrim Knight." Time has rrupted Chiefs Pelrins into Chilperine, and usage has rned the family saying into "I am a Chilperine"; but "I the Pilgrim Knight" was the translation always kept by the rough little girl, and the whole legend shows you, yway, how splendid and superior the Chilperines were. A visit to the Castle would show you more. Chilperine, its treasury of art, as Chilperine itself as monument beauty and romance, is the show place of show places England. Of every aspect books might be (and have en) written. Let us here, and have done with it, make note on but one—that Great Gallery of Chilperine erein are ranged the Chilperine portraits. There in e Great Gallery they stand, those mighty Chilperines, d there among them often had stood the rough little l, regarding them (rough as she was and little as e was) with that same pride, at once lofty and tolerant, once conscious and unassuming, that is, as they say, he Chilperine look."

Now turn to the smooth little girl.

A sharper turn cannot possibly be imagined. *Her* father s called—Pook! *His* origin was—a hot-sausage shop! *s* motto was—Pork! It really is too vulgar. One can- t, after the air of Chilperine Castle, bear it. We must ip the years (as Mr. Pook porked through them) and me to him at the time he entered the story here pre- nted. He was still porcine. He was still vulgar. But

he was at least clean and he was rich—oh, rich, rich, rich! Rolling in riches! He was a millionaire. They said he was a multi-millionaire.

How could he be so rich? How could a man who started in life washing dishes in a hot-sausage shop become a

The answer hit in the eye wherever such question chanced to turn his eye. Was the questioner travelling the train? Let him glance from the window. What did he see? He saw at every mile, he saw on every hillto marring the countryside, in letters twelve feet high,

POOK'S PORKY PUFFS

Was he walking the business streets of our cities? L him but lift his eyes. What sign was that above tha marble-fronted restaurant?

POOK'S PORK PALACE

The rise of Mr. Pook from hot sausages to six-cylinder motor cars, from poverty to enormous wealth, is ex plained. Genius did it. Contrast the term Porky Pu with the term Pork Pie: the dainty suggestiveness of th one with the sinister deadliness (to many) of the othe That was Genius. Compare—but you could not compa —the flavour of the two. That was Genius. The flavou was not pork—it was porky. Pork may have been th basis of it: the flavour that came to the palate was delicious something reminiscent of cold turkey, of col

neasant, of cold venison; and, when the porky puff was rved piping hot, of turkey, of pheasant, and of venison nder as a piece of butter and cooked to a turn. By enius, Mr. Pook produced for this exquisite morsel a sket (the puff) flaky, creamy, melty, as the common- ace pork pie is ironclad, stubborn, and unyielding. By enius he sold it, singly, in pairs, threes, half-dozens, or ozens, in cartons so dainty to the eye, so handy for the ocket or the hamper that, as was said a thousand times day, it seemed a shame to open them. By flash on flash f genius, new wonders devised he out of his initial onder: Princess Porky Puffs for the luncheon tables of ne élite; Party Porky Puffs for the light-refreshment ables of social gatherings of every degree; Picnic Porky uffs for the tourist and traveller; finally Pioneer Porky uffs, packed in air-tight tins and bearing his written uarantee to keep sweet and fresh for ever, to go forth to ve new life and sustenance to those facing hardship and rivation in the wild places of the earth.

I am writing for gentle readers and I therefore have leasure in adding that, as might be expected, and as has ready been hinted, Mr. Pook, self-made millionaire, was ulgar and blatant; and that his ostentatious wealth and is horrible advertising monstrosities caused his name but not his porky puffs) to be held in reprobation by all ice people. Mr. Pook felt this. Constantly sneered at smart papers, he felt very severely these attacks on is personality, and the persistent and not veiled cold- houldering with which were greeted his efforts to get into ociety. A widower, he had but one child, the smooth ttle girl, upon whom he most passionately doted, for

whom with a really pathetic intensity he longed for social place and recognition, and largely on whose account he did the terrific thing that causes this story to be written. The Chilperines, impoverished by death duties and by taxation, were forced to sell Chilperine—and Mr. Pook bought it!

Within the space of four years there fell in the Great War the father of the rough little girl and his only son and heir. There were left but the mother of the rough little girl and the rough little girl herself, and the day came when the trustees of the estate, assembled in the Castle, told Mrs. Chilperine that ownership no longer could be maintained.

When I tell you that the mother of the rough little girl, when the trustees looked at her across the table for her assent, could not speak, but just dropped back in her chair and drew from her bosom the Chilperine rose she wore there and suffered it to fall to the floor; and when I tell you that the rough little girl, rough as she was, cried out in a very strange voice, "Leave Chilperine! Oh, Cherishable, we can't, we can't!" you will realize what was this disaster to those called upon to bear it. When I tell you of the shocked amaze with which, in leading articles, the news of the impending sale of Chilperine was commented upon by the Press, of the Letters to the Editor ("whose every stone, sir, is a page of England's story"), of the campaign (nugatory) to cause Chilperine to be purchased for the nation ("this final crime in the record of the government's crushing policy of waste and spoliation"), you will realise the howl that went up to high heaven when it was made known that the purchaser of

Chilperine, the new occupant of the Castle, the new owner of its treasures, was—Pook!

You can imagine, at the howl, the feelings of Mr. Pook; you can imagine, at their departure, the feelings of the rough little girl and of her mother. Dry-eyed, as Chilperines must, but with their hands terribly each in each, mother and daughter had received the news of the death of the father of the rough little girl; "May I cry," said the rough little girl with a shake in her voice, "upstairs?" and when her mother, with her teeth on her lip and a speck of blood there, nodded, away like a flash sped the rough little girl and like a flash up halls and corridors and stairs (four good minutes, so vast the Castle is, it took her), but never burst in all that time, but terribly did when soon her mother came to her and found her face down on her bed. "My Daddy! My Daddy!" sobbed the rough little girl. "My darling, he was a Chilperine," her mother said, "and he would have us remember, oh Brenda, Brenda, that you and I—" But "My Daddy, my Daddy!" was all the rough little girl could bring to that.

Dry-eyed, out of their hand-clasp terrible indeed, so that the weals were on the fingers of the rough little girl an hour after, they had stood as they came out of church one Sunday and looked from face to face of all the whispering, glancing knots that stood about the door. "What is it, Jason?" the mother of the rough little girl had said to one. "Lady," said old Jason, "God comfort 'ee, 'tis Master Hugo gone." Very straight stood the mother of the rough little girl and looked upon the faces that sadly looked at her. "He was a Chilperine," she said. Very heavey was the rough little girl seen by the beholders to

be, heavey in the chest and heavey at the throat, as though something swelled and pressed for exit within her, but very straight with her mother she walked down between the heads all bared and bowed, and all she ever said to be heard was said to Martin the footman, who had not got open the door of the car when they arrived at the gate.

"Quick! Quick!" said the rough little girl.

So, because they were Chilperines, on neither of those two terrible occasions was either of them seen by any one to cry; but when came that terrific day on which, hand in hand, they came down the steps for the last time, then were seen tears in Chilperine eyes, and, by some (it is told to this day in the Chilperine Arms) was seen other emotion and another emblem of emotion such as never before in all the long generations of the Chilperines mortal eye had beheld.

This emblem of emotion was the long, bright red tongue of the rough little girl.

By misfortune, or by characteristic gaucherie of the manufacturer of Porky Puffs, the car of Mr. Pook, arriving, passed at the lodge gates the car of the Chilperines departing. Gloom was in the Porky Puff car. Mr. Pook, driving through the village, had seen in the scowls and in the deliberately turned backs of the villagers the manner of social relations that were likely to be his, and his soul was bitter within him. Tears were in the Chilperine car. The rough little girl had been since daybreak through the agonies of farewell, and through the agonies yet more sharp of imagining the vile Pook amongst her treasures and her darling playthings of stable and of garden, and her heart was broken and savage within her. The cars met. They

had to slow to pass. The rough little girl saw the smooth little girl and the coarse and abominable father of the smooth little girl. She levelled a baleful eye upon the father of the smooth little girl. She pulled at him a face truly diabolical in its contempt and malignity, and out of his face she projected at him as far as it would go what appeared to be quite seven inches of bright red tongue.

She *was* rough.

Quickness of decision and ruthlessness of nice feeling had very largely contributed to make Mr. Pook the financial colossus that he had become. They helped him now. Entirely unprepared for this horrible outrage that suddenly confronted him, he, nevertheless, and despite he was fifty-eight years of age, immediately countered it. At the bright red Chilperine tongue he thrust out, as far as he could thrust it, a dull, bluish Pook tongue.

Thus, tongues at full extension, met for the first time, and passed, Chilperine and Pook.

Aghast at conduct in her daughter so unspeakably gross (rough though she knew her to be) the mother of the rough little girl at last found words. "*Darling!* In all my life I never could have imagined—"

"Cherishable, I *had* to," said the rough little girl.

"Your roughness, darling—"

"Cherishable, I simply *had* to."

"Rougher and rougher you seem to get. Darling, it really pains me."

"He did it too."

"You are a Chilperine."

"But I did it first."

"More utter, utter shame to you."

"All the same I'm glad I was first," said the rough little girl, and added "Toads!"

Her mother sighed.

The rough little girl at that, as was her habit, snuggled against her mother and said, "Oh, Cherishable, I *know* I am rough. Still—" and beneath her breath muttered again "Toads!"

The story now leaps on about two months, and finds the rough little girl back at the school whereat she was a boarder and wherein she was the roughest little girl that so swagger and exclusive a school had ever known. Her intolerant and her impetuous spirit caused her to be a bully and a hectorer of all of her own years, and by all except her chosen intimates she was indeed much disliked. She had a sharp tongue and a rough hand, and they were afraid of her. Nevertheless (or should it be therefore?) she occupied a very prominent position in the school; on the splendid occasions when parents visited the school for celebrative functions there was no companion one and all were more eager to introduce to their parents, and, because she was who she was, no child whom the mothers were more interested to meet, than "the little Chilperine girl."

Well, the story, rushing on, finds the little Chilperine girl engaged, not in hectoring her companions or in meeting their mothers, but in writing, in highest heat, to her own mother:

Cherishable, what do you think? The most extrordinry and atrochus thing has happened. At half-term, which is the day after to-morrow, who ever do you think is coming to this school? The Pook girl!!! The little girl of that lothsome Pook creature who turned us out of darling, beloved Chilperine!!! Oh, Cherishable, can you imagine it? That frightful sickfaced child we saw in that

hastly yellow car that day when I put out my tongue at her, not ntent with lording it over every inch of my angel Chilperine, is ming to pursue me here in my very school, the retch and tode!! Vell, Cherishable, you can depend on me to have my revenge on er and make her life a burdon to her. I've told all the girls who ne is and of course they all know, as everybody knows, what that orrible Pook, her father, has done to us. You know, don't you, hat not one of the families around dear Chilperine will have anyning to do with him and I daresay he's sent his sickfaced child to chool to get her out of what he must be feeling. Well, he'll jolly oon find out what he's done for her. I'll make her life a burdon o her as sure as her name's the hideous and repulsive name it is —Pook. The day after to-morrow! I only wish it was to-morrow. We're all ready for her—especially *me*!

That was the letter the rough little girl wrote and this was the reply the rough little girl received. It was a telegram. It went flying back to her the very minute her mother read her letter, and for a woman who had set herself to practise rigid economy, it must have been one of the most extravagant telegrams ever written. Mrs. Chilperine, in order that her daughter should make no mistake about it, even paid to have it punctuated:

Oh, darling, whatever can you be thinking of to speak of taking your revenge? You are a Chilperine. No Chilperine ever takes revenge. Just think of that poor, frightened little mite coming amongst all you girls and you planning to make her poor little life a burden to her! Darling, you are a Chilperine, and you must make her life a joy to her, poor little thing. Now listen, darling. You are to be her friend and protector and to cherish her in every way. I am wiring Miss Philpotts to let the poor thing share your room, which I am sure can be arranged, as Nora Blossom has had to go home and you have your room alone. So do this, darling, because you are a Chilperine and Chilperines must; and never, never have thoughts like that again. Heaps of kisses, darling.

II

"You are Lily Pook," said the rough little girl to the smooth little girl. "I am Brenda Chilperine and I am going to be kind to you and cherish you. Don't speak. This is my room and you are going to share it and we shall call it our room and you can use everything in it that is mine except my dagger paperknife with the gold handle because it is the last thing I took out of Chilperine. Oh, well. I suppose you must. Yes, you can use that too. Don't speak. If any girl here ever teases you, or if you are ever unhappy, you are to tell me at once, and I will make it all right for you because I am going to make your life a joy to you. Don't speak. You may call me Brenda, and you may show me all your letters and I will show you all mine. There's just one thing I am not going to do and will not do. I will not and shall not call you Lily. There's a barrier between us because you have turned me out of my beloved Chilperine and gone to live there yourself. No living soul in this school will know or suspect that there is a barrier between us because I'm going to cherish you till I'm black in the face. But you know and I know it, and what I'm going to call you is a private sign between us and a memorial unto us that there *is* a barrier. I'm not going to call you Lily; I'm going to call you Pook. Every time you hear me call you Pook, even if it's in the middle of doing an utmost kindness to you, you will remember the barrier. Don't speak. Every girl here will call you Pook because they will hear me calling you Pook. They won't know that it's a memorial between us but we shall know, and whenever a girl calls you Pook our eyes will

meet and we shall know our private barrier. I say," said the rough little girl in a new voice, "that will be rather fun, won't it, to have our eyes meet like that just like they do in books? Sometimes I shall be perhaps right at the end of a long room and yet right across the room our eyes will meet and our souls commune. Eh?

"How will you hear?" said the smooth little girl doubtfully.

"Stupid!" cried the rough little girl, "if I don't hear, it can't be done, can it? If you're going to ask nonsensical questions like that, it's going to be harder than ever for me to cherish you. All the same" (and her voice changed again), "it might sometimes be hard to hear and other sometimes one of us might forget. What will have to be done is for the other one then to snap her fingers very loudly like that," and snap with her finger and thumb went the rough little girl with a crack like a whip (she had bony fingers through much hockey, lawn tennis and cricket). "Snap yours."

The snap made by the smooth little girl was not at all approved by the rough little girl (it could indeed only be written by the ridiculous sound "*pluff*"). "Your finger and thumb," said the rough little girl, "are simply podge"; and was told apologetically, "They're very hot and slippery"; and replied, "Wipe them then, you stupid old thing! I must say a more frightened-looking child I've never seen. Are you always frightened like this?"

"I'm rather strange here, please," said the smooth little girl.

"Don't say 'please' like that," said the rough little girl. "Now come with me and I'll show you the other girls in

my form, and we'll do this secret-sign business. Wipe your finger and thumb on your handkerchief."

At this hour the girls of the rough little girl's form were in their rooms (every girl at this most swagger and exclusive school sharing with another the sweetest little study-bedroom you ever saw) and at the first study was performed the performance repeated in all the other studies. "Hilda and Mary," said the rough little girl, entering the first, "this is my new and great friend. I told you I was going to make her life a burden to her but I also told you afterwards I was not, but that I was going to cherish her. If you're not kindness itself to her, you'd better look out for yourself, that's all. Her name is Pook. Lily's her ordinary name, but Pook is what she's got to be called. Take her over to the far end and call her Pook."

Hilda and Mary, much obedient to the rough little girl, as were all the girls of her age, took the smooth little girl aside as bade, and looked at her silently and with embarrassment.

"Go on!" cried the rough little girl, "Pook her, can't you?"

"Pook," said Mary.

"Idiot!" cried the rough little girl. "Say something to her, can't you?"

"How do you do, Pook?" said Hilda.

"Quite well, thank you," said the smooth little girl.

"My back is turned! My back is turned!" cried the rough little girl. "I can't hear what's going on. Signal, can't you?"

Pluff went the hot and damp fingers of the smooth little girl.

"*Tchk!*" very vexedly and impatiently went the tongue of the rough little girl. "Louder!"

Pluff.

"Much louder. Twice."

Pluff, pluff.

Very slowly and dramatically the rough little girl turned, folded her arms, and bending her head forward above them directed upon the smooth little girl a gaze of truly terrifying intensity.

Recovering, "That's a sign of the deadly secret between us," she explained to the astonished Mary and Hilda. "Come now, Pook; and do for goodness' sake wipe those horrible fingers of yours."

That night when they were got to bed in the two little beds that stood side by side, "There's one question I should like to ask you," said the rough little girl. "Have you ever seen me before to-day?"

"Yes, I have," said the smooth little girl. "Why did you put your tongue out at us?"

"Because my tongue's my own and I can slide it in and out without asking *you*," said the rough little girl. "Your father put out his tongue at me, which was far worse, and I may as well tell you at once that a more hideous tongue I never saw. I suppose he lives on porky puffs. What I was going to say to you is: Have I made your life a joy to you to-day?"

"You have been very, very kind to me," most earnestly replied the smooth little girl. "I was dreading coming here but you have been kindness itself to me, Brenda."

"That's what I've *got* to be," returned the rough little girl, "because I am a Chilperine; and if it made you un-

happy my sticking my tongue out at you, I hereby withdraw my tongue. Talking about porky puffs, have you by any chance brought any with you?"

"I've got one packet of six in my box."

"Princess porky puffs or Party porky puffs?"

"Party, Brenda."

"Well, it was very wrong of you," said the rough little girl very sternly. "It's utterly forbidden to bring grub to school and if you're found out to-morrow you will be in disgrace. I've got to shield you in every way and it seems to me that the only way to shield you in this is for us to eat them now before they're discovered. Get them, Pook."

The smooth little girl got them.

"Three for you and three for me," said the rough little girl, dividing the packet. "You may think," she added as they sat up in bed munching, "that I'm enjoying these. As a matter of fact, so much as to touch a porky puff is to me to eat of the bread of affliction." She munched the bread of affliction with capable jaws. "All the same, I frankly admit they're very good. If you don't want that last one of yours I'll have it for you. Now go to sleep and don't speak another word. This has been a very trying day for me and I can perfectly well see you are going to try me very much; even apart from the fact that I have a mortal grudge against you, which I have to quell because I am a Chilperine, I think you are in many ways the most stupid child I have ever met. Good night, Pook."

Thus was begun for the smooth little girl a tutelage at once stern and affectionate, harsh and devoted. Brenda unquestionably bullied Lily, but as unquestionably bullied her always for her own good. She never spoke to her a

word that any one overhearing possibly could call a kind word; but all her sharp and apparently unfeeling admonitions were towards helping Lily to hold her own, and it was woe betide any girl other than Brenda's self who dared make unhappy the daughter of Mr. Pook. The rough little girl cherished the smooth little girl, and the day came when Mr. Pook thanked her and was himself cherished.

III

"If you can't hold your own, I must make you hold your own," was the rough little girl's most constant cry; and there came a day when it was extended to include the father of the smooth little girl also. "If your father," said the rough little girl in her impatient way, "is coming down to Speech Day, he's coming down to Speech Day. And if I say he never will hold his own here, he never *will* hold his own here. Have you ever known me wrong in anything I've told you?"

"Never," said the smooth little girl.

"Very well, then. My mother can't come and even if she could come I should have to be lugging you about all day, for a more shy or stupid child I have never seen or imagined. I've got to cherish you and I suppose that means I've got to cherish your frightful father as well."

"Brenda," said the smooth little girl timidly, "he's not frightful."

"He's got a frightful tongue," said Brenda, "because I've seen it, as you perfectly well know."

The smooth little girl rather painfully coloured. "He was very upset that day because the people of the village

had been rude to him. Every one at Chilperine still is very rude to him, and he says he knows all the parents here at Speech Day will be rude to him."

"Not if I cherish him," said Brenda—"unless of course he puts out his tongue at them."

"He won't. My darling father wouldn't really be unkind to a soul. He says he will be equal with all these people one day. He says he'll be a lord before he's finished, Brenda."

The rough little girl gave a snort down her rough little nose. "Perhaps he says he'll be the man in the moon some day?"

"I've never heard him say so," said the smooth little girl.

"You know, the simple fact about you," said Brenda, "is that you're a born idiot."

"Yes, Brenda," said the smooth little girl.

Nevertheless it was not treatment such as is normally awarded to a born idiot that the smooth little girl had in her daily letters reported to her father. On the contrary, it was treatment that seemed to have filled her with an ecstatic devotion.

"You've been uncommon good to my little lass," said Mr. Pook on his arrival, "and I'm uncommon grateful to you; especially," added Mr. Pook, with a shade of embarrassment, "seeing as what passed between us the first time we met."

"Tongues," said the rough little girl.

"Something like that," said Mr. Pook.

"All it is," said the rough little girl, "is that I've had to cherish Pook because I am a Chilperine, and to-day I have

got to cherish you. I daresay you are feeling rather nervous, aren't you?"

"To tell you the honest truth," admitted Mr. Pook, "I am; though why," and his voice became slightly defiant, "I should be, I don't know."

The rough little girl looked him up and down appraisingly. "I should say it's those frightful boots you've got on," she reported.

Mr. Pook had arrived in a terrific car. He had been met by the little girls, smooth and rough, at a point where a path across the grounds of the swagger and exclusive school met the main road, and he had disclosed himself on alighting from the car wearing a striped blue suit that struck one as neat, but white buckskin boots that struck one as gaudy.

"What's the matter with the boots?" inquired Mr. Pook, staring down upon them.

"They're white," said the rough little girl.

"Fine and white too," responded Mr. Pook. "Didn't you tell my little lass this was to be an outdoor garden party affair and to come dressed according?"

"I didn't tell her it was to be a yachting affair," said the rough little girl. "Those boots, with that suit, would be all right on a yacht. At this Speech Day to-day they'll simply make you a figure of shame."

Mr. Pook sat down on the step of the car and regarded his cherisher gloomily. "Well, that's a good start, isn't it?" said Mr. Pook.

"It's a horrible start," corrected the rough little girl. "If I've got to cherish you to-day, you've got to—" she frowned for a word.

"Cherish myself," suggested Mr. Pook.

"Exactly," said the rough little girl, "and how you're going to cherish yourself in those boots, I can't see or imagine."

She said this so gravely and so determinedly that Mr. Pook, already nervous of his reception at the swagger and exclusive school, already impressed both by his daughter's letters and by this personal contact—by the obvious *savoir faire* of the rough little girl—stared at her as one arrived at a crisis in life's problems. "Can't walk about in my socks all day, can I?" he debated.

"You *can't*," said the rough little girl.

Despair was blown in an enormous gust from between the distended cheeks of Mr. Pook. "Seems to me I'd best go back," said he.

"Certainly *not*," said the rough little girl. "If I've got to cherish you, cherished you've got to be; never mind what happens. Just keep perfectly quiet, if you don't mind, while I think."

She stood with brows corrugated as beneath stupendous tension of thought, and she was watched, as she stood, with awe and with a great hush by Mr. Pook, by Lily Pook, and by the chauffeur of Mr. Pook.

"There's your chauffeur's boots," said the rough little girl.

The chauffeur, obsequious, brightened.

"They're worse," said the rough little girl.

The chauffeur, crushed, reddened.

"A bit yellow," said Mr. Pook, in the voice of one who felt he must say something. "A bit yellow for this suit."

"Too yellow," said the rough little girl. She darted a

sudden questioning arm towards Mr. Pook. "Just tell me this, Would you consider it an extravagance to buy a new pair of boots?"

"It would need a bigger thing than a pair of boots for me to call extravagant," said Mr. Pook, and he spoke the words with a smile slightly grim.

"Well, you'll want a pretty big pair," said the rough little girl. "If you ask me, your feet are simply enormous."

The smile left the face of Mr. Pook. He said soberly, "I can afford it."

"Then that's what we'll do," said the rough little girl brightly. "There's a shop in the town and we'll do it at once."

They drove to the town and they entered the shop. "Can you afford patent leather?" said the rough little girl.

"I think I can," said Mr. Pook.

"Then you can have patent leather," said the rough little girl.

"Thank you," said Mr. Pook.

"This gentleman," said the rough little girl to the shop assistant, "would like a pair of patent leather boots, not too dear and not pointed."

The assistant stripped off the impossible white boot from one foot of Mr. Pook and measured the foot.

"And see," said the rough little girl, "that you give him a nice roomy fit, because he's got to wear them to walk all day in."

"Certainly, miss," said the assistant.

A pair of boots approved by the rough little girl were placed upon the feet of Mr. Pook, and there followed an afternoon in which Mr. Pook trod painfully, but with feel-

ings very novel to him and very agreeable to him, in the wake of the rough little girl. He trod painfully because the boots, though roomy, proved, as new patent leather will, not to be roomy enough. His feelings were novel and were very agreeable, because for the first time in his life he found himself received, nay made to feel at home, by a class of society which hitherto he had at once envied and loathed.

The rough little girl, as firmly cherishing Mr. Pook among the swagger and exclusive parents as she had cherished Lily Pook among the swagger and exclusive girls, took the great Colossus of porky puffs from group to group scattered about the garden, introduced him, set him down in the heart of each group, immersed him and piloted him in that group's conversation, and at the proper interval of time collected him from that group and conducted him to similar amenities in another group.

"This is Mr. Pook," was the rough little girl's formula. "He is the father of my greatest friend, Lily Pook. This is Lily Pook. And he lives at Chilperine Castle, where we used to live. Sit down, Mr. Pook." And there were joined to this formula high-sounding names and highly distinguished titles belonging to the other parties to the introduction that caused Mr. Pook to sit down with the sense of sitting in the seats of the mighty and with the gratification thereof. As to the owners of these names and these titles, whether it was that they were tickled, or whether it was that they were touched, by the cherishment of Mr. Pook by the rough little girl, unquestionably they showed to Mr. Pook that hearts just as kind and rare beat all about Mayfair as in the lowly air of porky puff palaces.

They welcomed Mr. Pook and what is more, getting in conversation with him, they enjoyed Mr. Pook and liked Mr. Pook. "Have you met," they said to one another, "that Mr. Pook with that too comic Brenda Chilperine? He's delicious. He really is delightful."

It was a thrilled Mr. Pook, but it was also a profoundly touched Mr. Pook, that as evening fell stood beside the terrific car in process of taking leave of the rough little girl. Having thanked her, not effusively, for some instinct told him effusive thanks, like white boots, were not acceptable to the rough little girl's idea of cherishment, "I suppose," said he, embarrassed, "I couldn't give you a little tip, like as I'm going to give my Lily?"

"It would depend," said the rough little girl frankly, "on how much it was."

Mr. Pook was taken aback. "Would five pounds," said he nervously, "be all right?"

"Five pounds," said the rough little girl in her impatient way, "would be perfectly ridiculous. If you like to give me five shillings I think it would be very kind of you, and I will write you a letter to thank you."

"There is no occasion," said Mr. Pook, "to do that." He handed her two half-crowns. "There's only one way for me to say the amount of things I'd like to say, and that is that you're a real little lady, a real one. What was it you said when we met you were going to do to me, same as you said you had done to Lily?"

"Cherish you," said the rough little girl.

"You have," said Mr. Pook emphatically. "Do you mind telling me—it's been rather a job, hasn't it, rather a bit of work, all that cherishing this afternoon?"

"At the beginning," replied the rough little girl, "it was rather a strain."

"I reckon," said Mr. Pook.

"You needn't mind," said the rough little girl. "I didn't do it because I *wanted* to do it. I did it because I *had* to do it. I've got to cherish Lily, and I supposed I had to cherish you, because I'm a Chilperine."

Mr. Pook stared upon the rough little girl meditatively. "I daresay," said he, "it's not all jam being a Chilperine."

"I daresay," said the rough little girl, "it's not all porky puff being a Pook."

"You're right," said Mr. Pook.

IV

The story now takes a turn, at once hackneyed and sentimental, which I detest and something like which I have been dreading all the time. If only I could invent stories for myself instead of telling other people's, I never would stoop to the smell of smoke and the clanging of a great bell to which the rough little girl one night awoke. Of course you guess at once what has happened and what is going to happen. The swagger and exclusive school was on fire. Brenda skipped out of bed, stuffed on her shoes, jerked up her wrapper and simply rushed. She gave never a thought to Lily Pook. She never imagined this was a real fire. At least twice in every term that bell used to startle the swagger and exclusive girls out of their sleep and send them hustling to their established places in the great hall in the delirious excitement of fire drill. There were prizes for the girls who got there in three minutes

from the alarm, and punishment (forfeits) for the girls who did not get there in five. Hence never a thought of Lily Pook, only the skipping out, the stuffing on, the jerking up and the rushing down. True, a smell of smoke had never before been present with the alarm bell, but in the excitement to be down among the prize-winners Brenda scarcely noticed it.

She noticed it very dreadfully as in the mob of others she fled downstairs and into the hall. Also horrible crackling noises; also strange heat; also no stopping in the hall. Mistresses were there to shout, "In the garden! In the garden! Take your places on the lawn!" and they were all in their places, much agitated, hysterically squeaking as to some of them, hysterically exclaiming as to nearly all at the horrid sight of red and yellow light glowing angrily behind the window panes, before ever to Brenda came the thought of Lily. Indeed, it only came when simultaneously it came to all the rest of that frightened throng.

The first rule in the principles of that fire drill was the taking of a roll call. A mistress well accustomed to the list, comporting herself with superb calm in this terrible crisis, rattled off the names. The swagger and exclusive girls, well accustomed to the order of their names, and comporting themselves now with automatic precision, rattled out responses. One name (its owner recently joined) was pencilled at the foot of the list. One girl, for the like reason, never yet had participated in a fire drill; knew not the meaning of the great bell; did not respond when at last her name was called.

"Lily Pook!" cried the mistress, and stopped; and there seemed to be in all that din a dreadful silence. "Lily

Pook!" she cried again; and there came a cold clutch to the heart of Brenda; and now indeed was panic. "Where is Lily Pook?" cried the mistress. "Has any one seen Lily Pook?" And using the smooth little girl's funny little name "Pook! Pook!" cried all the swagger and exclusive misses. "Pook! Pook! Pook!"

I ought to have said (but you have doubtless guessed it) that, as always happens in stories of this kind, the nearest fire engine was miles and miles away. No men were attached to this swagger and exclusive school. Men, indeed, were firmly kept away from it. The very gardeners were lady gardeners; the lady principal's chauffeur was a lady chauffeur; and now, while men for the first time in the history of that swagger and exclusive school were very badly wanted, and while still that frightened throng wailed "Pook! Pook!" into the night, their wails suddenly were changed to screams of "Brenda! Brenda!" also of "Stop her! Stop her!"

Again you can guess. It always happens in stories of this kind. There came to the rough little girl the dreadful knowledge that here, in the absence of that Pook, her trust was betrayed. The Pook whom it was her duty, because she was a Chilperine, to cherish was not being cherished. She was, on the contrary, being burnt alive.

A Pilgrim Knight, that is to say a Chilperine, cannot stand by and see that happen.

As countless heroines have done before, but much more fearfully, because, although she was a Chilperine, she was not really a heroine, the rough little girl fled across the lawn and into the great hall and up the stairs and down the corridors and into the room jointly shared. She went

by no means so swiftly as this is written. In some stages she went very slowly. Once, when half-way up the stairs, she went back. She was very frightened, and she had occasion to be very frightened. There was smoke and there were flames and there was very great heat and there was a most terrible rending and crackling.

"I am the Pilgrim Knight."

It is not the kind of thing that a little girl would say or think, horribly situated as was this little girl, but I have to state and to emphasise that she did say it. She went back once in the great hall; and she said, "I am the Pilgrim Knight!" and she went on again. She went back once on the first landing; and she said, "I am the Pilgrim Knight," and she went on again. She went back once on the second flight of stairs; and she saw, not in the direction on which she had turned her back, but in the direction towards which now stood her face, that which most terribly dismayed her. In the brief instant since her passage of the flight below, flames had appeared where flames had not been. They were leaping up and they leapt, from the landing to the stairs, with a horrible fluttering sound, like a flag drumming in a great wind.

That was what beneath her the rough little girl saw; and it was perfectly clear to her that, if those stairs were to be descended and safety reached, they must be descended now, at once, with all possible speed, or never.

She nerved herself for that terrible rush to lovely safety; and at the pitch of her nerving, that is to say on her tiptoes, with her breath held up to bursting, with one hand stretched down the balustrade, with the other frantically caught to her small bosom, she remembered a thing that

her people had been saying ever since the first Chilperine said it to William the Conqueror; and tears of fright rushed to her eyes and streamed out of her eyes and she said it.

"I am the Pilgrim Knight!" she said; and she turned and took those stairs again.

She kept repeating it now. She had to. "I am the Pilgrim Knight! I am the Pilgrim Knight! I am the Pilgrim Knight!" She said it over and over again, very fast and very fierce. She had to; she would have gone back else.

Well, that is the easiest bit of that part, and the rest has to be hurried over because it is rather painful.

The rough little girl found the smooth little girl cowering beside the window of her room. The smooth little girl cried, "Oh, Brenda! Brenda!" The rough little girl, recovering at sight of the smooth little girl something of her normal attitude towards her, cried: "Oh, *Pook*! I must say you are the most maddening and infuriating and senseless Pook! Whatever on earth did you stay up here for?"

She caught the smooth little girl by the hand and dragged her (she had to be dragged) to the head of the stairs.

But beyond the first flight there were no stairs; there were only flames.

"Now, you see," cried the rough little girl, "what you have done! Pook, you ought to be *boiled*."

As the smooth little girl was in more than considerable danger of being within a very few minutes burnt, this was no very alarming threat; and there came almost immediately new terrors very terrible, which lost the rough little girl the confidence that came to her by resumption of her

bullying and hectoring ways. There came up the well of the staircase a sudden giant flame that leapt like a spontaneous combustion of the air about them. They staggered back and Lily screamed.

"We are going to die! We are going to die!" she cried, and clutched both her arms around the other.

The rough little girl kissed her. "Darling Pook," she said, "we are not. Darling Pook, you have *only* got to be brave."

There was a short passage here and the rough little girl took the smooth little girl to the window at the end of it. At the end of the long corridor on this landing was a fire escape. At the end of this passage there was no fire escape and the corridor could not be reached.

The rough little girl threw up the lower sash of the window. It very fortunately gave on to the lawn where had assembled the girls. They were to be seen now, from that great height, as midgets performing as it were antics. The school fire brigade had found their senses and their implements. With a hand pump and a hose they were directing what looked to be a thin pencil of water against the buildings. Other girls—the roll-call ranks, under strain of Brenda's dramatic flight, abandoned—ran excitedly to and fro, stopping at useful points to search the windows; others in groups stood rooted, staring.

Brenda showed herself. The puppets, as though jerked by simultaneous movement of every string, whirled into agitation of tossing arms and running feet. They collected in a crowd. There came up thin wisps of voices piping "Brenda! Brenda!" The smooth little girl was seen. "Pook! Pook!" arose the piping notes.

It was told afterwards by a mistress: "We knew they were cut off from the fire escape on their landing, for we had seen flames from the window where it was fastened. We were distracted. That brave child, in her dreadful peril, had more sense than we. She remembered what in our distraction we forgot, the jumping sheet that was supplied with our fire-brigade equipment and that at our fire drill we used to hold for girls of the gym eight to jump into from the first floor; quite low, you know. Brenda could not make us hear. She got out on the window sill and that, because we were terrified she was going to throw herself down, reminded us. What courage, what coolness of thought by such means to remind us! We fled for the sheet, and every one for whom there was room hung on it with their full weight as at our drill we had learnt. And then—"

The sheet looked to Brenda not so small as a large pocket handkerchief, but not so big as a small tablecloth. Brenda felt sick. She glanced back along the passage.

It would be an exaggeration to say that what Brenda saw along the passage informed her that not minutes but only seconds remained for life up there. Minutes remained, but they were in number very, very few. Brenda said, "Darling Pook, you must jump."

Lily most dreadfully shrieked, "Brenda, I can't, I can't!"

The rough little girl said, "Darling Pook!" and began to lift her.

The smooth little girl screamed, "Brenda! Brenda!" and at that her smooth little knees collapsed.

She had fainted.

The rough little girl tried to raise her and found, because she was very hurried and very terrified, that she could not raise her. She leaned from the window and thereupon the lawn screamed to her, "Jump! Jump!"

She put a leg over the window sill and again looked down, and they screamed more loudly than before, "Jump! Jump!" She drew up the other leg and began, very quickly, to thrust it over; and she looked back and looked down at the smooth little girl, crumpled; and she did not say it herself, but it was said for her into her by the spirit that stretched back to the first Chilperine and that frequently, at moments like this, found a voice for itself, much disturbing the living stuff. It was said for her into her, "You are a Chilperine."

So she caught at her breath and she drew back her legs and she was not seen by those who from the lawn screamed, "Jump, Brenda, jump!"

There immediately was seen by them instead the form of the smooth little girl, which first was on the window ledge, and then between the arms of the rough little girl was suspended above the sheet, and then came whizzing, and miraculously was caught upon the sheet, and bounced, but not much, and was caught again, and was deposited, unhurt, upon the lawn.

You know, it's confusion when you are swagger and exclusive girls, and not trained firemen, holding a jumping sheet, and a body comes thudding into it. You can't be ready again at once, you know.

There *was* confusion; and while that confusion, as they say, "reigned," there was a mighty crash and a bursting up to heaven of sparks that flames, as if they chased them,

clutched at with angry fingers; and that was part, not all, of the roof gone in; and there were shouts, and men, and rushings, and that was the fire brigade arrived and running a snake of ladders to the house; and there was every eye towards one point, and every heart in dread towards it, and that was where the little girl that was rough had been . . . and was not.

Up went that snake of ladders and up the first, *pit-a-pat*! my goodness, how he goes! a giant fellow with a shining hat; and up the next, and *flick*! another is shot up before him; and he's up that, and *flick*! he's up again. *Pit-a-pat!* my word, his feet and hands aren't feet and hands, they're four spots racing. Up, up; up, up; my life, that man's a sailor! He's up. His hands are at the window. Up goes his leg. He's gone. My stars, he hadn't touched the top before he—*flick*—was vanished; before he—Look! Print it in shouts, before he—Look! HE'S GOT HER! ON HIS SHOULDER! CHEER! HE'S OUT! HE'S COMING DOWN! CHEER! CHEER, GIRLS, CHEER AGAIN! Here, let me out, I've got something in my eyes, confound it!

(I say, that's the way to tell a story!)

V

The rough little girl passed through a number of scenes and among a number of faces very decidedly bewildering to her. The first face upon which she squarely got her eye was, astoundingly, the large, red face, gazing upon her from the foot of the bed, of Mr. Pook. The next face, standing beside her, was the face of Lily Pook; and the first scene, enframing these faces, clearly observed by the

rough little girl was, amazingly, the very dear and familiar scene of her own bedroom at Chilperine Castle. She then, with effect much more stabilizing, perceived on the other side of her, smiling at her, the face of her mother.

In every story of this kind that I have ever read, the first words of the rough little girl would have been, "Is Pook safe?" A beatific smile would then have adorned her face. She then would have said she heard the sound of angels' music; and then, very beautifully, would have died. I hate to write that her first words were, instead, quite calmly, "Cherishable, is this my room at Chilperine?" She then said, "How lovely!" and she then incontinently went to sleep.

What had happened was that Mr. Pook, hearing by telephone of the disaster, had rushed over to the school in his terrific car; and hearing there of his daughter's peril and rescue had first fallen on his knees and shed from his eyes tears, almost as big as his own porky puffs, of thanksgiving and gratitude; and had then conveyed the rough little girl, together with his own smooth little girl, back to the Castle, which, said he subsequently, and brokenly, to the mother of the rough little girl, "She's never going to leave, madam. I knew her weeks ago, madam, for the finest little lady that ever stepped; and she's showed herself the bravest little lady. 'I am a Chilperine,' she said to me that day I went there; and I reckon she is, and the best of 'em. And I reckon she belongs here, and I reckon Chilperine belongs to her; and say what you like, madam, it *is* hers."

This "say what you like" was because, earlier in the conversation, the mother of the rough little girl, seeing that Mr. Pook was really serious in his remarkable intention, had

pointed out, very kindly (she also being much moved) but very firmly, that the most celebrated home in England cannot possibly be given to a small schoolgirl whose family has had to sell it because unable to afford the upkeep of it.

"That must, altogether apart from anything else, be plain to you, dear Mr. Pook," said the mother of the rough little girl.

"What's plain to me," said Mr. Pook, "is that my little lass is worth to me all the castles in England, and that that little lady upstairs is worth all the castles in England. There's an idea suddenly come to me, madam, and I'll go right to my study and do it now. I'll not tell you what it is, madam, till it's done. But I'll tell you what it's come to me out of. This Castle isn't for my sort. I'm going to give it where it belongs; and your brave little lady that belongs to it as much as the walls belong to it, I'm going to give her too."

With this strange saying Mr. Pook went to his study, wrote upon a sheet of paper "To the Right Honourable the Prime Minister—Sir . . ." and brought to an end this story. Some newspaper extracts can close it. First those headlines in perfectly enormous type, which one day burst out of the Press:

CHILPERINE FOR THE NATION

MUNIFICENT BEQUEST BY MR. SAMUEL POOK

Then just a sentence from the enthusiastic leading articles accompanying them.

Particularly happy, we may say particularly beautiful, is the sole condition on which this princely benefactor of the nation makes his gift. . . . "Chilperine," as he says, "would not be Chil-

perine without a Chilperine." . . . A sum of money has been set aside by Mr. Pook for purposes of this private upkeep. . . . Miss Brenda Chilperine will for her lifetime own and dwell in the castle. . . . Mrs. Chilperine, as her accompanying letter shows, on behalf of her daughter has accepted the trust.

More Press Extracts. This one from a New Year Honours List:

TO BE BARONS

MR. SAMUEL POOK

(Donor of Chilperine to the Nation)

And then this one, not long after, which first has to be prefaced by words said by Mrs. Chilperine to Mr. Pook during one of the holidays which always the smooth little girl and her father spent with the rough little girl and her mother. "Mr. Pook, I insist. Your name must go down with the Chilperine name. Look what you have done for it. Yes, that is to be your title, please."

This one:

"Mr. Samuel Pook, on his elevation to the peerage, has assumed the title of Lord Pook of Chilperine."

The rough little girl showed it to the smooth little girl. "And mind you, Pook," said the rough little girl, speaking with some difficulty, for her mouth was full, "and mind you, Pook, it sounds jolly well, I think. 'Lord Pook of Chilperine.' Now I vote we have just one more porky puff and that's all."

THE DAY OF THE SCHOLARS[1]

By Seumas MacManus

It is a lee and long while now since the days of Fergal the Scholar; and the man who lived then hasn't had a toothache for a thousand years. In them days the scholars of Ireland were known and noted to the world's four corners. And Ireland's notorious scholars, after they had learned everything there was to learn in the world, grew so proud and pompostious of their own greatness that they went traveling among one another, and east and west as well, challenging everybody to meet them in contests, the craziest they could think of. Whenever or wherever one of these extraordinary contests of learning was announced between two of the great, proud scholars, the doctor would leave his patient before he had him dead, and the groom would leave the bride before he had kissed her, and the sentry his post though he seen an invading army coming, and the king his crown, and the beggar his bag—every one of them breaking their neck to see who'd be on the ground first. So mad, at last, did the whole land become over these contests, that the country was going to pot out and out, neither child nor chief caring what happened it, so long as there were fools enough to argue with them which scholar of all Ireland was best.

[1] Reprinted by permission from *Lo and Behold Ye!* Copyright, 1919, by Frederick A. Stokes Company.

When the rage had reached its height, the scholars surrounded with such fame as had never been known before, and the country looking ruination in the face, a scholar of scholars, who was named above all others, Fergal the Scholar,—who, after he had learned the last thing that was to be learnt in Ireland, visited every college in Europe and Asia, and challenging and contesting with the greatest philosophers of them, coming out victorious, and adding something new to his wonderful knowledge in every fresh country he traveled,—came back to Ireland, all the world ringing with his name and his fame,—and came to his own native Kerry.

Every scholar in Ireland trembled like a windle-straw when they heard of Fergal's coming.

Fergal didn't eat a pick nor close an eye, after he landed in Kerry, till he had sent a challenge to the High King of Ireland at Tara, for the greatest of the great scholars, which the King always had to maintain in flocks round his court, to meet him in a final contest for the world's championship—a contest in which not a word was to be permitted, only sign language. And he named a day and a date when he would appear at Tara, to give it its choice of either fame or shame eternal.

Now, the High King at Tara at this time was a man of such good common sense that there was no telling what minute the scholars would raise the nation against him, and take the crown from him in disgrace: and when he'd get up in the morning he'd always feel for his head the first thing—to see if they had still left it on his shoulders. When he got this challenge from Fergal the Scholar, he was—inside of himself—the maddest man his kingdom

knew. All of his court, though, were full of rejoicement—except the scholars. The King's scholars were the talk of the world, for they had beaten and vanquished everything that ever came before them up to this. They now, however, knew that there was no standing up to Fergal the Scholar, who had bate all Europe out of a clean face, and would surely bate and disgrace them for evermore.

The nearer drew the day Fergal had named for the big contest, the worse grew the plight of the King's scholars, and heart-breaking was the woe and wailin' among them. At last, in a crowd they came before the King, and begged that he would invent some way of saving them and saving his court from disgrace in the world's face.

And, in troth,—for their plight would melt the heart of a whin-stone—the King's heart was touched for them. Then he got neither ease nor peace, worrying out what he could do.

Now, the King had heard tell, at various times, of a mighty knowledgeable little black-whiskered man, that they called Dark Patrick, who lived among the hills of Donegal, and who, though he had never seen the inside of a college, or looked between the covers of a book in his life, was known far and wide for his extraordinary cleverness, common sense, and wisdom—and a man who, though he had unraveled many a wonderful puzzle when the need called him, was still as humble as he was poor, and lived quiet and peaceful in his own little hut, tilling his own patch of land, and desiring nothing greater than the respect of his neighbors, who were as poor as himself.

The King sent a courier to Donegal to fetch Dark Patrick back with him to the palace at Tara. And to

Patrick the King gave in his case, asking what he could do to help him.

Dark Patrick he shook his head. "I don't know," he said. "This learning is a wonderful thing. But I'll do my best, and the best can do no more."

"That's so," says the King, all resigned.

Dark Patrick then set about making inquiries to find out if there was at the King's court such a thing as a man who had never learned to know B from a bull's foot. And every one agreed that Johnny-One-Eye, the apple huckster's son, was not only the ignorantest man at court, but you might drag Ireland with a herring net and not find a stupider.

"Then," says Patrick, "'tis Johnny-One-Eye is going to overthrow Fergal the Scholar."

The learned ones of the court rose in uproar at this, and asked the King was he going to let this country clown, Dark Patrick from Donegal, bring eternal disgrace upon him, and them, and the nation.

Says Patrick: "My lord, maybe some of the learned gentlemen themselves is willing to undertake to meet and defeat Fergal. If so, then your good name is saved, and you have no use for me, so I'll be bidding you good morning, and pushing for the North again." He looked all round the great scholars to see which of them was going to volunteer to meet Fergal. But one scholar looked at the other, and the other looked at the one; and the heart of every man o' them sunk to his boots, and there wasn't a soul among them had the courage to look the King in the face and say, "I'll meet Fergal."

"Then," says the King, "when ye'll not undertake one

of ye to meet Fergal yourselves, ye haven't any right to interfere with this good man in whatsomever arrangement it pleases him to make."

Well and good. The great Fergal himself arrived, at last, with a terrible retinue of all the scholars of Munster in his train. And he'd scarce bow to the King, so great and proud was he. But he swept into the grand hall that had been cleared for the contest,—him and all his flock of shining scholars,—and he seated himself on a throne on one side of the platform in view of all the multitude—the scholars and the nobles and the great men who now filled the hall to bursting. And he called for the champion who was to contest with him.

Though the King's scholars were looking black in the face, there was thousands of men there had to stuff the tails of their coats in their mouths when they seen Johnny-One-Eye led in, in a professor's rig-out, and handed on to the platform, and seated on a throne fornenst the wonderful Fergal.

Fergal, with a curl on his lip, was viewing the champion who was to oppose him. The disdainful look that Johnny-One-Eye gave him in return delighted the hall-full, and rejoiced the heart of the King.

When he seen that everything was ready, the King sounded a bell, which was to be the signal for the champions to begin the greatest contest Ireland ever knew, or ever would know.

Fergal the Scholar opened the ball. He held up one finger towards his opponent. And the minute he did so, Johnny put up two fingers towards him. On the heels of that Fergal hoisted three fingers. Then the King's cham-

pion presented a closed fist. Fergal next put up a ripe strawberry, and Johnny-One-Eye put up a green gooseberry. The people, who were terribly anxious, quickly judged that, whatever it all meant, things were going hard against Johnny, for he was going black in the face with rage.

Fergal in another jiffy had up an apple that he took out of his pocket; then Johnny put up half a loaf of bread that he drew from under his coat. He was near foaming at the mouth now, with rage, the people seen, while Fergal was as cool as a throut in a pool.

Fergal next put the apple to his mouth and took a bite out of it; and the minute he did so, Johnny ups with the loaf, let it fly at Fergal's head, and laid him out like a corpse!

The King's scholars all jumped to their feet to propose that Johnny-One-Eye should be drawn and quartered, when, before they had time to get out their first words, Fergal the Scholar, who was on his feet quick and fast, crossed the platform to Johnny, took his hand in both of his, and shook it. Then, turning to all the dumbfounded people in the hall, Fergal said: "Gentlemen, I freely and publicly confess that, for the first time in his long career, Fergal the Scholar has been outmatched."

Every soul there was thunderstruck!

"I've traveled far," went on Fergal, again, "gone to many famous colleges, and contended with the world's most wonderful scholars, but I had to come among the High King's scholars at Tara," says he, "to meet this most supremely notable and extraordinary scholar, who, because his great learning exceeds all that I ever thought

was in the power of mortal man, has overthrown me. I am not only beaten, but actually proud of the distinction of being beaten by such an extraordinary genius."

Says the King, getting to his feet: "Would ye kindly explain to these assembled gentlemen all that passed between you and my champion?"

"I'll do that," says Fergal. "I first put up one finger, signifying that there was one God: which this profoundly learned gentleman well answered by putting up two fingers —meaning to say the Father had two other Persons along with Him. Then, thinking I had him caught, I next put up three fingers, which meant, 'Then aren't there three gods?' But your great doctor rose to the occasion, for he immediately closed his fist, indicating that they all together made one.

"I held up a red strawberry to indicate that life is sweet: and your great doctor answered, with a green gooseberry, that life wasn't by any means all sweet, but was improved by having a judicious blending of the sour blent with it. Myself showed an apple to exemplify that, according to the Bible, fruit was the first and natural food of man: the scholarly doctor corrected me by exhibiting a loaf of bread—meaning to say that bread was the staff of life, and that man was ordained to eat it in the sweat of his brow.

"Then, calling up all my brains and all my learning and inspiration, I took a bite out of my apple which meant to say, 'I have ye at last; explain that if ye can.' And, lo, and behold ye! this most honorable and extraordinary genius, without giving me time to wink an eye, hurled his loaf at me and laid me out flat—in exemplification, as ye

know, that 'twas the biting of the apple caused the Fall o' Man. I'm done!" says Fergal the Scholar. "My disgrace is everlasting and complete. I only ask to be allowed to depart in peace, and be for evermore forgotten."

And in shame and disgrace, with their heads between their legs, Fergal the Scholar and all his retinue—the greatest scholars of Munster—departed from the King's palace.

'Round Johnny-One-Eye (who had been listening, with mouth open, to Fergal's speech) all the King's scholars and great doctors gathered, hoisting him on their shoulders, and nine times circumnavigatin' with him the King's castle yard. Then they made the King hang him with all the medals, degrees and learned orders of the kingdom, till the poor fellow's back bent to the breaking-point.

"Now," says the King, says he, getting up from his throne, "there's one man we're forgetting, and 'twould ill become us not to remember and honor him. I call upon Dark Patrick," says he, "from Donegal, wherever he is, to come forth."

In a far-back corner of the room, under the choir-loft, a little dark-whiskered man stood up and made his obadiance to the King.

"Dark Patrick," says the King to the little black man from Donegal, "I have a fancy that I'd like to keep you about my court, and give you any salary you name, for doing nothing only just being handy any time I take the notion to seek your advice. Name your salary—and, no matter what it is, it'll be yours."

"Me lord," says Dark Patrick, "I humbly thank you with all my heart for your gracious goodness to one so

unworthy. But you'll pardon me if, before replying to your demand, I request an Irishman's privilege of asking a question?"

"Certainly," says the King.

And says Dark Patrick, turning towards the seat where Johnny-One-Eye, all bewilderment, was stooping under his medals: "It is of the learned doctor on the platform," indicating Johnny, "that I'd ask the question.

"Fergal the Scholar," he went on, "kindly entertained this assembly to his point of view of the deaf-and-dumb discussion that passed between you, and by means of which you, with your genius, floored the first scholar in the world. Now would you kindly honor this assembly with *your* account of the transaction?"

"Faith," says Johnny—I mean the learned doctor—"I'll do that same!—For 'twas mighty straight and simple. The lad ye put up again' me," says he, "was the most ill-bred vagabone I ever had the bad fortune to cross in all my travels. He started by a remark on my personal peculiarities—holdin' up one finger to taunt me that I'd only one eye. As mad as a March hare, I put up two fingers to show that my one eye was as good as his two. Then carrying his taunts further, he got up three fingers to draw an ill-natured laugh out of ye, for that here were two men with only three eyes in their company. I shut my fist at him to let him know what was waitin' for him if he didn't quick change his tune. He ups with a strawberry to tell me he didn't care that for me: I ups with a green gooseberry to let him know back again I didn't care that for him, or all his breed, seed, and generation. When

the mean fellow ups with an apple to tell me that I was an apple-huckster's son, meself pulls out tuppence worth of bread that I was bringing home for my dinner when yous caught me and hauled me in here—I ups with the bread for to let him know if he didn't stop taunting me I'd very quick brain him. But the impudent fellow was bent on his own ruination, for he immediately put the apple to his mouth and took a bite out of it, to remind me that when I was a youngster I used to steal my poor old crippled mother's apples and run away and ate them. That was the last straw—I let him have the loaf between the two eyes and stiffened him. 'Twas a great victory, so it was," says the innocent poor fellow.

"A great victory, entirely," says Dark Patrick. "And," says he, to Johnny, "I congratulate yourself, most learned sir, and all the other learned scholars here, on this most wonderful triumph."

"A terrible triumph, it surely was!" says the King, says he, taking a pinch of snuff. "And," says he, "I command that you, learned gentlemen, lead your new High Chief Doctor to the grandest suite of rooms your end of the castle knows, and attend on him with all reverence and honor henceforward.—And now, as to yourself, Dark Patrick?" says the King, says he.

"Just, me lord," says Dark Patrick, "what I was coming to. For your most generous offer to meself, me lord," says he, "I regret I must reluctantly decline it. The likes of me, an ignorant poor mountain-man, would be wofully out o' place in a court that is inhabited by such great learned gentlemen as these I have the honor to see round

me. Learning," says he, "is a wonderful thing, surely. I heartily and humbly thank ye, me lord," says he, making his obadience to the King, "and good-by! 'Tis time I was shortening the road to my little cabin in the bogs of Donegal."

The King himself strove hard to hold him. But 'twas no use. Patrick hoisted on his stick the little bundle he traveled with; and them that looked after, soon saw him stepping out lonely, but bravely, on the road to the North.

THE RED MARK[1]

By Israel Zangwill

The curious episode in the London Ghetto the other winter, while the epidemic of small-pox was raging, escaped the attention of the reporters, though in the world of the Board-schools it is a vivid memory. But even the teachers and the committees, the inspectors and the Board members, have remained ignorant of the part little Bloomah Beckenstein played in it.

To explain how she came to be outside the school gates instead of inside them, we must go back a little and explain her situation both outside and inside her school.

Bloomah was probably "*Blume*," which is German for a flower, but she had always been spelt "Bloomah" in the school register, for even Board-school teachers are not necessarily familiar with foreign languages.

They might have been forgiven for not connecting Bloomah with blooms, for she was a sad-faced child, and even in her tenth year showed deep, dark circles round her eyes. But they were beautiful eyes, large, brown, and soft, shining with love and obedience.

Mrs. Beckenstein, however, found neither of these qualities in her youngest born, who seemed to her entirely sucked up by the school.

[1] From *Ghetto Comedies.* Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers, New York, and William Heinemann, Limited, London.

"In my days," she would grumble, "it used to be God Almighty first, your parents next, and school last. Now it's all a red mark first, your parents and God Almighty nowhere."

The red mark was the symbol of punctuality, set opposite the child's name in the register. To gain it, she must be in her place at nine o'clock to the stroke. A moment after nine, and only the black mark was attainable. Twenty to ten, and the duck's egg of the absent was sorrowfully inscribed by the Recording Angel, who in Bloomah's case was a pale pupil-teacher with eyeglasses.

But it was the Banner which loomed largest on the school horizon, intensifying Bloomah's anxiety and her mother's grievance.

"I don't see nothing," Mrs. Beckenstein iterated; "no prize, no medal—nothing but a red mark and a banner."

The Banner was indeed a novelty. It had not unfurled itself in Mrs. Beckenstein's young days, nor even in the young days of Bloomah's married brothers and sisters.

As the worthy matron would say: "There's been Jack Beckenstein, there's been Joey Beckenstein, there's been Briny Beckenstein, there's been Benjy Beckenstein, there's been Ada Beckenstein, there's been Becky Beckenstein, God bless their hearts! and they all grew up scholards and prize-winners and a credit to their Queen and their religion without this *Meshuggas* (madness) of a banner."

Vaguely Mrs. Beckenstein connected the degenerate innovation with the invasion of the school by "furriners"—all these hordes of Russian, Polish, and Roumanian Jews flying from persecution, who were sweeping away the good

old English families, of which she considered the Beckensteins a shining example. What did English people want with banners and such-like gewgaws?

The Banner was a class trophy of regularity and punctuality. It might be said metaphorically to be made of red marks; and, indeed, its ground-hue was purple.

The class that had scored the highest weekly average of red marks enjoyed its emblazoned splendours for the next week. It hung by a cord on the classroom wall, amid the dull, drab maps—a glorious sight with its oaken frame and its rich-coloured design in silk. Life moved to a chivalrous music, lessons went more easily, in presence of its proud pomp: 'twas like marching to a band instead of painfully plodding.

And the desire to keep it became a passion to the winners; the little girls strained every nerve never to be late or absent; but, alas! some mischance would occur to one or other, and it passed, in its purple and gold, to some strenuous and luckier class in another section of the building, turning to a funeral-banner as it disappeared dismally through the door of the cold and empty room.

Woe to the late-comer who imperilled the Banner. The black mark on the register was a snowflake compared with the black frown on all those childish foreheads. As for the absentee, the scowls that would meet her return not improbably operated to prolong her absence.

Only once had Bloomah's class won the trophy, and that was largely through a yellow fog which hit the other classes worse.

For Bloomah was the black sheep that spoilt the chances of the fold—the black sheep with the black marks. Per-

haps those great rings round her eyes were the black marks incarnate, so morbidly did the poor child grieve over her sins of omission.

Yet these sins of omission were virtues of commission elsewhere; for if Bloomah's desk was vacant, it was only because Bloomah was slaving at something that her mother considered more important.

"The Beckenstein family first, the workshop second, and school nowhere," Bloomah might have retorted on her mother.

At home she was the girl-of-all-work. In the living-rooms she did cooking and washing and sweeping; in the shop above, whenever a hand fell sick or work fell heavy, she was utilized to make buttonholes, school hours or no school hours.

Bloomah was likewise the errand-girl of the establishment, and the portress of goods to and from S. Cohn's Emporium in Holloway, and the watch-dog when Mrs. Beckenstein went shopping or pleasuring.

"Lock up the house!" the latter would cry, when Bloomah tearfully pleaded for that course. "My things are much too valuable to be locked up. But I know you'd rather lose my jewellery than your precious Banner."

When Mrs. Beckenstein had new grandchildren—and they came frequently—Bloomah would be summoned in hot haste to the new scene of service. Curt post-cards came on these occasions, thus conceived:

DEAR MOTHER,

A son. Send Bloomah.

BRINY

Sometimes these messages were mournfully inverted:

DEAR MOTHER,

Poor little Rachie is gone. Send Bloomah to your heartbroken

BECKY

Occasionally the post-card went the other way:

DEAR BECKY,

Send back Bloomah.

Your loving mother

The care of her elder brother Daniel was also part of Bloomah's burden; and in the evenings she had to keep an eye on his street sports and comrades, for since he had shocked his parents by dumping down a new pair of boots on the table, he could not be trusted without supervision.

Not that he had stolen the boots—far worse! Beguiled by a card cunningly printed in Hebrew, he had attended the evening classes of the *Meshummodim*, those converted Jews who try to bribe their brethren from the faith, and who are the bugbear and execration of the Ghetto.

Daniel was thereafter looked upon at home as a lamb who had escaped from the lion's den, and must be the object of their vengeful pursuit, while on Bloomah devolved the duties of shepherd and sheep-dog.

It was in the midst of all these diverse duties that Bloomah tried to go to school by day, and do her home lessons by night. She did not murmur against her mother, though she often pleaded. She recognized that the poor woman was similarly distracted between domestic duties and turns at the machines upstairs.

Only it was hard for the child to dovetail the two halves of her life. At night she must sit up as late as her elders,

poring over her schoolbooks, and in the morning it was a fierce rush to get through her share of the housework in time for the red mark. In Mrs. Beckenstein's language: "Don't eat, don't sleep, boil nor bake, stew nor roast, nor fry, nor nothing."

Her case was even worse than her mother imagined, for sometimes it was ten minutes to nine before Bloomah could sit down to her own breakfast, and then the steaming cup of tea served by her mother was a terrible hindrance: and if that good woman's head was turned, Bloomah would sneak towards the improvised sink—which consisted of two dirty buckets, the one holding the clear water being recognisable by the tin pot standing on its covering-board—where she would pour half her tea into the one bucket and fill up from the other.

When this stratagem was impossible, she almost scalded herself in her gulpy haste. Then how she snatched up her satchel and ran through rain, or snow, or fog, or scorching sunshine! Yet often she lost her breath without gaining her mark, and as she cowered tearfully under the angry eyes of the classroom, a stab at her heart was added to the stitch in her side.

It made her classmates only the angrier that, despite all her unpunctuality, she kept a high position in the class, even if she could never quite attain prize-rank.

But there came a week when Bloomah's family remained astonishingly quiet and self-sufficient, and it looked as if the Banner might once again adorn the dry, scholastic room and throw a halo of romance round the blackboard.

Then a curious calamity befell. A girl who had left the school for another at the end of the previous week re-

urned on the Thursday, explaining that her parents had lecided to keep her in the old school. An indignant heart-ry broke through all the discipline:

"Teacher, don't have her!"

From Bloomah burst the peremptory command: "Go back, Sarah!"

For the unlucky children felt that her interval would now be reckoned one of absence. And they were right. Sarah reduced the gross attendance by six, and the Banner was lost.

Yet to have been so near incited them to a fresh spurt. Again the tantalizing Thursday was reached before their hopes were dashed. This time the breakdown was even crueler, for every pinafored pupil, not excluding Bloomah, was in her place, red-marked.

Upon this saintly company burst suddenly Bloomah's mother, who, ignoring the teacher, and pointing her finger dramatically at her daughter, cried:

"Bloomah Beckenstein, go home!"

Bloomah's face became one large red mark, at which all the other girls' eyes were directed. Tears of humiliation and distress dripped down the cheeks over the dark rings. If she were thus haled off ere she had received two hours of secular instruction, her attendance would be cancelled.

The class was all in confusion. "Fold arms!" cried the teacher sharply, and the girls sat up rigidly. Bloomah obeyed instinctively with the rest.

"Bloomah Beckenstein, do you want me to pull you out by your plait?"

"Mrs. Beckenstein, really you mustn't come here like that!" said the teacher in her most ladylike accents.

"Tell Bloomah that," answered Mrs. Beckenstein, unimpressed. "She's come here by runnin' away from home. There's nobody but her to see to things, for we are all broken in our bones from dancin' at a weddin' last night, and comin' home at four in the mornin', and pourin' cats and dogs. If you go to our house, please, teacher, you'll see my Benjy in bed; he's given up his day's work; he must have his sleep; he earns three pounds a week as head cutter at S. Cohn's—he can afford to be in bed, thank God! So now, then, Bloomah Beckenstein! Don't they teach you here: 'Honour thy father and thy mother'?"

Poor Bloomah rose, feeling vaguely that fathers and mothers should not dishonour their children. With hanging head she moved to the door, and burst into a passion of tears as soon as she got outside.

After, if not in consequence of, this behaviour, Mrs. Beckenstein broke her leg, and lay for weeks with the limb cased in plaster-of-Paris. That finished the chances of the Banner for a long time. Between nursing and house management Bloomah could scarcely ever put in an attendance.

So heavily did her twin troubles weigh upon the sensitive child day and night that she walked almost with a limp, and dreamed of her name in the register with ominous rows of black ciphers; they stretched on and on to infinity—in vain did she turn page after page in the hope of a red mark; the little black eggs became larger and larger, till at last horrid horned insects began to creep from them and scramble all over her, and she woke with creeping flesh. Sometimes she lay swathed and choking in the coils of a Black Banner.

And, to add to these worries, the School Board officer hovered and buzzed around, threatening summonses.

But at last she was able to escape to her beloved school. The expected scowl of the room was changed to a sigh of relief; extremes meet, and her absence had been so prolonged that reproach was turned to welcome.

Bloomah remorsefully redoubled her exertions. The hope of the Banner flamed anew in every breast. But the other classes were no less keen; a fifth standard, in particular, kept the Banner for a full month, grimly holding it against all comers, came they ever so regularly and punctually.

Suddenly a new and melancholy factor entered into the competition. An epidemic of small-pox broke out in the East End, with its haphazard effects upon the varying classes. Red marks, and black marks, medals and prizes, all was luck and lottery. The pride of the fifth standard was laid low; one of its girls was attacked, two others were kept at home through parental panic. A disturbing insecurity as of an earthquake vibrated through the school. In Bloomah's class alone—as if inspired by her martial determination—the ranks stood firm, unwavering.

The epidemic spread. The Ghetto began to talk of special psalms in the little synagogues.

In this crisis which the epidemic produced the Banner seemed drifting steadily towards Bloomah and her mates. They started Monday morning with all hands on deck, so to speak; they sailed round Tuesday and Wednesday without a black mark in the school-log. The Thursday on which they had so often split was passed under full canvas, and if they could only get through Friday the trophy was theirs.

And Friday was the easiest day of all, inasmuch as, in view of the incoming Sabbath, it finished earlier. School did not break up between the two attendances; there was a mere dinner-interval in the playground at midday. Nobody could get away, and whoever scored the first mark was sure of the second.

Bloomah was up before dawn on the fateful winter morning; she could run no risks of being late. She polished off all her housework, wondering anxiously if any of her classmates would oversleep herself, yet at heart confident that all were as eager as she. Still there was always that troublesome small-pox—! She breathed a prayer that God would keep all the little girls and send them the Banner.

As she sat at breakfast the postman brought a post-card for her mother. Bloomah's heart was in her mouth when Mrs. Beckenstein clucked her tongue in reading it. She felt sure that the epidemic had invaded one of those numerous family hearths.

Her mother handed her the card silently.

DEAR MOTHER,

I am rakked with neuraljia. Send Bloomah to fry the fish.

BECKY

Bloomah turned white; this was scarcely less tragic.

"Poor Becky!" said her heedless parent.

"There's time after school," she faltered.

"What!" shrieked Mrs. Beckenstein. "And not give the fish time to get cold! It's that red mark again—sooner than lose it you'd see your own sister eat hot fish. Be off at once to her, you unnatural brat, or I'll bang the frying-

pan about your head. That'll give you a red mark—yes, and a black mark, too! My poor Becky never persecuted me with Banners, and she's twice the scholard you are."

"Why, she can't spell 'neuralgia,'" said Bloomah resentfully.

"And who wants to spell a thing like that? It's bad enough to feel it. Wait till you have babies and neuralgy of your own, and you'll see how you'll spell."

"She can't spell 'racked' either," put in Daniel.

His mother turned on him witheringly. "She didn't go to school with the *Meshummodim*."

Bloomah suddenly picked up her satchel.

"What's your books for? You don't fry fish with books." Mrs. Beckenstein wrested it away from her, and dashed it on the floor. The pencil-case rolled one way, the thimble another.

"But I can get to school for the afternoon attendance."

"Madness! With your sister in agony? Have you no feelings? Don't let me see your brazen face before the Sabbath!"

Bloomah crept out broken-hearted. On the way to Becky's her feet turned of themselves by long habit down the miry street in which the red-brick school-building rose in dreary importance. The sight of the great iron gate and the hurrying children caused her a throb of guilt. For a moment she stood wrestling with the temptation to enter.

It was but for the moment. She might rise to the heresy of *hot* fried fish in lieu of cold, but Becky's Sabbath altogether devoid of fried fish was a thought too sacrilegious for her childish brain.

From her earliest babyhood chunks of cold fried fish had been part of her conception of the Day of Rest. Visions and odours of her mother frying plaice and soles—at worst, cod or mackerel—were inwoven with her most sacred memories of the coming Sabbath; it is probable she thought Friday was short for frying day.

With a sob she turned back, hurrying as if to escape the tug of temptation.

"Bloomah! Where are you off to?"

It was the alarmed cry of a classmate. Bloomah took to her heels, her face a fiery mass of shame and grief.

Towards midday Becky's fish, nicely browned and sprigged with parsley, stood cooling on the great blue willow-pattern dish, and Becky's neuralgia abated, perhaps from the mental relief of the spectacle.

When the clock struck twelve, Bloomah was allowed to scamper off to school in the desperate hope of saving the afternoon attendance.

The London sky was of lead, and the London pavement of mud, but her heart was aglow with hope. As she reached the familiar street a certain strangeness in its aspect struck her. People stood at the doors gossiping and excited, as though no Sabbath pots were a-cooking; straggling groups possessed the roadway, impeding her advance, and as she got nearer to the school the crowd thickened, the roadway became impassable, a gesticulating mob blocked the iron gate.

Poor Bloomah paused in her breathless career ready to cry at this malicious fate fighting against her, and for the first time allowing herself time to speculate on what was up. All around her she became aware of weeping and wailing and shrieking and wringing of hands.

The throng was chiefly composed of Russian and Roumanian women of the latest immigration, as she could tell by the pious wigs hiding their tresses. Those in the front were pressed against the bars of the locked gate, shrieking through them, shaking them with passion.

Although Bloomah's knowledge of Yiddish was slight—as became a scion of an old English family—she could make out their elemental ejaculations.

"You murderers!"

"Give me my Rachel!"

"They are destroying our daughters as Pharaoh destroyed our sons."

"Give me back my children, and I'll go back to Russia."

"They are worse than the Russians, the poisoners!"

"O God of Abraham, how shall I live without my Leah?"

On the other side of the bars the children—released for the dinner-interval—were clamouring equally, shouting, weeping, trying to get to their mothers. Some howled, with their sleeves rolled up to exhibit the upper arm.

"See," the woman cried, "the red marks! Oh, the poisoners!"

A light began to break upon Bloomah's brain. Evidently the School Board had suddenly sent down compulsory vaccinators.

"I won't die," moaned a plump golden-haired girl. "I'm too young to die yet."

"My little lamb is dying!" A woman near Bloomah, with auburn wisps showing under her black wig, wrung her hands. "I hear her talk—always, always about the red mark. Now they have given it her. She is poisoned—my little apple."

"Your little carrot is all right," said Bloomah testily. "They've only vaccinated her."

The woman caught at the only word she understood. "Vaccinate, vaccinate!" she repeated. Then, relapsing into jargon and raising her hands heavenward: "A sudden death upon them all!"

Bloomah turned despairingly in search of a wigless woman. One stood at her elbow.

"Can't you explain to her that the doctors mean no harm?" Bloomah asked.

"Oh, don't they, indeed? Just you read this!" She flourished a handbill, English on one side, Yiddish on the other.

Bloomah read the English version, not without agitation:

"Mothers, look after your little ones! The School Tyrants are plotting to inject filthy vaccine into their innocent veins. Keep them away rather than let them be poisoned to enrich the doctors."

There followed statistics to appal even Bloomah. What wonder if the refugees from lands of persecution—lands in which anything might happen—believed they had fallen from the frying-pan into the fire; if the rumour that executioners with instruments had entered the school-buildings had run like wildfire through the quarter, inflaming Oriental imagination to semi-madness.

While Bloomah was reading, a head-shawled woman fainted, and the din and frenzy grew.

"But I was vaccinated when a baby, and I'm all right," murmured Bloomah, half to reassure herself.

"My arm! I'm poisoned!" And another pupil flew frantically towards the gate.

The women outside replied with a dull roar of rage, and hurled themselves furiously against the lock.

A window on the playground was raised with a sharp snap, and the head-mistress appeared, shouting alternately at the children and the parents; but she was neither heard nor understood, and a Polish crone shook an answering fist.

"You old maid—childless, pitiless!"

Shrill whistles sounded and resounded from every side, and soon a posse of eight policemen were battling with the besiegers, trying to push themselves between them and the gate. A fat and genial officer worked his way past Bloomah, his truncheon ready for action.

"Don't hurt the poor women," Bloomah pleaded. "They think their children are being poisoned."

"I know, missie. What can you do with such greenhorns? Why don't they stop in their own country? I've just been vaccinated myself, and it's no joke to get my arm knocked about like this!"

"Then show them the red marks, and that will quiet them."

The policeman laughed. A sleeveless policeman! It would destroy all the dignity and prestige of the force.

"Then I'll show them mine," said Bloomah resolutely. "Mine are old and not very showy, but perhaps they'll do. Lift me up, please—I mean on your unvaccinated arm."

Overcome by her earnestness the policeman hoisted her on his burly shoulder. The apparent arrest made a diversion; all eyes turned towards her.

"You *Narronim*!" (fools), she shrieked, desperately mustering her scraps of Yiddish. "Your children are safe.

Ich bin vaccinated. Look!" She rolled up her sleeve. "Der policeman ist vaccinated. Look—if I tap him he winces. See!"

"Hold on, missie!" The policeman grimaced.

"The King ist vaccinated," went on Bloomah, "and the Queen, and the Prince of Wales, yes, even the Teachers themselves. There are no devils inside there. This paper" —she held up the bill—"is lies and falsehood." She tore it into fragments.

"No; it is true as the Law of Moses," retorted a man in the mob.

"As the Law of Moses!" echoed the women hoarsely.

Bloomah had an inspiration. "The Law of Moses! Pooh! Don't you know this is written by the *Meshummodim*?"

The crowd looked blank, fell silent. If, indeed, the handbill was written by apostates, what could it hold but Satan's lies?

Bloomah profited by her moment of triumph. "Go home, you *Narronim*!" she cried pityingly from her perch. And then, veering round towards the children behind the bars: "Shut up, you squalling sillies!" she cried. "As for you, Golda Benjamin, I'm ashamed of you—a girl of your age! Put your sleeve down, cry-baby!"

Bloomah would have carried the day had not her harangue distracted the police from observing another party of rioters—women, assisted by husbands hastily summoned from stall and barrow, who were battering at a side gate. And at this very instant they burst it open, and with a great cry poured into the playground, screaming and searching for their progeny.

The police darted round to the new battlefield, expect-

ing an attack upon doors and windows, and Bloomah was hastily set down in the seething throng and carried with it in the wake of the police, who could not prevent it flooding through the broken side gate.

The large playground became a pandemonium of parents, children, police, and teachers, all shouting and gesticulating. But there was no riot. The law could not prevent mothers and fathers from snatching their offspring to their bosoms and making off overjoyed. The children who had not the luck to be kidnapped escaped of themselves, some panic-stricken, some merely mischievous, and in a few minutes the school was empty.

. . . . . .

The School Management Committee sat formally to consider this unprecedented episode. It was decided to cancel the attendance for the day. Red marks, black marks —all fell into equality; the very ciphers were reduced to their native nothingness. The school-week was made to end on the Thursday.

Next Monday morning saw Bloomah at her desk, happiest of a radiant sisterhood. On the wall shone the Banner.

THE LOVE-LETTERS OF SMITH[1]

By H. C. Bunner

When the little seamstress had climbed to her room in the story over the top story of the great brick tenement house in which she lived, she was quite tired out. If you do not understand what a story over a top story is, you must remember that there are no limits to human greed, and hardly any to the height of tenement houses. When the man who owned that seven-story tenement found that he could rent another floor, he found no difficulty in persuading the guardians of our building laws to let him clap another story on the roof, like a cabin on the deck of a ship; and in the southeasterly of the four apartments on this floor the little seamstress lived. You could just see the top of her window from the street—the huge cornice that had capped the original front, and that served as her window-sill now, quite hid all the lower part of the story on top of the top story.

The little seamstress was scarcely thirty years old, but she was such an old-fashioned little body in so many of her looks and ways that I had almost spelled her sempstress, after the fashion of our grandmothers. She had been a comely body, too; and would have been still, if she had not been thin and pale and anxious-eyed.

[1] From *Stories of H. C. Bunner.* Copyright, 1890, 1896, by Alice L. Bunner; published by Charles Scribner's Sons. By permission of the publishers.

She was tired out to-night because she had been working hard all day for a lady who lived far up in the "New Wards" beyond Harlem River, and after the long journey home, she had to climb seven flights of tenement-house stairs. She was too tired, both in body and in mind, to cook the two little chops she had brought home. She would save them for breakfast, she thought. So she made herself a cup of tea on the miniature stove, and ate a slice of dry bread with it. It was too much trouble to make toast.

But after dinner she watered her flowers. She was never too tired for that; and the six pots of geraniums that caught the south sun on the top of the cornice did their best to repay her. Then she sat down in her rocking chair by the window and looked out. Her eyry was high above all the other buildings, and she could look across some low roofs opposite, and see the further end of Tompkins Square, with its sparse Spring greens showing faintly through the dusk. The eternal roar of the city floated up to her and vaguely troubled her. She was a country girl, and although she had lived for ten years in New York, she had never grown used to that ceaseless murmur. To-night she felt the languor of the new season as well as the heaviness of physical exhaustion. She was almost too tired to go to bed.

She thought of the hard day done and the hard day to be begun after the night spent on the hard little bed. She thought of the peaceful days in the country, when she taught school in the Massachusetts village where she was born. She thought of a hundred small slights that she had to bear from people better fed than bred. She thought of

the sweet green fields that she rarely saw nowadays. She thought of the long journey forth and back that must begin and end her morrow's work, and she wondered if her employer would think to offer to pay her fare. Then she pulled herself together. She must think of more agreeable things, or she could not sleep. And as the only agreeable things she had to think about were her flowers, she looked at the garden on top of the cornice.

A peculiar gritting noise made her look down, and she saw a cylindrical object that glittered in the twilight, advancing in an irregular and uncertain manner toward her flower-pots. Looking closer, she saw that it was a pewter beer-mug, which somebody in the next apartment was pushing with a two-foot rule. On top of the beer-mug was a piece of paper, and on this paper was written, in a sprawling, half-formed hand:

porter
pleas excuse the libberty And
drink it

The seamstress started up in terror, and shut the window. She remembered that there was a man in the next apartment. She had seen him on the stairs, on Sundays. He seemed a grave, decent person; but—he must be drunk. She sat down on her bed, all a-tremble. Then she reasoned with herself. The man was drunk, that was all. He probably would not annoy her further. And if he did, she had only to retreat to Mrs. Mulvaney's apartment in the rear, and Mr. Mulvaney, who was a highly respectable man and worked in a boiler-shop, would protect her. So, being a poor woman who had already had

occasion to excuse—and refuse—two or three "liberties" of like sort, she made up her mind to go to bed like a reasonable seamstress, and she did. She was rewarded, for when her light was out, she could see in the moonlight that the two-foot rule appeared again, with one joint bent

back, hitched itself into the mug-handle, and withdrew the mug.

The next day was a hard one for the little seamstress, and she hardly thought of the affair of the night before until the same hour had come around again, and she sat once more by her window. Then she smiled at the remembrance. "Poor fellow," she said in her charitable heart, "I've no doubt he's *awfully* ashamed of it now. Perhaps he was never tipsy before. Perhaps he didn't know there was a lone woman in here to be frightened."

Just then she heard a gritting sound. She looked down. The pewter pot was in front of her, and the two-foot rule was slowly retiring. On the pot was a piece of paper, and on the paper was:

porter
good for the helth
it makes meet

This time the little seamstress shut her window with a bang of indignation. The color rose to her pale cheeks. She thought that she would go down to see the janitor at once. Then she remembered the seven flights of stairs; and she resolved to see the janitor in the morning. Then she went to bed and saw the mug drawn back just as it had been drawn back the night before.

The morning came, but, somehow, the seamstress did not care to complain to the janitor. She hated to make trouble—and the janitor might think—and—and—well, if the wretch did it again she would speak to him herself, and that would settle it.

And so, on the next night, which was a Thursday, the little seamstress sat down by her window, resolved to settle the matter. And she had not sat there long, rocking in the creaking little rocking-chair which she had brought with her from her old home, when the pewter pot hove in sight, with a piece of paper on the top.

This time the legend read:

Perhaps you are afrade i will
adress you
i am not that kind

The seamstress did not quite know whether to laugh or to cry. But she felt that the time had come for speech.

She leaned out of her window and addressed the twilight heaven.

"Mr.—Mr.—sir—I—will you *please* put your head out of the window so that I can speak to you?"

The silence of the other room was undisturbed. The seamstress drew back, blushing. But before she could nerve herself for another attack, a piece of paper appeared on the end of the two-foot rule.

when i Say a thing i
mene it
i have Sed i would not
Adress you and i
Will not

What was the little seamstress to do? She stood by the window and thought hard about it. Should she complain to the janitor? But the creature was perfectly respectful. No doubt he meant to be kind. He certainly was kind, to waste these pots of porter on her. She remembered the last time—and the first—that she had drunk porter. It was at home, when she was a young girl, after she had had the diphtheria. She remembered how good it was, and how it had given her back her strength. And without one thought of what she was doing, she lifted the pot of porter and took one little reminiscent sip—two little reminiscent sips—and became aware of her utter fall and defeat. She blushed now as she had never blushed before, put the pot down, closed the window, and fled to her bed like a deer to the woods.

And when the porter arrived the next night, bearing the simple appeal:

Dont be afrade of it
drink it all

the little seamstress arose and grasped the pot firmly by the handle, and poured its contents over the earth around her largest geranium. She poured the contents out to the last drop, and then she dropped the pot, and ran back and sat on her bed and cried, with her face hid in her hands.

"Now," she said to herself, "you've done it! And you're just as nasty and hard-hearted and suspicious and mean as —as pusley!"

And she wept to think of her hardness of heart. "He will never give me a chance to say I am sorry," she thought. And, really, she might have spoken kindly to the poor man, and told him that she was much obliged to him, but that he really mustn't ask her to drink porter with him.

"But it's all over and done now," she said to herself as she sat at her window on Saturday night. And then she looked at the cornice, and saw the faithful little pewter pot traveling slowly toward her.

She was conquered. This act of Christian forbearance was too much for her kindly spirit. She read the inscription on the paper:

porter is good for Flours
but better for Fokes

and she lifted the pot to her lips, which were not half so red as her cheeks, and took a good, hearty, grateful draught.

She sipped in thoughtful silence after this first plunge, and presently she was surprised to find the bottom of the pot in full view.

On the table at her side a few pearl buttons were screwed up in a bit of white paper. She untwisted the

paper and smoothed it out, and wrote in a tremulous hand —she *could* write a very neat hand—

Thanks.

This she laid on the top of the pot, and in a moment the bent two-foot rule appeared and drew the mail-carriage home. Then she sat still, enjoying the warm glow of the porter, which seemed to have permeated her entire being with a heat that was not at all like the unpleasant and oppressive heat of the atmosphere, an atmosphere heavy with the Spring damp. A gritting on the tin aroused her. A piece of paper lay under her eyes.

fine groing weather

Smith

it said.

Now it is unlikely that in the whole round and range of conversational commonplaces there was one other greeting that could have induced the seamstress to continue the exchange of communications. But this simple and homely phrase touched her country heart. What did "*groing weather*" matter to the toilers in this waste of brick and mortar? This stranger must be, like herself, a country-bred soul, longing for the new green and the upturned brown mould of the country fields. She took up the paper, and wrote under the first message:

Fine

But that seemed curt; *for* she added: "*for*" what? She did not know. At last in desperation she put down *potatos*. The piece of paper was withdrawn and came back with an addition:

Too mist for potatos.

And when the little seamstress had read this, and grasped the fact that *m-i-s-t* represented the writer's pronunciation of "moist," she laughed softly to herself. A man whose mind, at such a time, was seriously bent upon potatoes, was not a man to be feared. She found a half-sheet of note-paper, and wrote:

I lived in a small village before I came to New York, but I am afraid I do not know much about farming. Are you a farmer?

The answer came:

have ben most Every thing
farmed a Spel in Maine
Smith

As she read this, the seamstress heard a church clock strike nine.

"Bless me, is it so late?" she cried, and she hurriedly penciled *Good Night*, thrust the paper out, and closed the window. But a few minutes later, passing by, she saw yet another bit of paper on the cornice, fluttering in the evening breeze. It said only *good nite*, and after a moment's hesitation, the little seamstress took it in and gave it shelter.

. . . . . .

After this, they were the best of friends. Every evening the pot appeared, and while the seamstress drank from it at her window, Mr. Smith drank from its twin at his; and notes were exchanged as rapidly as Mr. Smith's early education permitted. They told each other their histories, and Mr. Smith's was one of travel and variety, which he seemed to consider quite a matter of course. He had followed the sea, he had farmed, he had been a logger and a

hunter in the Maine woods. Now he was foreman of an East River lumber yard, and he was prospering. In a year or two he would have enough laid by to go home to Bucksport and buy a share in a ship-building business. All this dribbled out in the course of a jerky but variegated correspondence, in which autobiographic details were mixed with reflections, moral and philosophical.

A few samples will give an idea of Mr. Smith's style:

i was one trip to van demens land

To which the seamstress replied:

It must have been very interesting.

But Mr. Smith disposed of this subject very briefly:

it wornt

Further he vouchsafed:

i seen a chinese cook in
hong kong could cook flapjacks
like your Mother

a mishnery that sells Rum
is the menest of Gods crechers

a bulfite is not what it is
cract up to Be

the dagos are wussen the
brutes

i am 6 1¾
but my Father was 6 foot 4

The seamstress had taught school one Winter, and she could not refrain from making an attempt to reform

Mr. Smith's orthography. One evening, in answer to this communication:

i killed a Bare in Maine 600
lbs waight

she wrote:

Isn't it generally spelled Bear?

but she gave up the attempt when he responded:

a bare is a mene animle any
way you spel him

The Spring wore on, and the Summer came, and still the evening drink and the evening correspondence brightened the close of each day for the little seamstress. And the draught of porter put her to sleep each night, giving her a calmer rest than she had ever known during her stay in the noisy city; and it began, moreover, to make a little "*meet*" for her. And then the thought that she was going to have an hour of pleasant companionship somehow gave her courage to cook and eat her little dinner, however tired she was. The seamstress's cheeks began to blossom with the June roses.

And all this time Mr. Smith kept his vow of silence unbroken, though the seamstress sometimes tempted him with little ejaculations and exclamations to which he might have responded. He was silent and invisible. Only the smoke of his pipe, and the clink of his mug as he set it down on the cornice, told her that a living, material Smith was her correspondent. They never met on the stairs, for their hours of coming and going did not coincide. Once or twice they passed each other in the street—

but Mr. Smith looked straight ahead of him, about a foot over her head. The little seamstress thought he was a very fine-looking man, with his six feet one and three-quarters and his thick brown beard. Most people would have called him plain.

Once she spoke to him. She was coming home one Summer evening, and a gang of corner-loafers stopped her and demanded money to buy beer, as is their custom. Before she had time to be frightened, Mr. Smith appeared—whence, she knew not—scattered the gang like chaff, and, collaring two of the human hyenas, kicked them, with deliberate, ponderous, alternate kicks, until they writhed in ineffable agony. When he let them crawl away, she turned to him and thanked him warmly, looking very pretty now, with the color in her cheeks. But Mr. Smith answered no word. He stared over her head, grew red in the face, fidgeted nervously, but held his peace until his eyes fell on a rotund Teuton, passing by.

"Say, Dutchy!" he roared.

The German stood aghast.

"I ain't got nothing to write with!" thundered Mr. Smith, looking him in the eye. And then the man of his word passed on his way.

And so the Summer went on, and the two correspondents chatted silently from window to window, hid from sight of all the world below by the friendly cornice. And they looked out over the roof, and saw the green of Tompkins Square grow darker and dustier as the months went on.

Mr. Smith was given to Sunday trips into the suburbs, and he never came back without a bunch of daisies or black-eyed Susans, or, later, asters or golden-rod for the

little seamstress. Sometimes, with a sagacity rare in his sex, he brought her a whole plant, with fresh loam for potting.

He gave her also a reel in a bottle, which, he wrote, he had "*maid*" himself, and some coral, and a dried flying-fish, that was somewhat fearful to look upon, with its sword-like fins and its hollow eyes. At first, she could not go to sleep with that flying-fish hanging on the wall.

But he surprised the little seamstress very much one cool September evening, when he shoved this letter along the cornice:

Respected and Honored Madam:

Having long and vainly sought an opportunity to convey to you the expression of my sentiments, I now avail myself of the privilege of epistolary communication to acquaint you with the fact that the emotions, which you have raised in my breast, are those which should point to Connubial Love and Affection rather than to simple Friendship. In short, Madame, I have the Honor to approach you with a Proposal, the acceptance of which will fill me with ecstatic Gratitude, and enable me to extend to you those Protecting Cares, which the Matrimonial Bond makes at once the Duty and the Privilege of him, who would, at no distant date, lead to the Hymeneal Altar one whose charms and virtues should suffice to kindle its Flames, without extraneous Aid

I remain, Dear Madam,
Your Humble Servant and
Ardent Adorer, J. Smith.

The little seamstress gazed at this letter a long time. Perhaps she was wondering in what Ready Letter-Writer of the last century Mr. Smith had found his form. Perhaps she was amazed at the results of his first attempt at

punctuation. Perhaps she was thinking of something else, for there were tears in her eyes and a smile on her small mouth.

But it must have been a long time, and Mr. Smith must have grown nervous, for presently another communication came along the line where the top of the cornice was worn smooth. It read:

If not understood will you mary me?

The little seamstress seized a piece of paper and wrote:

If I say Yes, will you speak to me?

Then she rose and passed it out to him, leaning out of the window, and their faces met.

THE HOUSE IN TWO PARISHES[1]

By Eden Phillpotts

How one thing bears upon another is the greatest mystery about life in my opinion, and no doubt if we could see the network of cause and effect spun and spinning round us, it would be a very interesting and wonderful spectacle. But while helpful to us in some ways, it would cast us down in others; for all effort would cease and hope, too often, die, if we could rightly understand we are the creatures of circumstance, and must follow out the path marked for us by unseen forces working for our good, or evil. For did he know he was going to reach the goal of his hopes, a man would give up troubling about the journey; and so he would if he knew he wasn't going to reach it. In fact 'tis the uncertainty of life that is its salt, and if we had wits enough to understand how, given the warp and woof, a certain pattern must be wove, then we should know more than is given to us to know and so fail of duty.

"Red Larches" was our farm, and you wouldn't see much to note about it if you'd passed that road on your way to St. Tid, because it's a commonplace sort of dwelling—two-storied with thick walls and a tar-pitched roof to keep out the rain and the west winds from the sea. We stand pretty high and most of our land slopes away to the

[1] From *Chronicles of St. Tid.* Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers, New York, and Skeffington & Son, Limited, London.

cliffs; but south there's a coomb, where a tree or two manages to raise its head and a stream winds down to join a river eastward. A good furze brake lies that way also, and is generally safe for a brace of rabbits if your dog knows his business.

But the queer thing about "Red Larches" is this: the farm-house lies in two parishes and half the house-place is in St. Tid and t'other half in Lanteagle. So it follows that the parlour and dairy and rooms up over belong to the one; while the rest of the house belongs to the other. Same with the land; but the bulk of our two hundred acres is St. Tid's and we only pay tithes to Lanteagle for a water meadow and ten acres of arable.

Well, of course, there's scores and scores of other dwelling-houses that must have their foundations in two parishes, or two counties for that matter; and I myself have stood before today with one foot in Devon and the other in Cornwall, but the very strange tale to be told hangs upon this peculiar accident and makes good my first remark, that the way things bear upon each other is the greatest mystery of life. It is not often given to us to see the mysteries working, I grant, and when once in a way we do so, then we learn much worth knowing from it and see how the Lord uses even such little accidents as a house in two parishes for His own good purpose.

When this thing happened there were three Nathaniel Jagos all at "Red Larches" together; namely, my grandfather, my father and myself. For "Nathaniel" was always the name of the eldest son in our family, and so it came about that there was Mr. Jago Senior, or "Uncle Nathan," as everybody called him, and Mr. Jago, which

meant my father, and just Nat, which meant me. As for father, he'd been an only child, but I had three brothers, two gone for sailors and one in the slate quarries at St. Tid. Grandmother was dead and my mother ran the farm and looked after us men. Nor was grandfather a bed-lier, or past work for all his eighty years. He'd do his share as peart as any old man; and best he loved to labour in haytime and harvest. To be on the machine mower and cut the hay was his particular delight.

He was a sunny old man to his dying day and always looked at the hopeful side, which is a rare gift in those who work on the land. But at twenty years old and earlier than that I had sense to mark the difference between him and father, and I determined on the quiet to grow up like grandfather and put a good face on things and not shout out before I was hit, and fancy everybody was an enemy, same as father did. They were both very God-fearing men; but with a difference, for father feared more than he trusted and grandfather trusted more than he feared. Father was close and grandfather was open; father never seemed to think other people was doing the fair thing by him; grandfather often wondered if he was doing the fair thing by other people.

The old man kept the reins too—not for lack of love for my father, but because he held to it that while a body had his wits and sense and energy he'd got no right to lay down his burden. So he was master, and my father, who, despite all his temper and suspicious ways, loved grandfather and honoured him higher than all men, was very pleased to serve him, as he had served all his life, and didn't look forward at all to the day when he'd own "Red

arches." No more did I for that matter. Father himself as up home fifty-five and I was two-and-twenty when hese things fell out.

Life was going along very steady when, owing to my ther's cranky temper, an awkward and unpleasant event appened. Our head-man, Aaron Chirgwin, decided to get narried, and after being tokened to a maiden for three ear, he set out into double harness. But he had no mind o leave grandfather and weren't going to. His wife was ane Polwarn, from "Lower Ford," in Lanteagle parish— very good dairymaid and a church-goer, like Aaron himelf; and as my mother had long been crying out for a ew dairymaid, it all suited very well.

Then began father's famous feud with the Reverend Ir. White, vicar of Lanteagle; for that gentleman, seeing hat Jane Polwarn was one of his parishioners and had aught in his Sunday School, was very wishful that she hould be married in his church, but my father, who had nore than one breeze with the reverend gentleman over thes, didn't wish it and was very anxious for the wedding o take place at St. Tid's.

"He's only after the fees," said father to Chirgwin. He's one of them grasping men and grabs all he can put is hands on, and devours widows' houses, as we all know. s if that glebe to Lanteagle wasn't enough, and more nan enough, for any man short of a miser."

This was true, I dare say, for there were plenty of stories o show the vicar of Lanteagle a keen customer where ounds, shillings and pence were concerned. And father eclared the Reverend White had bested Jane Polwarn's aster over a horse, only six months before her wedding

was announced, and grandfather blamed him a good deal and said it was going too far and a most unchristian thing to say so.

At any rate Aaron felt quite willing to be married where my father pleased, for so long as it was in a place of worship in the Church of England, he didn't mind and was always wishful to please the family. He agreed to be wed at St. Tid, and then, a week later, he met the Reverend White and the gentleman talked him round and convinced him that he ought to be married at Lanteagle.

Aaron explained when he came back to "Red Larches," and said he didn't want no fuss with quality and so he'd better, perhaps, fall in with the vicar of Lanteagle and be married in Jane Polwarn's parish; but that didn't suit father at all. He told Aaron to his face he was a weak worm and not worthy of us, and he went further and ordered him to put up the banns at St. Tid the very next Sunday.

"You sleep in the west dormer attic anyway," said father, "and that's in St. Tid, so you've got nothing to do with Lanteagle. I make it a personal matter and Jane Polwarn's not such a fool as to stand out against me, I should hope."

He was very much annoyed and, as fate willed, he met Parson White two days later in the train going to Launceston. And by all accounts father must have said some sharp things; for the reverend gentleman changed carriages at Camelford, and it was five years before he ever spoke to father again.

He came back from market triumphant, did father, and told grandfather what he'd said; and grandfather was a good bit vexed about it and thought father had done wrong.

"I let him have the ugly truth," said father. "There was none in the compartment but me and him, and I told the man he'd got a very bad character in North Cornwall and not worse than he deserved. 'You're a lot too sharp after the dibs for a man of God'—that's what I told him," said father. "'You use religion like a cloak,' I said, 'to hide your worldly mind and your grasping nature. And what's the result? You're driving the people to chapel and making the Church of England a laughing-stock. 'Tis a most ill-convenient thing I can tell you, and a good few of us thinking men are a lot put about over it. And you'll empty your church—that's what you'll do. And I don't speak without the book, because I know what you tried to do against us about my tithes and what you succeeded in doing about the hoss you sold to Jack Baskerville at "Lower Ford." And these things are recorded. And as to the girl that's going to marry my head-man, I'll have you to know that they wed in St. Tid's, where I worship—and why not?'"

So father had spoken and then Parson White, who was a younger man than father, had lost his temper, and threatened to have father up for libel and said 'twas a shame such a man should be running loose to backbite his neighbours.

"Do so," said father. "Have the law of me by all means. I'm ready and willing to testify to what I've said. And I tell you that you ill become your cloth. And Jane Polwarn and Aaron Chirgwin don't marry from your church, whether or no, because I've defied them to do so."

Then the train stopped at Camelford and the vicar of Lanteagle said not another word, but just looked at father and changed his carriage.

Of course father had gone much too far; he always did when he was excited. And grandfather blamed him sharply for letting his temper run away with him and strongly advised him to ride over to Lanteagle at the first opportunity and say he was sorry. But father scorned the thought. He'd been wanting to get his own back from the Reverend White for a long time; and now he considered they were quits.

We all went to the wedding, which was duly celebrated at St. Tid's and a good rally of neighbours came to the feast at "Lower Ford" after, for the Baskervilles were very fond of Aaron's bride and sent her off as handsome as if she'd been their own daughter.

Father hoped that Parson White would do something about it and, in one of his excited moments, he went so far as to picture himself called up afore a judge to talk about his enemy; but even I knew it was all nonsense; because if Parson White was fond of the money, that weren't to make him out the rascal father declared him to be. For that matter father was a pretty close bird himself, and he always said he had to be, because grandfather was so terrible open-handed.

There was chipping in letters every year over the tithes, and then parson and father met on a committee called together to decide how we should celebrate the coronation of his late Majesty, King Edward VII. And the Reverend White, being in the chair on that occasion, had his knife into father before some of the leaders in the district and made him look foolish and got a laugh at his expense. So that kept the famous feud going between 'em, and father, after the meeting, which turned down all his ideas how best to celebrate the coronation, said that them laughed

ongest who laughed last, and that he'd be even with the holy man yet. His only regret was we'd got a foot in Lanteagle, and if it had been possible, I'm sure he'd have uprooted "Red Larches," so as not a brick of the farm-house, or a rood of the land, should lie in that parish.

Then there fell a dark day when trouble broke in upon us like an armed man and we were faced with a cruel and sudden shock. 'Twas a thing that had surely to be by the laws of Nature, and yet it crushed us when it came, for there's many and many a grief we know lies ahead, and for which we are well enough prepared, and yet, when it happens, our human nature ain't proof against suffering and it turns the heart to water.

Grandfather had been doing the work his soul delighted in all day, and that was sitting on the mowing-machine and driving the pair of horses that drew it. He enjoyed that task and would be up with the larks when there was mowing to be done. The first to start and the last to knock off when the day ended was he at such times. He often vexed father, because he would put in such a long spell at hay harvest; but it didn't seem to hurt him, and as each year came round grandfather would say the same thing.

"'The night cometh,'" he'd say, "and then no man may work, so as this may very likely be my last year among you, I must do my bestest, souls, as usual."

And so the game old boy would toil on until he was so weary that we pretty near had to help him off his seat on the mower.

The third day of hay cutting it was, and he seemed much as usual till after supper; then he said he felt as perhaps he'd overdone it a bit and had better get to bed. And

father burst out at him and said that it was no better than shortening his life and might very likely end in suicide if he persisted. But grandfather only laughed and went to his rest; and my mother looked in at him the last thing and put a little eggy pudden by his side, which he was in the habit of having; for he always ate very light and slept very light; and sometimes a mouthful in the small hours would stay his stomach and help him to slumber again.

Mother came down in two minutes and said he was sleeping very comfortable, so we troubled no more about him and went to our beds as usual.

Not a sound did we hear in the night neither; but when day came and my mother, according to her custom, took the old bird an early cup of tea at half after five o'clock, she gave a loud cry, and father and me, at breakfast below, dropped our food and rushed up over the stairs so fast as we could run. And there was grandfather on his back, calm and smiling and looking twenty years younger than when he went to bed. Cold as a quilkin[1] was he, and though I'd never seen death before, I knew at a glance the dear old man must be a goner. Mother wept bitter tears over him and so did I, for it seemed as though the world couldn't go on without grandfather; but my father for once kept his head better than any of us, and he told mother to make all seemly and he bade me get on a horse and ride off to Lanteagle for the doctor and call and tell Mrs. Bakewell, the nurse, to come and help mother lay grandfather out. So, glad of something to occupy my mind, I went and rode off at a gallop, though well I knew fifty doctors couldn't bring back the life to grandfather.

[1] *Quilkin.* Frog.

And when, an hour or two later, the doctor came, he said 'twas a very good death for the old man, though a curious one. And indeed sudden death is only terrible for them that be left behind, and no doubt that's why the living pray against it. The doctor said that in all likelihood 'twas heart failure from so much over-exertion the day before; and I think father was glad in a way that was the cause, for he'd told grandfather time and again not to work so hard. So he had nought on his conscience. Doctor looked the old man over and thought there were queer points about it and reckoned we might have to call an inquest. He was busy just then, but said he'd call in again.

Of course we was all over the place that day and forgot about the hay and everything; and from being pretty sensible, father grew more and more flustered as the time wore on, and 'twas all mother could do to keep him calm. For anything like a surprise always threw father out of his gait, and now, what with the lawyer and the undertaker, and all the needful writing to call relations to the funeral and break the black news to 'em, let alone the hay crying out to be made, my poor father lost his self-control something shocking. And when mother chid him and told him to face his duty in a more manful spirit and not run about wringing his hands like a girl, he let loose his anger on her, and said some crooked words, and made me so savage that for two pins I'd have said undutiful things to the man and, no doubt, repented of 'em ever after.

When she'd took a cup of tea to steady her nerves, mother went in the garden to calm herself and pick some flowers for the death chamber; and father was just saying

that we ought to put a bit of crêpe on the bee-butts, because 'tis very unlucky and leads to great trouble if you don't tell the bees of a death, when that happened you might say was worse than anything that had gone before.

For, looking out of the window, what should I see walking up the flower garden but the form of the Reverend White!

"Good Lord, father!" I said, "if here ain't parson from Lanteagle coming to call upon you."

And father, who read far deeper into that than I did, very near choked over a mug of tea he was drinking at the time and started to his feet in a proper frenzy of excitement.

"That's the limit of endurance!" he said. "A very little more and I shall lose my reason. And, as it is, I envy the dead, for they be out of the fret and torment of their fellow creatures."

"He's only coming to offer the comfort of his holy calling, you may be sure," I told father. "'Tis the man's business to visit the house of the dead and say words that will calm you down and dry mother's tears."

But father took a much darker view than that.

"Not him!" he said. "That's not why he's here. He wants to see where father breathed his last, and he be come to have a look at the blessed dead for his own dark ends and wicked reasons. I know him—the rogue!"

The vicar of Lanteagle was at the door by now and he'd already given a gentle knock; but father forbade the maiden to answer.

"I won't let him in," he said. "God's my judge, but he shan't enter this house nor see my father's dust."

"Why for not?" I asked. "He can't do no harm to poor grandfather. He never had no quarrel with him; and grandfather would like to think a holy man had put up a prayer over his clay. You may be sure of that."

"Stuff!" said father. "You speak like a ninny-hammer and don't know nothing of the world. He's come to see whether the old man died in his parish, or St. Tid's, and when he knows that it was in Lanteagle his bedchamber stands, he'll grab him for his graveyard and get the fees."

Well, somehow, I never thought upon such a thing as that. Besides, us Jagos had all been laid in the burying-ground at Lanteagle for years and years, and my grandmother was there, and a row of the family dating back to the first George. So I said, "Surely he'll be teeled[1] along with grandmother?"

Then parson knocked again, a bit louder, and I felt positive from the first that he'd merely come to say the word in season and had no thought of burial fees nor nothing like that; but father was working himself up into a proper flame, and I used my wits and made a suggestion.

"If you think so," I said, "us had better to circumvent the holy man while there's time. And so you'd best tell Jenifer to let him in the parlour and keep him there for five minutes; and meanwhile you and me can carry poor old grandfather across and put him in my bedroom, which be in St. Tid parish. Then the reverend gentleman's done; because if grandfather lies in St. Tid's, he dursn't lay hands upon him."

We found out afterwards that it was all nonsense on my father's part and that nobody had no power over the

[1] Buried.

corpse, no matter where he'd died; but at the time, properly flummoxed as he was, father catched at the idea, and we went upstairs and Jenifer let the parson in.

And me and father set about to carry our dead across from Lanteagle into St. Tid.

Full twenty yards we had to take him, by some winding passages with a step or two, and at one step, which father forgot, he tripped and fell to his knees and gave the blessed dead a proper shaking. In fact, if father hadn't let go of the old man's feet, he'd have broke his own neck. And I dare say, feeling as he was, he wouldn't have been sorry if he had. But he saved himself and used the awfulest language and then picked up the feet of the poor old man. And so we carried him to my chamber. Then we put him in my bed and composed him, and covered his old eyes again with two penny pieces, for dim though they were, they was open and had a haunting touch of life about 'em still; and I knew I should creep to my last day when I thought upon them. In the excitement I hadn't time to spare a moment to the future; but, as I went down house again and calmed father before he marched in to see the enemy, I couldn't help but feel that my sleeping room would be haunted for evermore by the spectrum of poor grandfather.

Now we were in the room just over that in which Parson White waited for my father to see him, and the deed done, father grew a bit easier, and was so self-possessed as to ask Jenifer for a brush and smoothed down his hair before he went into the parlour.

And at the same moment my mother returned from the garden with a very fine nosegay of stocks and monthly roses to put on the old man's breast.

Parson began on 'em instantly.

"In his sleep, last night, I hear that our dear old friend passed away," he said. "A beautiful end for one so well prepared."

"So it was then," answered my mother. "And if you wish to look upon him, sir, you'll see a corpse that shows death have got no sting."

"I should like to do so—and kneel beside him," said parson. "The presence of death should always bring its solemn message to the living, my friends, and I can honestly say I have won many a valuable lesson from the death chamber of even a little child."

Well, what could have been nicer than that? For my part I'm sure the reverend gentleman meant nothing but good to us and spoke with no mean thought of gain; and I'm certain sure he didn't care a button whether grandfather had died in Lanteagle or St. Tid. Mother was of the same opinion, as she said after; but father read all manner of devilry into the speech, and when he said he'd like to see grandfather, of course my poor father was certain sure he wanted to mark the corpse down in Lanteagle and claim it for his burying-ground.

"He died in St. Tid, I must tell you," said father, scowling at mother to keep her mouth shut. "He lies in the chamber over this room, and that's St. Tid. Yes, his usual room was the other side of ope-way, I grant; but he'd changed it, you see."

Parson White weren't troubled by this whopper from father, and I don't suppose he knew or cared where our old man was in the habit of sleeping. Mother stared and very near let fall her nosegay, and then that happened far

more wonderful yet, for just as father was starting through the open door and parson after him, what should we hear above us but a voice!

A thin, weak voice sure enough; but my grandfather's for a million; and he said:

"Guy Fawkes and angels, where be I got to?"

Mother went down lumpus in a faint, and I set about her, and knowing the thing to do was to burn a feather under the nose of a fainting creature, took a feather from the mantelshelf, where they stand for us to clean out pipes with, and lit up under mother's nose; and father rushed up over-stairs with his hair on end and the Reverend White followed after.

Such an upstore there never was on land or sea, I reckon, and when mother come to, I let her be and went to the kitchen for the brandy bottle and galloped aloft to find grandfather sitting up in father's arms dazed like, but alive as need be. 'Twas clear he'd falled in a catalepsy, and but for the shake up we gave the dear old man trundling him into my sleep room, he'd surely have gone to his coffin and his grave in that state, and none any the wiser but him and his Maker till the Day of Judgment!

Of course we couldn't conceal from grandfather the terrible disaster that had overtook him; but when he heard all about it, he felt it might have been such a lot worse, and, like the wise old chap he was, he didn't take on overmuch. And such was his love of a joke, that when parson had gone, after congratulating us all very properly on getting our old hero back out of the jaws of the grave, and hoping that grandfather wouldn't forget to return thanks for his great escape, weak though he was, the sick man

laughed like anything when he heard the steps that father and me had took so as he should sleep his last sleep at St. Tid.

And he gave father a facer, too, for he said it was a very clever thought of Providence to bring him back to life again in that case, because he'd always fully wished and intended to be buried along with grandmother at Lanteagle.

"'Twas a most rash and unruly thought, Nathaniel," he said to father, "and without a doubt you do take a lot too much upon yourself, boy. And you let your notorious feelings against that good man run away with you. But it's quite clear the Lord used you to save me from a dreadful doom, and I hope, if anything of the sort overtakes me again, you'll all be properly careful not to put me underground until the seal of death be wrote visible upon me."

We promised that faithful enough, you may be sure; but when doctor came in towards evening and shook the old man by the hand, and said 'twas the best thing that had happened to him that day, he told us all that we need have felt no fear of any fearful mistake of that sort.

"I wasn't none too happy about him this morning," said doctor, "for there were queer symptoms I couldn't understand at the time, and I certainly wouldn't have let you put Mr. Jago away till I had satisfied myself the life was out of him never to return. 'Tis an uncommon state, no doubt," he said; "but such things do happen, and 'tis a doctor's place always to have his eyes open for fear of accidents."

He said that without doubt the shock of falling had brought the suspended life back again; and then he told

us that we must look after grandfather properly careful and bade the old man stop in his bed for a good few days till he'd fetched up his strength again. And he dared him to go on the mowing-machine any more.

And as for father and mother and me, we praised God, and carried grandfather back to his own room. And we didn't drop him that time neither.

Father and mother sat up with him every night for a week, and by then, to use his own words, he was like a giant refreshed with wine, and crying to be up and about.

He didn't die in earnest for two years after that, and then, up to his old games, he went out on a bitter cold evening to look at some pigs; and the frost worked down into his breathing parts and he was gathered, like a flower of the field, in forty-eight hours.

But he lies to Lanteagle along with the rest of us that have gone before; and a thing to note is that my father, from the day of the famous catalepsy, changed his mind about the Reverend White, so that, without being friends exactly, no man can say they are enemies any longer.

And that's what I mean when I tell you the greatest mystery in human life, so far as I can see, is the way in which different things bear upon one another, and the strange accidents that God Almighty will sometimes employ to work out His amazing plans.

A COUNTERFEIT PRESENTMENT[1]

By Horace Annesley Vachell

I

The Marquess of Mel had been the friend and patron of Joe Quinney for more years than either cared to reckon. Lord Mel was the elder of the two, and Quinney had noticed with sorrow that since the War the troubles and anxieties that beset great landowners had left lines upon his friend's kind face. He was aging prematurely.

One morning, Lord Mel sent for Quinney and received him in the library of his town house. Quinney glanced with shining eyes at the familiar treasures, the pictures by Dutch masters.

"Sit down, my dear fellow."

A note of nervousness in Lord Mel's courteous voice challenged Joe's attention. And his host, contrary to custom, began to pace up and down the great room, pausing, now and again, to lift a thin finger.

"Joe, I'm desperately driven. I hoped to hand over intact to my son what I inherited from my father, but it cannot be—it cannot be. He knows that as well as I do. Well, something must go."

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" sighed Quinney.

[1] From *Quinney's Adventures.* By permission of the author and the publishers: George H. Doran Company, New York, and John Murray, London.

"The problem resolves itself into one word—*What*?"

Quinney glanced apprehensively at everything in the beautiful room.

"My lady's best rope of pearls has gone."

Quinney nodded mournfully. He knew where they had gone—to repose upon the ample bosom of Mrs. Abraham Guggenheimer.

"I have decided, Joe, to sell the Van Eyck."

Quinney groaned. The picture hung above the mantelpiece. It represented the Virgin. A somewhat similar example of Jan Van Eyck is one of the glories of the Louvre. The incomparable freshness and brilliancy of the colouring set time at defiance. Even Quinney, with all his experience, might have thought that it was painted recently had he not known better. The father of oil painting made and used lasting pigments.

"It ain't going to America, my lord?"

"I fear there is no other market. However, I didn't send for you to argue about that. I want it copied. There is a man at The Hague, who is a marvel. You can copy the original frame. And, under thick glass, there will remain to me an—illusion, a mirage."

Lord Mel turned his back upon Quinney and blew his nose. Quinney blew his, whereupon my lord laughed.

"You feel this as I do, my old friend."

Tears were in Quinney's eyes, as he bowed his head. Lord Mel continued calmly:

"I have sent for Maartens, the copyist. But I can't stick the idea of seeing him at work here. There's a limit to everything. And we don't want the fact of selling the picture to leak out till it is sold. There will be the usual

howl of protestation from the crowd who wouldn't subscribe sixpence to prevent a masterpiece leaving this country. The Nation—so I'm privately advised—can't afford to buy it."

"Damn the War," ejaculated Quinney.

"It had occurred to me that you have, probably, some attic at the top of your house where Maartens could copy the picture without a soul, except ourselves, being the wiser. Maartens is to be trusted. Whilst he is copying the picture you will copy the frame. What say you?"

"Your lordship can rely on me. I have the very attic for the purpose. It has been so used before."

"Good! My servants and friends will think that an old picture is being cleaned or exhibited elsewhere. But in any case I am leaving town for the country. By the time I return the work will be done."

"Yes, my lord."

II

Quinney superintended the removal of the Van Eyck to Soho Square, and he managed so cunningly that not a soul, except his wife, Susan, was the wiser. The picture was smaller than a kit-cat. Lord Mel and Quinney took it down. Quinney covered it with sacking, carried it into a taxi, and hid it in the attic after his workmen had finished work for the day. A new lock was placed upon the attic door, with two keys to it.

Mr. Jan Maartens presented himself at Soho Square. Quinney eyed him with that wrinkled interrogation which first sight of any foreigner provokes in an honest Englishman. But Maartens looked what he was, the simplest and

most guileless of men. He had spent his life copying Van Eyck and Memling, and had acquired a skill and technique positively uncanny. He showed Quinney a prepared panel.

"Not mahogany," said Joe.

Maartens smiled.

"Die same as what Van Eyck use. My secret."

Quinney learned that he made his own pigments, grinding them himself even as the brothers Van Eyck had done more than five hundred years ago. He mixed with these colours an amber varnish. He had oddly shaped irons which, when heated to the right temperature, swiftly dried his pigments. He assured Quinney that, under a strong lens, his brush-work was almost the same as the Master's. Joe was tremendously impressed. He told Susan that Maartens might have stepped out of an old Dutch picture. He wore a black cape and a black hat that suggested the seventeenth century. His carefully trimmed, white beard, his long white hair, framed features which might have belonged to Erasmus. In him Joe Quinney acclaimed a kindred spirit. Maartens had never met Lord Mel, and yet, even as Quinney, he resented the cruel necessity that constrained a great nobleman to sell a masterpiece. And it was terrible to Maartens that the original was going to America.

Between these two enthusiasts a friendly rivalry established itself. Maartens, no more modest than Quinney concerning his own aptitudes, declared that he intended to reproduce the masterpiece so perfectly that few indeed would detect the difference between old and new. Quinney, for his part, was equally confident that his chosen workmen would be as successful in copying the ancient frame.

Each went to work joyously.

Somewhat to Quinney's surprise, Mr. Maartens "made a hit" with Susan. His courtesy, his gentle voice, his old-world face, captivated Mrs. Quinney. He talked to her whilst he worked. She learned from him that he was a lonely old man. His wife and children were dead.

"I like him ever so much," she told Quinney. "Heart, Joe, is a bigger thing than Art."

"That's what I thought when I married you, old dear."

Such remarks never failed to soften Susan, but she remained obstinately of the opinion that thirty thousand pounds for a mere picture was a wicked and preposterous price. That happened to be the precise sum which Lord Mel hoped to get for his most cherished possession.

The frame was finished first and compared with the original frame in the attic. Maartens congratulated Quinney. Quinney, quite as sincerely, congratulated Maartens.

And then, a fly obtruded itself into the ointment of their common satisfaction. Maartens said nervously:

"I lose my key yesterday, Mr. Quinnee."

"What about it?"

"I stay at a hotel near Covent Garden. Gott! what a garden! But my compatriots go dere, ya. May-be I am known to some of dem."

"What are you getting at, old chap?"

"Well," he stared nervously at Quinney through his horn-rimmed spectacles. "You see, my friend, some bad fellow, hein? might guess dat Jan Maartens has left his country, which he loves, to—to make a copy of some great picture."

"Um! Yes—it's barely possible."

"To-day and yesterday somebody, so I think, follow me here."

"But your key. Are you speaking of the key to this attic?" Maartens nodded. "You mislaid it?"

"No, no. I am careful. I had hurried out to buy some flowers. I hurry back. No key! I go later to my dinner. I come back to my bedroom, and dere is die key. Queer, you say?"

"Nobody can know what we're up to."

Maartens shrugged a deprecating pair of shoulders.

Quinney went to his sanctuary and heartened himself up with a glass of brown sherry. He had suggested to his patron the propriety of insuring the Van Eyck against the ubiquitous burglar, but Lord Mel preferred, so he said, to run a negligible risk of robbery rather than provoke curiosity and importunity. Quinney, after protesting, acquiesced.

The brown sherry allayed uneasiness. Famous pictures, notably that of Her Grace of Devonshire, have been stolen, but what thief can get rid of them? In what millionaire's gallery can they hang undetected?

After Maartens had gone, Quinney surveyed the attic with alert eyes. It could be entered through the door or through the window. The smallest of sweeps couldn't squeeze down the chimney. The stairs leading to it passed Quinney's bedroom.

Quinney looked out of the window upon steeply sloping roofs, safely scaled by cats only. A burglar, entering by the window, would have to carry with him a ladder, which he would ascend at imminent risk of breaking his neck.

"No need to worry," muttered Quinney.

It occurred to him, also, that Mynheer Maartens might be followed by anybody. Apart from his mediæval cape and hat, he could hardly—as a "Beaver"—hope to escape notice.

Other matters engrossed his attention.

III

Lord Mel saw the copy two days after it was finished. He came up from Melshire for that purpose. The original was lightly glazed, but Maartens had bought a sheet of thick plate glass to give "tone" to the copy. Each picture was placed in its own frame, on an easel, in front of the window which faced north.

Lord Mel knew, of course, his own picture, but he admitted that he was astounded, as well he might be, at the counterfeit presentment. He went farther than this. He maintained that the copy, had it been hung in its accustomed place, might have been accepted by him, the owner, as the original. Maartens beamed at him. It was settled that the original should be taken back to the library next day. The copy would remain in Quinney's attic till it was wanted. Lord Mel told his two craftsmen that the picture was sold. The London agent, who had negotiated the sale, was coming to Lord Mel's house to take away the picture. Before he left the attic, Lord Mel wrote out a cheque for Maartens, guineas instead of pounds, and he presented the copyist, at the same time, with his own gold pencil-case as a mark of gratitude. Maartens was much touched. Indeed, after Mel had hurried away, the Dutchman shook

his fist in the unseen face of the unknown purchaser; he cursed him in double Dutch; he commended the Italian law which prohibits the exportation of works of art.

"Steady on, old chap," said Quinney. "We can't have it both ways, can we?"

Jan Maartens wiped tears of indignation from his eyes. When Quinney was summoned below he left an unhappy man huddled up in a chair, glaring at the original, muttering inarticulate curses in his own strange tongue.

Next morning, Quinney took back the Van Eyck to Mel House. He said afterwards that he had not stomach to look at it. Lord Mel may have experienced the same heartburning. He returned to Melshire, after instructing Quinney to introduce Maartens to his steward. He wished Maartens to overhaul other Dutch pictures which needed attention. Maartens accepted a job after his own heart. It was arranged between Quinney and the steward that Maartens should work in the library between the hours of ten and four.

IV

Three days later, during the afternoon of Wednesday, Quinney found the copy missing. He had seen it at midday. It had been taken out of the frame.

The same evening the Press published a garbled version of the robbery. The world was told that a Van Eyck had been stolen, and for twenty-four hours circumstantial evidence pointed to Maartens as the thief. He had been seen by Quinney's hall porter, leaving the Soho Square establishment. He had come at one-fifteen when Quinney's workmen were at dinner. He had passed through the shop,

as usual, ascended to the attic, let himself in, presumably with his own key, and passed out again.

This information was gleaned by the police, who, much to Susan's indignation, invaded Quinney's premises, asking questions of all and sundry. Joe told an inspector that a copy had been stolen, doubtless in mistake for the original. It was ridiculous to suppose that Maartens would steal his own copy. More, Quinney learned from Lord Mel's steward that Maartens had been working from ten to four in the library. At the very hour when the copy was stolen the steward had taken some luncheon to the Dutchman. The thief, after obtaining an impression of the attic key, had cleverly impersonated the old man. Maartens was quite willing to make another copy. The police left Soho Square and retreated to Maarten's hotel in Covent Garden. Next day, all London roared with laughter over the blunder perpetrated by a burglar who didn't know the moon from cream cheese.

Meanwhile the question of painting another copy grew vexed. The Van Eyck had been taken from Mel House.

It was boxed and ready for shipment to New York. Lord Mel, much excited, rushed up to town. Cables flashed between London and New York. Finally, the purchaser of the Van Eyck graciously accorded his consent to another copy being made, provided extraordinary precautions against further robbery were exercised. The Van Eyck was to remain in the London agent's possession.

Maartens sent to The Hague for another panel.

Within a week, the enterprising agent had placed the Van Eyck on public view. Thousands paid a shilling to see it.

And then Quinney received the shock of his life. Lord Mel came to him late in the afternoon. Quinney received his patron in the sanctuary. He noticed that his lordship was agitated.

"Joe—?"

"My lord—?"

"I have paid a shilling to see my own picture. It isn't *mine*. It's the copy. The thief collared the real Van Eyck."

Quinney came within an ace of fainting. His knees were as wax; his hands trembled; the world, as he knew it, seemed to be disintegrating.

"We must pull ourselves together, Joe. There's a humorous side to this. The experts have been spoofed! A triumph of the preconceived idea. They saw what they expected to see—a Van Eyck that has been in my family for generations. It's true they can't get close to the picture; they can't examine the back of it; and it's in the genuine frame. Now—what do you say?"

Quinney was beyond speech. Lord Mel continued lightly:

"This looks like a case for Scotland Yard, but I haven't been there, simply because I have a warm regard for Maartens and a sincere affection for you, old fellow. The Yard would suspect both of you."

"Gosh!" exclaimed Quinney.

He lay back in his chair, frowning and thinking.

As before, when confronted by a serious emergency, fighting instincts asserted themselves. And he could see himself as an object of suspicion with clearest detachment. Both pictures had been in his possession. Maartens and he alone had access to them. Maartens had established an alibi.

Joe laughed, relieving the tension.

"By gum! my lord, I'm up against it."

"So am I."

"Scotland Yard," said Lord Mel slily, "is quite capable of thinking that you and I, Joe, are in collusion."

And at that my lord laughed.

"Dead game sportsman, you are," said Quinney, quite forgetting that he was addressing a marquess.

"Thanks, Joe, but what are we going to do? Somebody may spot the copy. Somebody may smell fresh paint. There would be a rare hullabaloo. Anyway, I can't keep silent long. Meanwhile the thief believes that he has stolen the copy."

"I wonder!"

"You question that?"

"A dirty dog must be the tool and accomplice of a big knave. The big knave has the picture, frameless. I'm afraid that he has smelt old paint. And he's had a week's start. The police have treated this as a joke."

Lord Mel nodded.

"Have you told Maartens, my lord?"

"No—he's unhappy enough as it is."

Presently Lord Mel went away, but not to Scotland Yard.

V

That night, after supper, Susan, the faithful consort of thirty years, divined that something lay heavy upon her lord's masterful mind. When Quinney lit a second cigar, having smoked the first feverishly fast, she said tenderly:

"You're not fretting over that stolen copy, are you?"

"Yes, I am. I'd give fifty pounds to know where it is."

"The Dutchman took it."

Susan's intuitions had confounded Quinney more than once during their married life. He removed his cigar from his mouth and stared at her face, still pretty and beguiling.

"You come off it," he growled. "A man can't be in two places at the same time, Mrs. Smarty."

"He took it," persisted Susan, "because he's like you, in love with things. Worshipper of painted images! Who else would want to steal a copy? What beats me is *why* didn't he take the original?"

"Ho!" said Quinney, sitting bolt upright.

"I caught him on his knees in front of it. Idolatry!"

"What? You never told me."

"Do you tell me everything, as you used to, Joe? Not you. I say—he took it. Why? Because nobody else could have taken it."

"What price alibis, old dear?"

Susan retorted smartly:

"I never believed in his alibi. From the first I knew that he was wrong in the head, poor old man. And I don't tell all I know to prying policemen."

"Lord love a duck! what *do* you know that you haven't told your hubby?"

"I didn't want to get poor Mr. Maartens into trouble. Why are you so excited, Joe?"

"Excited—? Lord save us! You carry on!"

"I saw him."

"You saw the thief in white chin-fittings that rigged himself up to look like him.

"I trust my eyes *and ears*."

"And ears, hay?"

Susan ended triumphantly:

"I know his funny dot-and-carry-one step on the attic stairs as well as I know yours. I know his nervous little cough. I know the way he opens and shuts a door. Mr. Maartens was in the attic for just ten minutes, between one and two, last Wednesday week, him and nobody else."

"You *are* the limit," gasped Joe.

Susan surveyed him placidly.

"If he hadn't the right to take away his own copy, who has?"

"His copy?" shouted Quinney. "Lord Mel paid him one hundred guineas for that copy. It belongs to his lordship."

"What of it?"

"What of it? A man steals something belonging to another man, and you sit there darning my socks and ask —what of it?"

"I'm not one to impute evil," said Susan hastily. "If Mr. Maartens stole that copy he did it for a good reason."

By this time Quinney was hopping about the room, beside himself with excitement.

"Good reason," he howled. "You sit tight, Mrs. Compound-a-felony. Your friend, Mr. Maartens, didn't steal the copy; he stole the original—value *thirty thousand pounds*."

"Well, I never," said Susan.

"What price Mr. Jan Maartens now?"

Susan replied demurely:

"I still think he's a very nice old gentleman—wrong in the head, like all who set their affections on sticks and stones."

Quinney laughed. Perhaps what kept love for Susan ripe and mellow was her gift for exciting laughter.

"All right, Susie, but Lord Mel stands to lose thirty thou., and I—"

For the first time Susan betrayed real anxiety.

"Lor', Joe; this doesn't affect you."

"My reputation is on the scrap heap, dearie."

"But I know where the picture is."

"You tell me you *know* where it is?"

"I know where it must be."

"Where, Mrs. Sherlock Holmes?"

"In the attic."

"Gizzards and geysers! How do you know?"

"Because he had nothing in his hand when he came out of the attic. I was peeking through the door. Where are you off to, Joe?"

"Bless my stars! To the attic, of course. You traipse along, too."

VI

As he raced up the steep stairs to the attic, followed by Susan, Quinney remembered that, so far as he knew, Maartens had not been to Soho Square since the theft—if he had come then. His work at Mel House engrossed him. But he had left in the attic, with Quinney's permission, the paraphernalia of a painter—an easel, the colours he ground himself, the siccative oils and resins which the great Van Eyck had discovered, a much stained smock of brown holland and an ancient overcoat. At these objects Quinney stared impatiently.

Then a search began and ended—*pro tem.*

"It ain't here," snapped Quinney.

"Must be," repeated Susan.

By this time Quinney had peered up the small chimney, looked under a strip of carpet and into an empty cupboard. He opened the window and glanced along the lead gutter. He stamped on the bare boards, glaring at Susan, now truly terrified because it occurred to her that Joe might have to pay Lord Mel thirty thousand pounds!

"Not here, old 'ooman!"

"Must be," repeated Susan for the third time.

Crawling along the floor, nose in dust, Quinney examined each solid plank in turn, whereat Susan observed derisively:

"He was only here ten minutes. You couldn't budge one of those planks in an hour."

Quinney rose from his knees, snorted, and glanced at a smoke-begrimed plaster ceiling.

"Couldn't reach that without a step-ladder, could he?" murmured Mrs. Quinney.

The walls were bare. But at the farther end of the garret were two ancient oil paintings, portraits of Georgian ladies, shocking daubs, bought by Quinney because the frames were of wood. The ladies seemed to be simpering derisively at Quinney. Already he had looked behind them, but not at them.

Suddenly, he remembered that he had given one of these pictures to Maartens, because the old gentleman had fancied the frame. Maartens had offered to buy it; he had been insistent about it. Why? For days he had not noticed either daub or frame. And—was this mere coincidence?—Maartens had offered to buy the picture after the incident

of losing the key, after he had "planted" so to speak in Quinney's mind the disturbing possibility of some rascal unduly interested in Mr. Jan Maartens' visit to England.

Quinney, like a hound that hits the line, darted at the picture. He gave tongue.

"By gum!"

The back of the canvas was not visible. A careful Dutchman had pasted a sheet of brown paper up to the edges of the stretcher.

"Who—whoop!"

He tore off the brown paper and held aloft the Van Eyck panel. It had been lying loose and snug between canvas and paper.

Quinney dropped the Van Eyck, hugged Susan, and waltzed her around the attic.

"Joe—*stop*!"

"Ain't going to stop."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," she panted. "Think of Lord Mel! Is he dancing?"

Joe stopped.

"Gosh! You're right. You nip down to the 'phone. Gerrard, 096. Ask for his lordship. Say—! Wait a mo. Wait! Yes, yes. Tell him the lost is found—"

"The lost is f-f-found," repeated Susan breathlessly.

"Tell him to step up here instanter."

Susan protested.

"Speak to his lordship as if he were you—? Not me."

"Talk to him as if he was King George, old dear."

He pushed her towards the door. As she flitted out, nimbly enough, Joe turned, picked up the Van Eyck, and stared at the frame he had copied so successfully.

VII

Next morning, at ten punctually, Mr. Jan Maartens entered Mel House. He glanced, as usual, at the big Rubens on the grand staircase as he removed his hat. Would Rubens have achieved such fame as a colourist if the brothers Van Eyck had never been born?

The house-steward showed him into the library and left him.

Maartens, as if he were in the chancel of a cathedral, moved softly and reverently across the thick carpet. He failed to notice that the big double doors at the north end of the room were not closed. Opposite to them was the chimney-piece above which had hung the Van Eyck. Fronting Maartens were tall windows.

He stood still, as if palsied. With a tremendous effort, he staggered towards the chimney-piece, holding out his trembling hands. He could see nothing except the Van Eyck; he could hear nothing, except, possibly, the beating of his own heart. He fell on his knees before the picture.

The double doors opened. Lord Mel tip-toed across the carpet, followed by Quinney. Lord Mel placed his frail hand upon the shoulder of the stricken man.

"Well, Maartens—?"

Maartens collapsed. For many minutes he was unable to speak. When he did speak, slowly and haltingly, he was barely articulate. But Quinney, two hours later, transposed into nervous English the sum and substance of what was said for the benefit of Susan.

"The old gentleman *is* daffy. You were right about that, Susie. He's potty about his own work; and he's a

raving lunatic when it comes to Van Eyck and Memling. He believed that his copy would spoof everybody, and, by gum, it has. He couldn't stick the idea of that picture leaving Europe. He intended to pass the rest of his life gloating over it in secret. At his death, the truth would have been told, and everybody would admit that the work of Jan Maartens had been accepted by the world as the work of Jan Van Eyck."

"And the alibi?"

"He worked that to rights. His lunch was brought to him by the steward, who went downstairs for his own lunch. Maartens nipped out of the front door, leaving it ajar. He took a taxi to Soho Square. He had a roll of brown paper and a pot of gum. He did the trick and was back in the library without being missed. He rang the bell for the steward to take away the lunch at a quarter to two. And asked him the time o' day. I couldn't have done the thing neater myself. That's all."

"All," repeated Susan scornfully. "I'm a deal more interested in the old gentleman than I am in that ancient picture. This is another warning to you, Joe. There are *things*, THINGS, in the National collections that you'd steal if you were quite certain you wouldn't be found out."

"Susie—!"

"So, don't you throw stones at pore Mr. Maartens. Is—is he going to gaol?"

"Against public expediency, dearie," said Joe, quoting Lord Mel.

"Talk plain English, Joe."

"Mr. Maartens will go to—The Hague. Lord Mel and

that tomfool who has been exhibiting a fake will exchange panels, not frames, on the strict Q. T."

"And my fifty pounds?"

"Your fifty pounds—?"

"You said you would give fifty pounds to anybody who told you where the picture was. *I told you.* I shan't spend the money on things, Joe; I shall give it to my Waifs and Strays."

"What an old darling you are," said Quinney.

A DAY'S PLEASURE[1]

By Hamlin Garland

I

Mainly it is long and wearyful, and has a home of toil at one end and a dull little town at the other.

When Markham came in from shovelling his last wagon-load of corn into the crib he found that his wife had put the children to bed, and was kneading a batch of dough with the dogged action of a tired and sullen woman.

He slipped his soggy boots off his feet, and having laid a piece of wood on top of the stove, put his heels on it comfortably. His chair squeaked as he leaned back on its hinder legs, but he paid no attention; he was used to it, exactly as he was used to his wife's lameness and ceaseless toil.

"That closes up my corn," he said after a silence. "I guess I'll go to town to-morrow to git my horses shod."

"I guess I'll git ready and go along," said his wife, in a sorry attempt to be firm and confident of tone.

"What do you want to go to town fer?" he grumbled.

"What does anybody want to go to town fer?" she burst out, facing him. "I ain't been out o' this house fer six months, while you go an' go!"

[1] From *Main-Travelled Roads*. By permission of the author, Harper & Brothers, New York, and T. Fisher Unwin, Limited, London.

"Oh, it ain't six months. You went down that day I got the mower."

"When was that? The tenth of July, and you know it."

"Well, mebbe 'twas. I didn't think it was so long ago. I ain't no objection to your goin', only I'm goin' to take a load of wheat."

"Well, jest leave off a sack, an' that'll balance me an' the baby," she said spiritedly.

"All right," he replied good-naturedly, seeing she was roused. "Only that wheat ought to be put up to-night if you're goin'. You won't have any time to hold sacks for me in the morning with them young ones to get off to school."

"Well, let's go do it then," she said, sullenly resolute. "I hate to go out agin; but I s'pose we'd better."

He yawned dismally and began pulling his boots on again, stamping his swollen feet into them with grunts of pain. She put on his coat and one of the boy's caps, and they went out to the granary. The night was cold and clear.

"Don't look so much like snow as it did last night," said Sam. "It may turn warm."

Laying out the sacks in the light of the lantern, they sorted out those which were whole, and Sam climbed into the bin with a tin pail in his hand, and the work began.

He was a sturdy fellow, and he worked desperately fast; the shining tin pail dived deep into the cold wheat and dragged heavily on the woman's tired hands as it came to the mouth of the sack, and she trembled with fatigue, but held on and dragged the sacks away when filled, and brought others, till at last Sam climbed out, puffing and wheezing, to tie them up.

"I guess I'll load 'em in the morning," he said. "You needn't wait fer me. I'll tie 'em up alone."

"Oh, I don't mind," she replied, feeling a little touched by his unexpectedly easy acquiescence to her request. When they went back to the house the moon had risen.

It had scarcely set when they were wakened by the crowing roosters. The man rolled stiffly out of bed and began rattling at the stove in the dark, cold kitchen.

His wife arose lamer and stiffer than usual, and began twisting her thin hair into a knot.

Sam did not stop to wash, but went out to the barn. The woman, however, hastily soused her face into the hard limestone water at the sink, and put the kettle on. Then she called the children. She knew it was early, and they would need several callings. She pushed breakfast forward, running over in her mind the things she must have: two spools of thread, six yards of cotton flannel, a can of coffee, and mittens for Kitty. These she must have—there were oceans of things she needed.

The children soon came scudding down out of the darkness of the upstairs to dress tumultuously at the kitchen stove. They humped and shivered, holding up their bare feet from the cold floor, like chickens in new fallen snow. They were irritable, and snarled and snapped and struck like cats and dogs. Mrs. Markham stood it for a while with mere commands to "hush up," but at last her patience gave out, and she charged down on the struggling mob and cuffed them right and left.

They ate their breakfast by lamplight, and when Sam went back to his work around the barnyard it was scarcely

dawn. The children, left alone with their mother, began to tease her to let them go to town also.

"No, sir—nobody goes but baby. Your father's goin' to take a load of wheat."

She was weak with the worry of it all when she had sent the older children away to school and the kitchen work was finished. She went into the cold bedroom off the little sitting room and put on her best dress. It had never been a good fit, and now she was getting so thin it hung in wrinkled folds everywhere about the shoulders and waist. She lay down on the bed a moment to ease that dull pain in her back. She had a moment's distaste for going out at all. The thought of sleep was more alluring. Then the thought of the long, long day, and the sickening sameness of her life, swept over her again, and she rose and prepared the baby for the journey.

It was but little after sunrise when Sam drove out into the road and started for Belleplain. His wife sat perched upon the wheat-sacks behind him, holding the baby in her lap, a cotton quilt under her, and a cotton horse-blanket over her knees.

Sam was disposed to be very good-natured, and he talked back at her occasionally, though she could only understand him when he turned his face toward her. The baby stared out at the passing fence-posts, and wiggled his hands out of his mittens at every opportunity. He was merry at least.

It grew warmer as they went on, and a strong south wind arose. The dust settled upon the woman's shawl and hat. Her hair loosened and blew unkemptly about her

face. The road which led across the high, level prairie was quite smooth and dry, but still it jolted her, and the pain in her back increased. She had nothing to lean against, and the weight of the child grew greater, till she was forced to place him on the sacks beside her, though she could not loose her hold for a moment.

The town drew in sight—a cluster of small frame houses and stores on the dry prairie beside a railway station. There were no trees yet which could be called shade trees. The pitilessly severe light of the sun flooded everything. A few teams were hitched about, and in the lee of the stores a few men could be seen seated comfortably, their broad hat-rims flopping up and down, their faces brown as leather.

Markham put his wife out at one of the grocery-stores, and drove off down toward the elevators to sell his wheat.

The grocer greeted Mrs. Markham in a perfunctorily kind manner, and offered her a chair, which she took gratefully. She sat for a quarter of an hour almost without moving, leaning against the back of the high chair. At last the child began to get restless and troublesome, and she spent half an hour helping him amuse himself around the nail-kegs.

At length she rose and went out on the walk, carrying the baby. She went into the dry-goods store and took a seat on one of the little revolving stools. A woman was buying some woollen goods for a dress. It was worth twenty-seven cents a yard, the clerk said, but he would knock off two cents if she took ten yards. It looked warm, and Mrs. Markham wished she could afford it for Mary.

ENOS B COMSTOCK

A pretty young girl came in and laughed and chatted with the clerk, and bought a pair of gloves. She was the daughter of the grocer. Her happiness made the wife and mother sad. When Sam came back she asked him for some money.

"What you want to do with it?" he asked.

"I want to spend it," she said.

She was not to be trifled with, so he gave her a dollar.

"I need a dollar more."

"Well, I've got to go take up that note at the bank."

"Well, the children's got to have some new underclo'es," she said.

He handed her a two-dollar bill and then went out to pay his note.

She bought her cotton flannel and mittens and thread, and then sat leaning against the counter. It was noon, and she was hungry. She went out to the wagon, got the lunch she had brought, and took it into the grocery to eat it—where she could get a drink of water.

The grocer gave the baby a stick of candy and handed the mother an apple.

"It'll kind o' go down with your doughnuts," he said.

After eating her lunch she got up and went out. She felt ashamed to sit there any longer. She entered another dry-goods store, but when the clerk came toward her saying, "Anything to-day, Mrs. ——?" she answered, "No, I guess not," and turned away with foolish face.

She walked up and down the street, desolately homeless. She did not know what to do with herself. She knew no one except the grocer. She grew bitter as she saw a couple of ladies pass, holding their demi-trains in the latest city fashion. Another woman went by pushing a baby carriage,

in which sat a child just about as big as her own. It was bouncing itself up and down on the long slender springs, and laughing and shouting. Its clean round face glowed from its pretty fringed hood. She looked down at the dusty clothes and grimy face of her own little one, and walked on savagely.

She went into the drug store where the soda fountain was, but it made her thirsty to sit there and she went out on the street again. She heard Sam laugh, and saw him in a group of men over by the blacksmith shop. He was having a good time and had forgotten her.

Her back ached so intolerably that she concluded to go in and rest once more in the grocer's chair. The baby was growing cross and fretful. She bought five cents' worth of candy to take home to the children, and gave baby a little piece to keep him quiet. She wished Sam would come. It must be getting late. The grocer said it was not much after one. Time seemed terribly long. She felt that she ought to do something while she was in town. She ran over her purchases—yes, that was all she had planned to buy. She fell to figuring on the things she needed. It was terrible. It ran away up into twenty or thirty dollars at the least. Sam, as well as she, needed underwear for the cold winter, but they would have to wear the old ones, even if they were thin and ragged. She would not need a dress, she thought bitterly, because she never went anywhere. She rose and went out on the street once more, and wandered up and down, looking at everything in the hope of enjoying something.

A man from Boon Creek backed a load of apples up to the sidewalk, and as he stood waiting for the grocer he

noticed Mrs. Markham and the baby, and gave the baby an apple. This was a pleasure. He had such a hearty way about him. He on his part saw an ordinary farmer's wife with dusty dress, unkempt hair, and tired face. He did not know exactly why she appealed to him, but he tried to cheer her up.

The grocer was familiar with these bedraggled and weary wives. He was accustomed to see them sit for hours in his big wooden chair, and nurse tired and fretful children. Their forlorn, aimless, pathetic wandering up and down the street was a daily occurrence, and had never possessed any special meaning to him.

II

In a cottage around the corner from the grocery store two men and a woman were finishing a dainty luncheon. The woman was dressed in cool, white garments, and she seemed to make the day one of perfect comfort.

The home of the Honorable Mr. Hall was by no means the costliest in the town, but his wife made it the most attractive. He was one of the leading lawyers of the county, and a man of culture and progressive views. He was entertaining a friend who had lectured the night before in the Congregational church.

They were by no means in serious discussion. The talk was rather frivolous. Hall had the ability to caricature men with a few gestures and attitudes, and was giving to his Eastern friend some descriptions of the old-fashioned Western lawyers he had met in his practice. He was very amusing, and his guest laughed heartily for a time.

But suddenly Hall became aware that Otis was not lis-

tening. Then he perceived that he was peering out of the window at some one, and that on his face a look of bitter sadness was falling.

Hall stopped. "What do you see, Otis?"

Otis replied, "I see a forlorn, weary woman."

Mrs. Hall rose and went to the window. Mrs. Markham was walking by the house, her baby in her arms. Savage anger and weeping were in her eyes and on her lips, and there was hopeless tragedy in her shambling walk and weak back.

In the silence Otis went on: "I saw the poor, dejected creature twice this morning. I couldn't forget her."

"Who is she?" asked Mrs. Hall, very softly.

"Her name is Markham; she's Sam Markham's wife," said Hall.

The young wife led the way into the sitting room, and the men took seats and lit their cigars. Hall was meditating a diversion when Otis resumed suddenly:

"That woman came to town to-day to get a change, to have a little play-spell, and she's wandering around like a starved and weary cat. I wonder if there is a woman in this town with sympathy enough and courage enough to go out and help that woman? The saloon-keepers, the politicians, and the grocers make it pleasant for the man—so pleasant that he forgets his wife. But the wife is left without a word."

Mrs. Hall's work dropped, and on her pretty face was a look of pain. The man's harsh words had wounded her —and wakened her. She took up her hat and hurried out on the walk. The men looked at each other, and then the husband said:

"It's going to be a little sultry for the men around these diggings. Suppose we go out for a walk."

Delia felt a hand on her arm as she stood at the corner.

"You look tired, Mrs. Markham; won't you come in a little while? I'm Mrs. Hall."

Mrs. Markham turned with a scowl on her face and a biting word on her tongue, but something in the sweet, round little face of the other woman silenced her, and her brow smoothed out.

"Thank you kindly, but it's most time to go home. I'm looking fer Mr. Markham now."

"Oh, come in a little while, the baby is cross and tired out; please do."

Mrs. Markham yielded to the friendly voice, and together the two women reached the gate just as two men hurriedly turned the other corner.

"Let me relieve you," said Mrs. Hall.

The mother hesitated: "He's so dusty."

"Oh, that won't matter. Oh, what a big fellow he is! I haven't any of my own," said Mrs. Hall, and a look passed like an electric spark between the two women, and Delia was her willing guest from that moment.

They went into the little sitting room, so dainty and lovely to the farmer's wife, and as she sank into an easy-chair she was faint and drowsy with the pleasure of it. She submitted to being brushed. She gave the baby into the hands of the Swedish girl, who washed its face and hands and sang it to sleep, while its mother sipped some tea. Through it all she lay back in her easy-chair, not speaking a word, while the ache passed out of her back, and her hot, swollen head ceased to throb.

But she saw everything—the piano, the pictures, the curtains, the wall-paper, the little tea-stand. They were almost as grateful to her as the food and fragrant tea. Such housekeeping as this she had never seen. Her mother had worn her kitchen floor thin as brown paper in keeping a speckless house, and she had been in houses that were larger and costlier, but something of the charm of her hostess was in the arrangement of vases, chairs, or pictures. It was tasteful.

Mrs. Hall did not ask about her affairs. She talked to her about the sturdy little baby, and about the things upon which Delia's eyes dwelt. If she seemed interested in a vase she was told what it was and where it was made. She was shown all the pictures and books. Mrs. Hall seemed to read her visitor's mind. She kept as far from the farm and her guest's affairs as possible, and at last she opened the piano and sang to her—not slow-moving hymns, but catchy love-songs full of sentiment, and then played some simple melodies, knowing that Mrs. Markham's eyes were studying her hands, her rings, and the flash of her fingers on the keys—seeing more than she heard—and through it all Mrs. Hall conveyed the impression that she, too, was having a good time.

The rattle of the wagon outside roused them both. Sam was at the gate for her. Mrs. Markham rose hastily. "Oh, it's almost sundown!" she gasped in astonishment as she looked out of the window.

"Oh, that won't kill anybody," replied her hostess. "Don't hurry. Carrie, take the baby out to the wagon for Mrs. Markham while I help her with her things."

"Oh, I've had such a good time," Mrs. Markham said as they went down the little walk.

"So have I," replied Mrs. Hall. She took the baby a moment as her guest climbed in. "Oh, you big, fat fellow!" she cried as she gave him a squeeze. "You must bring your wife in oftener, Mr. Markham," she said, as she handed the baby up.

Sam was staring with amazement.

"Thank you, I will," he finally managed to say.

"Good-night," said Mrs. Markham.

"Good-night, dear," called Mrs. Hall, and the wagon began to rattle off.

The tenderness and sympathy in her voice brought the tears to Delia's eyes—not hot nor bitter tears, but tears that cooled her eyes and cleared her mind.

The wind had gone down, and the red sunlight fell mistily over the world of corn and stubble. The crickets were still chirping and the feeding cattle were drifting toward the farmyards. The day had been made beautiful by human sympathy.

STUDY HELPS AND QUESTIONS

THE STORY OF ABE

Biographical Note

Alice Brown is a New England representative of that fine group of women writers who have aided so materially in the development of the American short story. She was born at Hampton Falls, New Hampshire, in 1857. After graduating from Robinson Seminary, in Exeter, she wrote for the *Christian Register* and other publications.

Her work divides itself definitely into two very distinct periods. In her first period she wrote short stories based on her New Hampshire experiences. *Meadow-Grass* and *Tiverton Tales*, two of her earlier collections, contain characters drawn from the life of her girlhood, and dialogue that resembles the verbatim utterances of her neighbors. In these earlier tales one meets simple, homely characters, whose story is narrated with a lack of apparent design which only the most skillful writers can successfully attempt.

In her later collections—*The Flying Teuton* and *Vanishing Points*, among others—one sees an Alice Brown very different from the bard of rural New Hampshire. Her tales now are more polished, possibly more artistic, but without any sacrifice of the inherent sincerity of the earlier stories.

But her fame is not limited to short-story writing. In 1914 her *Children of Earth* was chosen from among almost seventeen hundred plays as the winner of the ten-thousand-dollar prize given by Winthrop Ames at the opening of the Little Theater in New York. She is also a novelist of repute, her novels being considered by many the equal of her short stories.

Questions

1. Explain how the author leads up to the telling of the story.

2. Show that the theme of the story is contained in the opening paragraph.

3. Explain how the narrator's concluding statement is substantiated by incidents in the story.

4. What was the author's purpose in introducing the incredulous young man?

5. Compare the account of the fire in this story with that in *The Rough Little Girl and the Smooth Little Girl.*

6. Compare Abe with Don in Zane Grey's story.

7. Compare Abe with other dogs you have read about.

Subjects for Themes

1. My Dog
2. The Civil-War Veteran
3. The County Fair
4. The Veteran's Story
5. Old Comrades
6. A Quarrel
7. A Faithful Guardian
8. An Unwritten Tale
9. A Dumb Hero
10. Atonement
11. An Inquisitive Listener
12. A Lovable Rogue

Problems

1. You have adopted a dog that had been taught to steal by a thief, his former master. In (1) a humorous manner, (2) a serious manner, tell of your efforts to break him of his bad habit.

2. Tell a story in which the strange behavior of a dog was accounted for by subsequent events.

3. From your own experience tell a worth-while dog story.

Other Good Stories

Animal Heroes. Ernest Thompson Seton
The Master. Konrad Bercovici
Sohrab and Rustum. Matthew Arnold

Lad: a Dog. Albert Payson Terhune
My Dog. John Kendrick Bangs
A Dog of Flanders. "Ouida"
The Bar Sinister. Richard Harding Davis
The Call of the Wild. Jack London
Bob, Son of Battle. Alfred Ollivant

THE WINNING OF THE CANE

Biographical Note

The name of Jesse Lynch Williams is inseparably associated with Princeton University. Most of his short stories in *Princeton Stories*, *The Adventures of a Freshman*, and *The Girl and the Game* have Princeton as their scene. In addition he has written a *History of Princeton* and has edited the *Alumni Princetonian*. He is, moreover, one of the editors of *Universities and their Sons*, his contribution being "The History, Influence and Character of Princeton, with Brief Sketches of its Alumni." For his distinguished service to his alma mater he has been honored with the degree of Doctor of Literature.

Williams was born in 1871, in Sterling, Illinois. After graduating from Princeton with the degrees of Bachelor of Arts and Master of Arts he did newspaper and magazine work in New York for some years.

Not the least successful of his literary efforts are his plays: the engrossing *The Stolen Story* and the brilliant and satiric *Why Marry?* and *Why Not?* He has written also a sketch, *Mr. Cleveland, A Personal Impression*, which is a model of the succinct, "newsy" type of biography, and *New York Sketches*, well-written pictures of New York life.

His election to the presidency of the Authors' League of America, in 1921, was an expression of the appreciation in which he is held by his fellow writers.

It is his short stories in which college life is so vividly and amusingly portrayed that will appeal most to younger readers.

Questions

1. Does this story seem to be based on fact? Explain.
2. What qualities for success had Hill?
3. How does this story differ from most school stories?
4. In what essential was Hill changed by the cane spree?
5. Tell how the cane spree changed Hill's attitude toward his class.
6. Tell how the cane spree changed the attitude of the class toward Hill.
7. Why does the author seem to regret changes at Princeton?
8. In the Introduction, under Writing Your Own Short Stories, you are warned that the story of the substitute who takes the "star's" place and wins the "big" game for his school is a worn-out theme and therefore to be avoided. Justify Jesse Lynch Williams's use of this theme.

Subjects for Themes

1. Forbidden Fun
2. By Moonlight
3. How our Class Won
4. Watching the Parade
5. In the First Row
6. Games Father Played
7. School Days of Old
8. Modern Gladiators
9. Class Spirit
10. A Close Contest

Problems

1. Tell how school spirit was aroused in a classmate who had been hitherto notoriously lacking in it.
2. Describe the appearance and activities of Hill in his senior year.
3. Tell of an outstanding example of class spirit.

Other Good Stories

Being a Boy. Charles Dudley Warner
Tom Brown's School-Days. Thomas Hughes
Adventures of Tom Sawyer. Mark Twain
The Adventures of a Freshman. Jesse Lynch Williams

When Patty went to College. Jean Webster
Nicholas Nickleby. Charles Dickens
The Varmint. Owen Johnson
Philosophy 4. Owen Wister
Stalky and Co. Rudyard Kipling
School, College and Character. LeBaron R. Briggs
Tom Playfair. Francis J. Finn, S. J.

OLD MAN WARNER

Biographical Note

When Dorothy Canfield was a girl of high-school age, she made the acquaintance of a young army officer. Through him she became interested in horseback riding and in higher mathematics, occupations which are to this day her hobbies. In gratitude, perhaps, she has dedicated her *Home Fires in France* to General John Pershing, who as a little-known officer first instilled in her a love of education, mental and physical.

But her interests reach beyond her hobbies. She is master of six languages, one reason perhaps why the Italian publishers looked to her to acquaint English readers with Papini's *Life of Christ*.

The blind know her as their friend. Almost unaided she sought to alleviate the lot of soldiers blinded in battle; she obtained work for them, edited their magazine, and procured books for them.

Her work for the blind successfully established, she next organized a hospital in France for children from the evacuated districts of the war zone and repeated her charitable success.

Ever since her birth at Lawrence, Kansas, in 1879, her life has been crowded with various and exciting interests which, while making demands upon her time and strength, have furnished a background for her characteristically American writing.

Questions

1. How long a period of time is covered in this story?
2. Are there many incidents?
3. Are these incidents interesting? thrilling?

4. What is the theme of the story?

5. Why do you admire or blame Warner?

6. What qualities of the American individual does this story emphasize?

7. What qualities of the American people does this story emphasize?

8. Is the description of the deserted settlement sufficiently uncanny? sufficiently simple?

9. Have you ever known a similar character? If so, describe him.

Subjects for Themes

1. A Mountaineer
2. An Old Farmer
3. An Abandoned Farm
4. A Home in the Hills
5. Lonesome
6. A True American
7. An Appeal to Law
8. A Just Majority
9. One against Many
10. A Lone Warrior

Problems

1. You have refused to sell your home to a corporation which intends to raze the buildings in your neighborhood in order to build a factory. The corporation has purchased all the property about you and threatens to isolate and ruin your property unless you sell at once. Appeal to the president of the corporation.

2. Explain to a group of listeners why you persist in using in your private office a battered, antiquated desk which is not in keeping with the up-to-date office furniture employed elsewhere by your company.

3. Your vacation is spent annually on an out-of-the-way farm in Vermont. Give one of your companions the reasons for this.

Other Good Stories

A New England Childhood. Margaret Fuller
The Deserted Village. Oliver Goldsmith
The Cotter's Saturday Night. Robert Burns

Back-log Studies. Charles Dudley Warner
Little Rivers. Henry van Dyke
We discover New England. Louise Closser Hale
Around Old Chester. Margaret Deland
A New England Boyhood. Edward Everett Hale
David Harum. E. N. Westcott

ROBINA'S DOLL

Biographical Note

Unlike Zona Gale, Mrs. Andrews cannot be listed among those persistent young women who from earliest childhood have determined to make writing a means of livelihood. In 1884 she married Judge Andrews of Syracuse, and it was some time after that before she began to write with a view to publication.

She has built up her reputation on relatively few stories, but these few are notable for solid construction and exquisite finish. Above all are they valuable because of the lessons of patriotism which they teach, not laboriously but with naturalness and sincerity. Her heroes are so human that it seems entirely feasible for ordinary men to aspire to be heroes.

Her best known story is *The Perfect Tribute* (1906), an account of Lincoln and the speech at Gettysburg. Another stirring tale is *His Soul goes Marching On.* This deals with the influence of Theodore Roosevelt on the character of a boy who later became a soldier in the Great War. *Yellow Butterflies* is a masterly narrative of the unknown American soldier whose tomb is a national shrine at Arlington.

Among her other works of fiction are *Vive L'Empereur*, *Bob and the Guides*, *Enchanted Forest*, and *Joy in the Morning.* She has also written a book of verse, *Crosses of War.*

Questions

1. Describe the nurse.
2. Write a character sketch of the woman who made the doll.
3. How do you account for the nurse's interest in the doll?

4. In what way does this story (1) differ from, (2) resemble, other war stories you have read?

5. Write a letter from the nurse to Robina, explaining her failure to send the doll.

6. Write Robina's answer to this letter.

7. What virtue is the theme of this story?

8. In how many instances is this virtue exemplified?

Subjects for Themes

1. A Child's Letter
2. A Doll
3. A Request
4. In a Hospital
5. The Red Cross Nurse
6. The Wounded Hero
7. Keeping My Word
8. American Magic
9. Relieving One's Mind
10. A Disappointed Child

Problems

1. Describe your efforts and sacrifices to make the —— drive successful in your neighborhood.

2. Write a letter for the dying *poilu* to his little girl, explaining how he was able to keep his promise to her.

3. Tell of a great sacrifice you have made.

Other Good Stories

Somewhere in France. Richard Harding Davis
Now it can be Told. Sir Philip Gibbs
Flying for France. James R. McConnell
Long Live the King. Mary Roberts Rinehart
Rhymes of a Red Cross Man. Robert W. Service
Fighting the Flying Circus. Edward V. Rickenbacker
The Cruise of the Ayesha. Lieut. Muecke
Echoes of the War. James M. Barrie
The First Hundred Thousand. John Hay Beith ("Ian Hay")
A Minstrel in France. Harry Lauder
Gallipoli. John Masefield
The Voyage of the Deutschland. Paul Koenig
With the Allies. Richard Harding Davis

NOVEMBER THE NINETEENTH

Biographical Note

Elsie Singmaster (Mrs. Harold Lewars) was born at Schuylkill Haven, Pennsylvania, in 1879. She is a graduate of Radcliffe College and was given the degree of Doctor of Literature by Pennsylvania College in 1916. Her husband died in 1915.

This writer seems to have devoted her splendid literary gifts to two main purposes. The first is the depicting of the life of the "Pennsylvania Dutch" and their descendants in all its aspects, whether it be the Old World life on a "Dutch" farm, the quaint, sweet annals of childhood and school life, or the ascetic routine of Mennonite settlements. *When Sarah saved the Day* and *When Sarah went to School* are examples of this phase of her work.

Her second purpose deals with the epic of Gettysburg. Much of her writing is saturated with the glory of the town in which was fought the battle that determined the destiny of our nation and in which Lincoln delivered his immortal address. Her home is in Gettysburg, and she knows every nook of the battlefield as Vachell knows his porcelain and Grey his Grand Canyon. Stories of Gettysburg include *November the Nineteenth*, *Gettysburg*, and *Stories of the Red Harvest and the Aftermath.*

Questions

1. What is the purpose of the episode of the leashed dog?
2. Why does the author introduce the stranger on the train?
3. Why is Miss Gant introduced?
4. Suggest titles for the divisions of this story.
5. Is Tyler's punishment proportional to his misdeed?
6. Account for Tyler's sudden realization of Lincoln's attitude.
7. Could a similar story have been written about Washington? about Roosevelt? Explain.
8. Comment on the ending of this story.

Subjects for Themes

1. An Anniversary
2. Catching a Train
3. A Disturbing Dream
4. Good Enough!
5. Ghosts
6. The Old Battlefield
7. Haunted
8. The Veteran's Story
9. A Slow Train
10. An Ideal Audience
11. How my Conscience troubled Me
12. The Old Janitor
13. Stories about Lincoln

Problems

1. Tell a story in which remorse is the motivating force.

2. During a fit of anger you caused a friend to appear ridiculous. Tell of your act and your reparation.

Other Good Stories

The Crisis. Winston Churchill
Abraham Lincoln. John Drinkwater
The Prairie Years. Carl Sandburg
The Perfect Tribute. Mary R. S. Andrews
The Boys' Life of Abraham Lincoln. Helen Nicolay
Robert E. Lee. John Drinkwater
He knew Lincoln. Ida M. Tarbell
On the Trail of Grant and Lee. Frederick T. Hill
Gettysburg. Elsie Singmaster
Secret Service. William Gillette
The Blue and the Gray. Henry Cabot Lodge

THE BLUE CROSS

Biographical Note

Chesterton's standing in the literary world is well illustrated by the fact that an introduction written by him for the book of an unknown author invariably results in the success of that book. It is a tribute to his generosity that such introductions are not infrequent, and to his judgment that they are never undeserved.

Born in 1874 at London, he is as much a lover of the city and of its inhabitants as was Dickens, of whom he has written a sympathetic appreciation.

Personally he is lovable, keen, unusual. His weight is over two hundred pounds, his hair rather long and unrestrained. His memory is so short that he once found himself in a predicament on losing his railroad ticket, because it was the only clue to his destination.

It is difficult to determine the proper field of a genius so versatile. *Orthodoxy*, a stirring plea for the established order, *Heretics*, a kindly consideration of literary heretics, *Lepanto*, one of the great poems of modern times, *The Man who was Thursday*, a baffling "mystery" story, *A Short History of England*, a work which exalts the lowly characters of history and depicts the weakness of the great,—these are but a few titles chosen from the imposing array of his works.

One characteristic which invariably impresses the reader is the author's skill in the use of the paradox. Indeed, the "Chestertonian" paradox has become almost a literary byword. *Tremendous Trifles* and *The Man who knew Too Much* are illustrations of it. "The mob is always hitting the right nail with the wrong hammer" is a characteristic comment.

One critic says: "He alternates deep truths with comic relief. He may be taken in earnest or as a bit of sophistry, according to one's agreement or disagreement with him, but to anybody he will furnish an enjoyable exhibition of mental gymnastics."

Questions

1. Chesterton has been called the "master of the paradox." Point out some of his paradoxes.

2. Compare or contrast Father Brown with other detectives of fiction.

3. What requisites of an able detective does Father Brown possess?

4. How do Valentin and Father Brown differ in purpose?

5. What impression does Flambeau make on you?

6. Point out vivid descriptions.

7. Compare and contrast Father Brown with Quinney in *A Counterfeit Presentment*. Which story do you prefer? Why?

Subjects for Themes

1. Strange Clues
2. An Amateur Detective
3. Helping the Police
4. Hare and Hounds
5. Twilight in the Park
6. A Rare Jewel
7. A Ride in the Bus
8. An Uninteresting Argument
9. My Favorite Detective
10. Why I like Detective Stories
11. A True Detective Story
12. Appearances are Deceptive

Problems

1. Write an imitation of the opening paragraph. Give an account of a great author alighting from a train.

2. The author tells how Flambeau had escaped on previous occasions by means of a pair of nail scissors; by setting a house on fire; by having to pay for an unstamped letter; by getting people to look through a telescope at a comet. Write an account of one of these escapes.

3. A bandit forces you to drive him from the scene of his crime. Tell how you left clues to assist the police.

Other Good Stories

The Wisdom of Father Brown. Gilbert K. Chesterton
Ballad of the White Horse. Gilbert K. Chesterton
A Study in Scarlet. A. Conan Doyle
On Anything. Hilaire Belloc
The Phantom of the Opera. Gaston Leroux
Arsène Lupin. Maurice LeBlanc
In Dickens' London. F. Hopkinson Smith
A Wanderer in London. E. V. Lucas
Charles Dickens. Gilbert K. Chesterton
Oliver Twist. Charles Dickens

A ROMANY OF THE SNOWS

Biographical Note

Sir Horatio Gilbert Parker may truly be termed a citizen of the British Empire—Canada, Australia, and London having at various times claimed him as their own. He was born in Ontario, Canada, in 1862, and was educated at Trinity University, Toronto. His earlier (and perhaps his best) work deals with French Canadian life. In the character of Pierre, the half-breed of the short stories, and in *The Right of Way* and other of his earlier novels he has depicted Canadian life and character with appreciation and sympathy, approached only by Drummond, the poet of French Canada. *The Right of Way*, which has thrills enough for a dozen novels, serves as the model of most narratives dealing with the Canadian backwoods, just as *The Virginian* has been imitated by many writers of Western stories.

After the success of the Canadian novels Parker lived for a time in Australia. *Round the Compass in Australia* is a record of his activities there. In 1897 he settled in England, where he was elected to Parliament, knighted, and made baronet. Though maintaining a permanent residence in England, he finds time frequently to visit Canada and also to take a friendly interest in things American. In recognition of this interest the Pilgrim Society on April 15, 1915, invited him to deliver an address on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the death of Lincoln.

While his stories of present-day Canada interest perhaps the larger number of readers, many like *The Seats of the Mighty*, a historical novel of Canada and Wolfe, or *The Judgment House*, dealing with England and South Africa. He has written also two volumes of poetry, *Embers* and *A Lover's Diary*, as well as *The World in the Crucible*, dealing with the origin and conduct of the World War.

Younger readers like his stories. As one critic puts it, "With the ability to tell thrilling stories, he combines skill in creating characters whom we recall as individual men and women."

Questions

1. Tell why you would consider Pierre a tragic or a humorous character.

2. Describe Pierre.

3. Describe the captain.

4. Which is the nobler character?

5. Do you think that the raid suggested by Pierre to the brothers was attempted?

6. What does the existence of the old man add to the story?

7. How would you have acted in the kitchen of the raiders?

8. Give your version of the tragedy in Pierre's life to which the author alludes.

9. Of what value is the setting of this story?

10. Could similar events have occurred in other settings?

Subjects for Themes

1. A Northern Girl
2. A Half-breed
3. The Mounted Police
4. A Strange Confederate
5. My Room
6. A Primitive Living-room
7. A Duel in a Room
8. At Bay
9. Defiance
10. An Enemy's Sacrifice
11. Helping my Enemy
12. Breaking the Law
13. A Good Samaritan

Problems

1. A very stringent law against unmuzzled dogs is in force. Your dog escapes without his muzzle. He is captured and is to be killed that evening. You have no time to obtain a reprieve through the proper channels, but you know that you can release him on your own accord. What will you do?

2. While on duty as a police officer you learn that your child has been kidnaped. You pursue the criminals, gradually overcoming their lead. Passing through a village not under your jurisdic-

tion, you see a dog with symptoms of madness near a group of children. Narrate your further actions.

3. A classmate with whom, through no fault of yours, you are not on good terms has without a good reason missed the class preceding the test which will determine whether she or you will win the prize. That evening you see her in the library. You notice that she is studying the wrong chapter in preparation for the test. Tell how you will act, and report the results of your action.

4. Five years later Captain Halby learns that Pierre is accused of stealing a horse from Greystop's paddock. He is ordered to arrest Pierre. He overtakes Pierre riding a splendid young horse which answers the description of the one stolen from Greystop's. Tell the story of what happens.

Other Good Stories

Pierre and his People. Sir Gilbert Parker
The Right of Way. Sir Gilbert Parker
Watchers of the Trail. Charles Roberts
The Spell of the Yukon. Robert W. Service
Travels in Alaska. John Muir
The Luck of Roaring Camp. Bret Harte
The Lure of the Labrador Wild. Dillon Wallace
Tales of the Labrador. Wilfred T. Grenfell
Harbor Tales Down North. Norman Duncan
A Tenderfoot with Peary. George Borup
The Voyageur. William H. Drummond

DON

Biographical Note

Most youthful readers would have little difficulty in visualizing an image of Zane Grey that would faithfully approach the original, for Zane Grey, adventurer, sportsman, patriot, has lived much of what he has written.

He was born in Zanesville, Ohio, in 1875. When fourteen years old he wrote his first story. At that time he was leader of a pirate

gang whose den was a cave back of an orchard. To maintain the interest and respect of his followers he wrote a blood-curdling tale in which all the male characters were killed, leaving the golden-haired heroine to sorrow alone.

After receiving the degree of Doctor of Dental Science from the University of Pennsylvania he wrote his first novel, *Betty Zane*. It was based on the adventures of his great-great-grandfather's sister, who had saved Fort Henry by running the gantlet of Indians with her apron full of powder. The incidents of this story were family tradition, and Grey tells how his father read the account as he read his Bible.

Though noted chiefly for his picturesque tales of the West, he has also written books for boys, books on travel and fishing, and short stories. *Betty Zane*, *The Shortstop*, *The U. P. Trail* (which contains some epic pages), *Fishing in New Zealand*, are titles which indicate his versatility.

The straightforward account of Don whets our appetite for more of his short stories.

Questions

1. What traits in common have Don in this story and Abe and Mac in *The Story of Abe*?

2. How do they differ?

3. Write descriptions of Emmet and Jim.

4. Point out passages in which the author intimates at what is to be the ending of the story.

5. Do you prefer *Don* or *The Story of Abe*? Give reasons for your choice.

6. Do you think this story is true or fictitious? Explain your answer.

7. In what respect does the narrator differ from the other hunters?

8. Would the safe return of Don weaken or strengthen the ending?

9. What lesson does the story teach?

Subjects for Themes

1. A Dangerous Trip
2. A Magnificent Scene
3. A Cruel Master
4. My First Horseback Ride
5. Crossing the Swamp
6. Making Friends
7. The Lone Hunter
8. The Lion-tamer
9. A Camping Trip
10. How I lost my Pet
11. Unusual Photographs

Problems

1. In this story the author leaves several other stories untold. Tell the story of (1) the buffaloes and the white mustang, (2) one of the author's lion hunts, (3) the death of Don.

2. A dog has been made timid and distrustful by abuse. Tell how you won his confidence.

Other Good Stories

Jerry. Jack London
Arizona Nights. Stewart Edward White
Desert Gold. Zane Grey
Kazan. James Oliver Curwood
Hunting Trips of a Ranchman. Theodore Roosevelt
Men with the Bark On. Frederic Remington
Through the Unknown Southwest. Agnes C. Laut
The Great Divide. William Vaughn Moody
The Book of Animal Stories. Andrew Lang
Training of Wild Animals. Frank C. Bostock

HUMAN

Biographical Note

Zona Gale has proved the truism that success is due largely to the faculty of keeping everlastingly at a thing.

She was born in Portage, Wisconsin, in 1874, of old American stock—her ancestors had settled in Watertown, Massachusetts, in 1640. Because she had not yet learned how to write, she labori-

ously printed her first story on manila paper and bound the sheets with ribbon. It began: "The sun was just sinking behind the western hills when three travelers appeared. One was tall, one was short and one was middle-sized." This youthful saga was followed by a sheaf of poems in similar heroic vein.

At thirteen she wrote a novel, which was immediately returned by an unappreciative editor. Three years later, however, she sold her first story for three dollars. Then she attended the University of Wisconsin, and after graduation came six years of newspaper work.

She tells how she wrote constantly for ten years, during which her stories were continually rejected. In 1903 the *Success Magazine* accepted some of her stories, and from that time her work was appreciated. In 1911 her *Ancient Dawn* won the prize of two thousand dollars offered by the *Delineator* for the best story submitted.

She is the author of a realistic novel, *Birth*, of *Miss Lulu Bett*, which both as story and as drama attained popular success, and of an excellent short play, *Neighbors*. But it is her short stories, especially the Friendship Village series, that we most admire. Not since Miss Mitford's *Our Village* and Mrs. Gaskell's *Cranford* have we met such a lovable, humorous, human group of people as her inhabitants of Friendship Village. To meet these delightful people one need read only *Friendship Village*, *Love Stories of Friendship Village, Neighborhood Stories*, and *Peace in Friendship Village*.

Questions

1. What does the last sentence in the opening paragraph mean?

2. What manner of person is telling this story? Support your contention by reference to passages in the text.

3. Why does the scene at the post office seem (not) true to life?

4. Describe Stubby.

5. In what respects do the people in the post office at Friendship Village differ from those at your post office?

6. What is the effect of the colloquial manner of speech?

7. Who is the leading character in this story?

Subjects for Themes

1. Our Post Office at Christmas
2. A Long Line
3. What shall I Give?
4. What I expect at Christmas
5. An Auction
6. With Little Money
7. My Christmas Problem
8. Sharing my Presents
9. Handmade
10. A Postman's Christmas

Problems

1. Rewrite this story and the incidents immediately following, in the form of a chapter in Stubby's autobiography.

2. Two post-office clerks at closing time discuss the day's work. Report their conversation.

3. In order to raise money for a Boy Scout outing you hold a bazar. Tell of your efforts and achievements. Emphasize anything of permanent value resulting from your labors.

4. A poor child has lost ten dollars with which it was to pay a bill. Tell how a group of newsboys raised that amount for the child.

Other Good Stories

Tales for Christmas. François Coppée
Ben Hur (chap. i). General Lew Wallace
Lucius Flavus. Francis Spillman
Christmas Books. Charles Dickens
Christmas. Zona Gale
Yule-tide in Many Lands. Mary and Clara Pringle
Friendship Village. Zona Gale
By the Christmas Fire. Samuel McChord Crothers
Ode on the Nativity. John Milton
The Birds' Christmas Carol. Kate Douglas Wiggin
The Other Wise Man. Henry van Dyke
The Christmas Wreck. Frank Stockton
Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens. Sir James M. Barrie
The Man who was Thursday. Gilbert K. Chesterton
Dreams and Images. Joyce Kilmer
Christmas Books. William Makepeace Thackeray

A PATRON OF ART

Biographical Note

Richard Harding Davis was born in Philadelphia, in 1864, and died at Mt. Kisco, New York, in 1916. He failed to distinguish himself as a student at Episcopal Academy and was later similarly unsuccessful at Swarthmore College. But what worried his family, excepting his mother, more than his poor scholarship was his exceeding goodness—a nineteenth-century Sir Galahad was perhaps beyond the imagination of the more prosaic part of his family. He never turned aside from his high ideals. In his life story there is recorded not one mean or unworthy act. Though he "was acquainted with more waiters, generals, actors and princes than any other man who ever lived," he yet found time to write his mother a letter every day. "It was his only habit. He was a slave to it," wrote Gouverneur Morris.

While Davis the story-writer will live longer in literature, it is Davis the journalist whose experiences form the subject matter of his stories. At twenty-four he was a "star" reporter. As war correspondent he saw service in the Spanish-American, the Boer, the Russo-Japanese wars, and the World War. His travels took him about the well-known and the little-known parts of the world. He attended the coronations of the Czar of Russia, the king of England, and the king of Spain. His account of the Johnstown flood is a masterpiece. His description of the German entry into Brussels is one of the most vivid bits of writing in existence.

His journalistic experiences gave him insight into many phases of life and character. His settings extend from New York to Cairo; his characters from the lovable society idol, Van Bibber, to that noble East Side rowdy, Hefty Burke. Love stories, sea stories, dog stories (*The Bar Sinister*), newspaper stories (*Gallegher*), boys' stories, spy stories, stories ranging from psychic phenomena to buried treasure, flowed with equal facility from his pen. Humor, manliness, tenderness, sacrifice, are the dominant tones of his works, as they were the outstanding traits of his character.

Younger readers will appreciate most of his work, especially *Gallegher and Other Stories*, *Van Bibber and Others*, *Somewhere in France*, and *The Boy Scout*.

Questions

1. How much is told us in the first paragraph?

2. Could the author dispense with any part of the first paragraph?

3. What changes would the author make if he were writing the story today?

4. Was the hero at fault in attempting to hide his poverty?

5. Do any of the incidents seem improbable?

6. What impression of Davis's style does reading this story give you?

7. What made Cole so favorably disposed toward the Carstairses?

8. Were they worthy of Cole's favor?

Subjects for Themes

1. An Artist
2. Not Appreciated
3. Home, Sweet Home
4. My Benefactor
5. Money Well Spent
6. A Millionaire
7. A Fortunate Remark
8. A Poor Gentleman
9. Castle and Cottage
10. A Rich Man's Home

Problems

1. You have found it expedient to associate with men wealthier than you. A trip is proposed which you cannot possibly afford. To confess your lack of funds will impair your standing in business. How will you proceed?

2. You are a violinist in whom a wealthy man has taken an interest. To complete your studies requires more money than you have. You hesitate to borrow of your patron, because you are not

certain that you have sufficient talent to be able to earn enough to repay him. What will you do?

3. A fund is intrusted to you. Your son is taken ill, and for his recovery an operation the cost of which is far beyond your means is necessary. If you use part of the fund, you will be able to replace it within a year, with a dividend that will be due then. What will be your course of action?

Other Good Stories

The Four Million. O. Henry
The Voice of the City. O. Henry
The Exiles. Richard Harding Davis
Gallegher and Other Stories. Richard Harding Davis
The Street of Adventure. Sir Philip Gibbs
Emma McChesney & Co. Edna Ferber
The Boss. Edward B. Sheldon
The Witching Hour. Augustus Thomas
Vistas of New York. Brander Matthews

THE HEART OF LITTLE SHIKARA

Biographical Note

Edison Marshall, one of the most promising of the younger short-story writers, was born in 1894, in Rensselaer, Indiana. He began writing while at the University of Oregon, where he has since endowed the Edison Marshall Short Story Contest. In 1913 he sold his first short story and in 1915 definitely determined to devote his entire time to writing. When war was declared, he enlisted as second lieutenant in the United States Army, and served with the colors throughout the war.

Marshall first became known through his contributions to magazines. He has written short stories for the *Saturday Evening Post*, *American Magazine*, *Blue Book*, *Everybody's*, and *Metropolitan*. Two of his stories, *The Elephant Remembers* and *The Heart of Little Shikara*, were selected as O. Henry memorial prize stories.

He has also written thrilling novels, among them *Seward's Folly* and *The Voice of the Pack.*

Marshall's fiction has an immediate appeal. It is replete with thrilling situations, dramatically conceived and logically executed. In some respects he resembles Jack London, but he is more genial and less melodramatic. His characters, whether they be beast or boy, vagabond or gentleman, are always natural.

Marshall has combined dramatic themes with considerable mastery of plot and treatment and enjoys a deserved popularity.

Questions

1. Make a topical outline of this story.

2. Write a title for each of the main divisions of the story.

3. Does the author write convincingly of Nahara, the tigress?

4. Why does the author assign names to the tigers and to the crocodile?

5. How does Marshall's treatment of the tigress differ from Grey's treatment of the mountain lions?

6. Could Grey have effectively used Marshall's method?

7. Examine the last paragraph in each division. What purpose does it serve?

8. Compare and contrast Shikara with (1) an American city boy of his age; (2) an American country boy.

9. What other good jungle stories have you read? Compare them with this story.

Subjects for Themes

1. A Young Hunter
2. The Harvest Moon
3. At the Zoo
4. A Thrill
5. A Boy's Life in the Jungle
6. A Little Savage
7. My Greatest Hero
8. A Small Boy's Idol
9. A Fight for Life
10. Jungle Lore
11. A Beast's Revenge
12. A Journey by Night
13. Walking after Dark

Problems

1. An animal-trainer is putting his lions and tigers through their exhibition. A tiger turns upon him. Tell the story.

2. Write a diary of a week's activities in the life of your cat, dog, or other pet.

3. Account for the fact that Warwick spent so much of his life near the jungle.

Other Good Stories

The Elephant God. Gordon Casserly
Christmas Night with Satan. John Fox, Jr.
Kim. Rudyard Kipling
Moti Guj, Mutineer. Rudyard Kipling
Insect Adventures. Henri Fabre
Useful Birds and their Protection. Edward H. Forbush
Travels with a Donkey. Robert Louis Stevenson
African Game Trails. Theodore Roosevelt
The Biography of a Grizzly. Ernest Thompson Seton
In the Wilderness. Charles Dudley Warner
The Elephant Remembers. Edison Marshall

THE ROUGH LITTLE GIRL AND THE SMOOTH LITTLE GIRL

Biographical Note

Arthur Stuart Menteth Hutchinson, an English writer, was born in 1879. He has put much of himself and his experiences into his stories. Although he was of military ancestry and breeding, defective eyesight kept him from fighting in the World War. He tried studying medicine in the hope that he might be of service, but soon turned to literature. He wrote verses and short stories—anything to get a footing and earn a badly needed guinea.

While conducting a newspaper column he found time to finish *Once Aboard the Lugger*, which has been called one of the most humorous stories in the language. But strangely enough it took

the reflected glory of his great success, *If Winter Comes*, to bring into the light of popular appreciation this early effort of a struggling writer.

While editor of a London daily he wrote *The Happy Warrior*, and then came the widely known *If Winter Comes*, which achieved distinction as novel, play, and motion picture.

Hutchinson has the faculty of presenting lovable human beings whom we feel we have met and known. From Mr. Marrapit and the misanthropic gardener of *Once Aboard the Lugger* to Mark Sabre, High Jinks, and Low Jinks of *If Winter Comes* he has paraded before the reader perfectly delineated characters which are not easily forgotten.

Hutchinson has written relatively little. For this he has assigned a reason worthy of emulation by more prolific writers. He calls himself "appallingly" conscientious and admits that in order to do away with slight improbabilities of time and character he rewrites whole chapters.

Questions

1. Why does the author devote so much space to a description of the girls' families?

2. What is the purpose of describing the various kinds of "Porky Puffs"?

3. Enumerate the different emotions that the author attempts to arouse in the reader.

4. Suggest other titles.

5. Write a character sketch of the "rough little girl."

6. Write a character sketch of the "smooth little girl."

7. Write a character sketch of Mr. Pook.

8. Suggest a subtitle for each division of this story.

9. Of what use are these divisions?

10. Analyze the author's method of telling the story of the fire.

11. What characteristics have Mr. Pook and the "rough little girl" in common?

Subjects for Themes

1. A Contrast
2. Portraits of Two Classmates
3. Family Pride
4. Selling the Old Home
5. A Bully
6. A Strange Companion
7. The Forbidden Feast
8. An Ideal Roommate
9. Our Secret Society
10. Misunderstood Kindness
11. A Good Tyrant
12. The Fire

Problems

1. Tell the story of a fireman's rescue of a person who has become panic-stricken during a fire.

2. The most studious and the laziest boys are classmates. Describe a typical evening.

3. You have been asked to escort home a young lady with whom you are not on speaking terms. Tell of your experience.

Other Good Stories

Once Aboard the Lugger. A. S. M. Hutchinson
The Eighth Wonder. A. S. M. Hutchinson
Penrod. Booth Tarkington
Lovey Mary. Alice Hegan Rice
The Taming of the Shrew. William Shakespeare
The Little Minister. Sir James M. Barrie
Percy Wynn. Francis J. Finn, S. J.
When Sarah went to School. Elsie Singmaster
In our Convent Days. Agnes Repplier
Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. Kate Douglas Wiggin
Two College Girls. Helen D. Brown

THE DAY OF THE SCHOLARS

Biographical Note

Seumas MacManus was born in 1869, in Donegal, Ireland. A schoolmaster and contributor of verse and prose to periodicals, he became well known in 1899 through the publication of *Through*

the Turf Smoke, sketches of Irish life and character. In that same year he first visited the United States, where he has since made tours annually and where he now lives.

Of his poems, novels, and short stories it has been said that "a fund of native drollery, an easy mastery of racy Irish idiom, and a happy faculty of bringing out the distinctive traits of his humble compatriots in pleasant verse and beguiling talks, has made his work welcome among American as well as British readers."

His work is particularly welcome, since it avoids, on the one hand, the sentimentalized "stage Irishman" of the novels of Lever and the sketches of Thackeray and, on the other, the exaggerated realism of the Abbey Theatre school of writers.

Among his collections of short stories are *The Bewitched Fiddle, Lo and Behold Ye!* and *Yourself and the Neighbors. A Lad of the O'Friels* is a novel of modern Ireland. *The Hard-hearted Man* and *The Woman of Seven Sorrows* are plays which have appeared in both English and Gaelic versions. He has written also *The Story of the Irish Race* and *Ballads of a Country Boy.*

Questions

1. Give a picture of the man you imagine to be telling this story.
2. What effect has the narrator's use of exaggerated expressions on the reader?
3. Of what importance is Dark Patrick?
4. How does Johnny's victory influence the king's position?
5. Could this story have been as well told without dialect?
6. Mention other stories in which dialect is effectively used.

Subjects for Themes

1. Our Sign Language
2. Knowing Too Much
3. The Wisdom of the Simple
4. An Irish Holiday
5. Common Sense
6. Conceit Overthrown
7. The New Champion
8. A Story-teller
9. Fooling the Teacher
10. The Elocution Contest

Problems

1. After you have foolishly boasted of your skill as a ——, your friends arrange a contest between the champion and you. Show how through strategy you emerge from the contest with credit.

2. Your opponent tries to make a farce of a contest for which you have conscientiously trained. Tell how you preserved your self-control and turned the tables on your foe.

Other Good Stories

Yourself and the Neighbors. Seumas MacManus
Tom Burke of Ours. Charles Lever
The Soul of Ireland. William J. Lockington
Poems. William Butler Yeats
She Stoops to Conquer. Oliver Goldsmith
Irish Fairy Tales. James Stephens
John-a-Dreams. Katherine Tynan
Shamrock Land. Frank Jones
Lisheen. Canon Sheehan
Irish Idylls. Jean Barlow

THE RED MARK

Biographical Note

Israel Zangwill, whose death in 1926 was regretted by the literary world, was born in London, in 1864. Like Jerome K. Jerome, with whom he was for a time associated, he first attained fame as a humorist with his *Bachelor's Club* and his *Big Bow Mystery*, a burlesque on the popular type of detective story. Then followed *Ghetto Comedies* and *Ghetto Tragedies*, collections of short stories based on the activities of London's Jewry, in which field he is unsurpassed. "Never has the soul of the London Jew (and the rich Jew who lives in the West has not been overlooked) been more sympathetically or impartially unveiled than in Zangwill's tales of the Ghetto. His tragedies are touched with comedy, his comedies with tragedy."

As a dramatist too he achieved distinction in plays of widely diverging theme and treatment, from *The Melting Pot*, the scene of which is laid in America, "God's crucible, where all the races of Europe are melting and re-forming," and *The War God*, a plea for international good will, to *Merely Mary Ann*, the whimsical romance of a London slavey, that might have been the product of Barrie's pen.

Questions

1. This story is taken from the collection *Ghetto Comedies*. To what extent might it be called a comedy?

2. Why does it seem sufficient to the author to write such a brief description of the heroine?

3. Would you consider Bloomah's mother an unkind woman? Explain.

4. Account for the difference in attitude toward school between Bloomah and her family.

5. Do you think that Bloomah's attitude will ever resemble that of her family?

6. Write a character sketch of Bloomah's teacher.

Subjects for Themes

1. A Hard Life
2. A Girl of All Trades
3. How I came to be Tardy
4. Perfect Attendance
5. The Little Foreigner
6. My Wayward Brother
7. Averting a Panic
8. When I was Vaccinated
9. Almost a Riot
10. The Little Heroine
11. The Unexpected Holiday
12. A Rival Class

Problems

1. Tell how you made unusual efforts to reach school on time in order to preserve a perfect attendance record.

2. Tell how you quieted a crowd of excited mothers who had been told that the kindergarten was on fire.

Other Good Stories

Little Aliens. Myra Kelly
Eve's Other Children. Lucille B. Van Slyke
Children of the Ghetto. Israel Zangwill
Disraeli. Louis Parker
They who knock at our Gates. Mary Antin
Fanny Herself. Edna Ferber
Elkin Lubliner, American. Montague Glass
"Scum o' the Earth." Robert H. Schauffler
Hungry Hearts. Anzia Yezierska
Belshazzar's Feast. William S. Davis
Around the World in New York. Konrad Bercovici

THE LOVE-LETTERS OF SMITH

Biographical Note

Despite the fact that Henry Cuyler Bunner died at the age of forty-one, "he was for twenty years the most brilliant poetic wit in the East." He was born in Oswego, New York, in 1855. At twenty-two he assumed the editorship of a German-American periodical devoted to humor, which as *Puck* he developed into our first worthy humorous magazine. Like Eugene Field he proved that the professional humorist can have more sentiment and poetry in him than his profession might lead one to expect.

His exquisite *Airs from Arcady*, though utilizing the triolet and other trifling verse forms, is pregnant with a grace and sweetness that belies its trivial dress. His humorous poetry, which he signed "V. Hugo Dusenberry, Professional Poet," is a model of its kind.

But we are chiefly interested in Bunner as a writer of short stories. He turned popular interest from the morbid type story of Poe and his followers to a more wholesome American type of anecdotal story.

His model was Maupassant, whom he resembled in that writer's happier attributes. "The rare power of perfect focus, combined with perfect restraint," enabled Bunner, like Maupassant, to "make six pages tell a story as complete as *Vanity Fair*."

His stories, some of which are published in *Short Sixes* and *Love in Old Cloathes*, teem with Gallic wit and spontaneity. Young and old like this lovable, kindly humorist.

Questions

1. Why does the author use characters so different as his hero and his heroine?

2. Is such a contrast common in fiction? Why? Why not?

3. Which of the man's virtues do you especially admire?

4. Which of the woman's virtues do you especially admire?

5. How does the man's lack of education add to or detract from the story?

6. Is the title well chosen?

7. Suggest other titles.

8. Would the omission of the letters improve the story?

9. Would you consider humor or sentiment the chief quality of the story? Why?

Subjects for Themes

1. A Humble Romance
2. A Lumberjack
3. A Country Girl in the City
4. A Country Boy in the City
5. By Correspondence
6. A Strange Courtship
7. A Humble Hero
8. A Queer Couple
9. Out of his Element
10. What a Letter Did

Problems

1. A boy, a recent immigrant, is in your class at school. His constant persecution by some of your classmates has made him unhappy and suspicious of all attentions. By an interchange of notes gain his confidence and cultivate his friendship.

2. A girl in a German school is a correspondent of your Red Cross chapter. In your correspondence overcome each other's prejudices and answer each other's difficulties.

Other Good Stories

Quality Street. Sir James M. Barrie
Cranford (chap. ii). Mrs. Gaskell
Septimus. William J. Locke
Farm Rhymes. James Whitcomb Riley
Little Dorrit. Charles Dickens
The Woman Haters. Joseph C. Lincoln
Galusha the Magnificent. Joseph C. Lincoln
Daddy-Long-Legs. Jean Webster
A Humble Romance. Mary E. Wilkins
The Courtin'. James Russell Lowell
The Book of Ruth. Bible

THE HOUSE IN TWO PARISHES

Biographical Note

Eden Phillpotts, English novelist and essayist, was born in 1862, in India. He studied in England until at the age of eighteen he began a ten-year clerkship in an insurance office. While there he also attempted a stage career, but with scant success.

With *Lying Prophets* he made his reputation as a novelist. Then for fifteen years he wrote a book a year. His novels follow a self-devised formula so that his readers know what to expect. Despite this sameness of method, his work is not monotonous. His characters are always interesting; their conversation is natural; their actions are powerful and elemental.

While he is best known as a novelist, he has also written an excellent play, essays, numerous short stories, and *Widecome Fair*, a humorous account of life in a village, which is in some respects as refreshing as *Pickwick Papers*.

Phillpotts is the self-appointed and generally recognized chronicler of Devon. As surely as Hardy is associated with Wessex, Bennett with the Five Towns, and Dickens with London, so surely is his writing part of the story of Devonshire, particularly that part of Devonshire known as Dartmoor, first made famous by Blackmore, of whom Phillpotts is an admirer. Dartmoor, a region

of wind-swept plateau, of quaking bog, of precipitous hills, is one of the few really wild places in England. And there is something of the bleakness and remoteness of this district that colors most of his novels and short stories. *A House in Two Parishes* is, however, more closely related to the Phillpotts of *Widecome Fair*.

One critic writes aptly, "Rude and romantic characters, descriptions of lonely and picturesque Devonshire scenery, and a simple plot in which love and passion play strong parts are part of the secret of Mr. Phillpotts' strong hold on the public."

Questions

1. What is the force of the opening paragraph? Would the story suffer if the paragraph were omitted?

2. Describe the narrator of this story.

3. Does the narrator resemble more his father or his grandfather?

4. Compare and contrast the characters in this story with American farmers.

5. Substitute common expressions for the provincial expressions in the story. How do these expressions differ from slang?

6. What bearing has the father's bad temper on the action?

7. Who is the leading character? Explain.

Subjects for Themes

1. Between Two Fires
2. Strange Boundaries
3. An Active Old Man
4. A Stingy Man
5. My Hardest Day's Work
6. A Lively Corpse
7. A Country Cemetery
8. A Farmer's Story
9. Harsh Words
10. A Silly Quarrel

Problems

1. Tell how in a quarrel you and a friend told disagreeable truths about each other, and give the results of your quarrel.

2. Tell a story of an active old man whom you know.

Other Good Stories

Lorna Doone. Richard D. Blackmore
Chronicles of St. Tid. Eden Phillpotts
Wessex Tales. Thomas Hardy
Silas Marner. George Eliot
Sir Roger de Coverley Papers. Joseph Addison
The Vicar of Wakefield. Oliver Goldsmith
Bracebridge Hall. Washington Irving
The Seats of the Mighty. Sir Gilbert Parker
Pickwick Papers. Charles Dickens

A COUNTERFEIT PRESENTMENT

Biographical Note

In all Vachell's writing there is probably nothing half so romantic as the account of his own life in his *Fellow Travellers.*

He was born at Sydenham, Kent, in 1861. At the age of eight he went to a boarding-school and later studied at Harrow and at Royal Military College, Sandhurst. His boyhood was diversified by the usual number of escapades, such as sleeping in a haunted house and smoking his father's meerschaum pipe while reading *Pickwick Papers.* Later he traveled for some years, and studied painting in Florence. In the course of his wandering he visited California, where he became so much interested in the real-estate boom that he wished to sell his English possessions to raise money to invest in land. For this he was promptly voted a simpleton by his more conservative English relatives. In California he met his future wife, then a child of fourteen.

A versatile gentleman, this: novelist, playwright, artist, traveler, authority on pottery. "Like Kipling and Masefield he interprets British nature faithfully, because he graduated early in the school of travel, observation, tenacity."

His hobby, the collection of porcelain, carries over into his writings (*Quinney's, The Soul of Susan Yellam,* etc.). But unlike many with a hobby, he is not narrow. "Hunt any hobby if you cannot hunt Reynard" is his advice; and his motto is, "Carry on."

His fiction includes *The Hill* (Harrow School stories) and *Quinney's Adventures.* Among his plays are *Quinney's* and *Searchlights.*

Questions

1. What does the title of this story mean?
2. How does the title apply to the story?
3. Suggest other titles.
4. Who is the leading character in the story? Give reasons for your choice.
5. Describe Quinney; Susan; the Marquess of Mel.
6. What type of short story would you call this? Explain.
7. How do Quinney and Susan differ from the usual detectives of fiction?
8. What qualities essential to the solution of problems do Susan and Quinney possess?
9. Give reasons for liking or disliking this story.

Subjects for Themes

1. Strange Friends
2. My Favorite Picture
3. Our Family Treasures
4. A Good Imitation
5. My Dearest Possession
6. In our Attic
7. At the Art Museum
8. The Artist
9. Fooling Everybody
10. A Second-hand Store
11. A Great Sacrifice
12. Solving the Mystery

Problems

1. Need of money seemed to demand the sale of a family heirloom. Tell how you raised the money without sacrificing the heirloom.

2. In rummaging through a storeroom you come across a number of objects the existence of which you had forgotten. What associations do they recall?

Other Good Stories

Quinney. Horace Annesley Vachell
Old Curiosity Shop. Charles Dickens
Great Artists. Jennie E. Keysor
The Meaning of Pictures. John C. Van Dyke
The Substance of Gothic. Ralph Adams Cram
The Last Leaf. O. Henry
The Alhambra. Washington Irving
Belgium, the Land of Art. William E. Griffis
The Lure of the Camera. Charles S. Olcott
The Stones of Venice. John Ruskin

A DAY'S PLEASURE

Biographical Note

Although a realist, trained in the most trying school of realism, that of bitter personal experience, Hamlin Garland has not lost sight of the fact that appreciation of beauty as well as adherence to truth is a requisite of good writing. William Dean Howells speaks of "the robust and terribly serious" in *Main-Travelled Roads*. Garland himself, recounting the hardships of his youth, says, "Each moment was a revelation of new ugliness as well as of remembered beauty."

Garland was born in West Salem, Wisconsin, in 1860. Later his parents went to Iowa, where at the age of twelve he was doing a man's work. His taste in literature was awakened by McGuffey's school readers, and at fifteen he read *Paradise Lost*, appreciating especially the "cursing" passages. After working his way through high school he taught for a time, but the urge of wandering drew him to Boston, where he reveled in the library and in the nearness of Howells and the Harvard group of writers.

In Boston the memory of his farming days prompted him to write. He succeeded in selling one story, and with the proceeds bought his mother a silk dress and his father a *Biography of Ulysses S. Grant*. But most editors did not want his stories. They demanded idyllic, uplifting farm stories. Garland responded, "I

have lived the life, and I know that farming is not made up entirely of berrying, tossing the new-mown hay, and singing *The Old Oaken Bucket* on the porch in the moonlight."

He kept on writing, and soon came appreciation. His first collection was *Main-Travelled Roads*. Later followed *Other Main-Travelled Roads*, *Boy Life on the Prairie*, *Prairie Songs* (poems), *A Son of the Middle Border*, and a *Life of Grant*.

His literary creed is expressed in his own words, "To spread the reign of justice should everywhere be the design and intent of the artist."

Questions

1. Does the author present a convincing picture of the hardships of farm life?

2. What would have been the result of Mrs. Markham's trip had she not met Mrs. Hall?

3. What makes you think Mrs. Markham enjoyed the day?

4. Point out those parts of the conversation which seem most natural.

5. Call attention to good descriptive passages.

6. What is the lesson of the story?

7. Are any of the characters out of the ordinary?

8. Are any of the incidents out of the ordinary?

9. Upon what does the interest of this story depend?

10. How does "A Day's Work" exemplify Garland's literary creed?

Subjects for Themes

1. Life on a Farm
2. A Farmer's Wife
3. A Hay Ride
4. The Prairie
5. Two Ladies
6. Kind People
7. Hard Work
8. Going to Town
9. A Day's Pleasure
10. The Turning Point
11. Simple Pleasures
12. A Good Deed

Problems

1. Express the following in dialogues: (1) A farmer's wife tries to convince her husband that she needs a new hat. (2) A half-starved waif is your guest at Thanksgiving.

2. A farmer's little girl tells her doll about the children in the city.

3. Show that the (husband, wife) works the harder.

Other Good Stories

Prairie Folks. Hamlin Garland
The Man with the Hoe. Edwin Markham
Pick, Shovel, and Pluck. Russell A. Bond
Ranch Life and Hunting Trail. Theodore Roosevelt
Life on the Mississippi. Mark Twain
The Covered Wagon. Emerson Hough
The Gentleman from Indiana. Booth Tarkington
Boy Life on the Prairie. Hamlin Garland
Home Folks. James Whitcomb Riley
Stepdaughter of the Prairie. Margaret Lynn

Anita Hanschild
Anna Hanko